"The Rathskeller and the Rose," O. Henry

olume I
No. 2

Februar
25 Cent

The Golden Book

you and your children
out-of-doors - *all winter in*

alifornia

- excellent schools
- endless paved motor roads
- sunny all-turf golf courses
- big resort hotels or, you can rent a bungalow and enjoy your own flower garden –

Santa Fe Fred Harvey "all the way"

just mail this

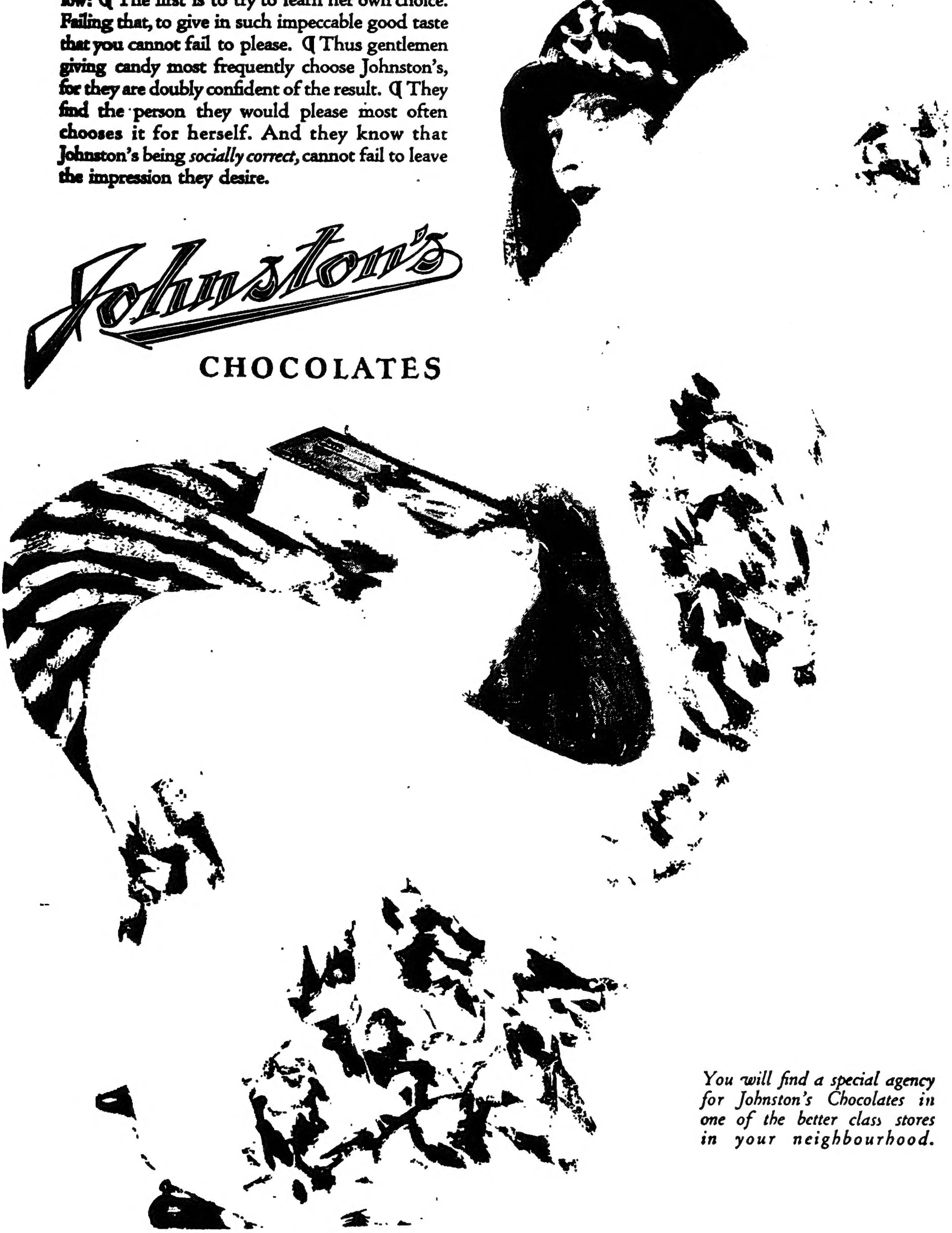
Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
939 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Please mail me the following Santa Fe Booklets:
"California Picture Book," "Grand Canyon Outings," "California Limited." Also details as to cost of trip
....

Judge by her own choice

When the preferences of one-whom-you-would-please are unknown, there are two courses to follow: ¶ The first is to try to learn her own choice. Failing that, to give in such impeccable good taste that you cannot fail to please. ¶ Thus gentlemen giving candy most frequently choose Johnston's, for they are doubly confident of the result. ¶ They find the person they would please most often chooses it for herself. And they know that Johnston's being *socially correct*, cannot fail to leave the impression they desire.

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES



You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY · MILWAUKEE

FLOWERS, somewhere, in a bowl; maybe the crackle of an open fire; lights pleasantly shaded; the first three inches of a good cigar; black coffee, and a glance at the late edition of the Times---that's

The Half Hour After Dinner

When you're getting Pittsburgh on the super-set; for the unexpected caller or the fourth at Bridge; above all, for the half hour after dinner---that's the time for the Occasional Chair.

"The Elgin", pictured here, has wide inviting arms, just the right cant to its tapestried back, and comfort in its tufted velvet seat. The pie-crust coffee table in burl walnut completes the picture.

For sale by Dealers of Distinction Everywhere.
Write for the Names of the Nearest.

ELGIN A. SIMONDS COMPANY
New York SYRACUSE, N. Y. Chicago

SIMONDS

Individualism — in Good Furniture

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY, 1925
Vol. I. No. 2. Issued monthly. Application pending for entry at New York Post Office as second-class matter. Price 25 cents. $3.00 a year. The Review of Reviews Corporation, New York
Printed by The Scheweinler Press, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

VOLUME I
Number 2

FEBRUARY
1925

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
WM. LYON PHELPS · STUART P. SHERMAN · JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

CONTENTS *for* FEBRUARY

COVER DESIGN
By Dorothy Ferriss

		PAGE
SOME PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE	The Editor	*Following Contents*
SAYINGS THAT ARE PORTRAITS	World Conquerors	161
THE BOOKLOVER'S CALENDAR Decoration by Stephen Haweis		162
LOVE OF LIFE	Jack London	165
THE RATHSKELLER AND THE ROSE	O. Henry	175
THE SECOND MISSOURI COMPROMISE	Owen Wister	178
IN SHORT		188
PUTOIS	Anatole France	189
SQUIRE PETRICK'S LADY	Thomas Hardy	195
MAZEPPA AND HIS AMBASSADOR. Another Tale of the Charles Men	Verner von Heidenstam	200
A KISS	Luigi Capuana	204
SALOME. Play	Oscar Wilde	207
THE DEBT COLLECTOR	Maurice Level	221
CONCERNING WOMEN		224
TWO RUNAWAYS	Harry Stillwell Edwards	226
CARTER	Don Marquis	235
PRINCE OTTO. A Romance. (Second and Concluding Part)	Robert Louis Stevenson	240
RECENT BOOKS THAT MAY LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS	Stuart P. Sherman and William Lyon Phelps	277
IN CONFIDENCE	The Editor	278
VALENTINE'S DAY	Charles Lamb	280
THE GAME OF BACKGAMMON	Prosper Mérimée	282
THE LITTLE RED LARK. (Words and Music)	Alfred Perceval Graves; Arr. by Wm. Arms Fisher	290
MEN THAT INTEREST WOMEN	Women Novelists	292
THE SUNDAYS OF A PARISIAN. III and IV	Guy de Maupassant	294
THE FIRST GORILLA	Paul Du Chaillu	299
AN INDIAN AMAZON. A Pioneer's Account	James P. Beckwourth	301
MONSIEUR LECOQ. Chapters V–X	Émile Gaboriau	305
POEMS	By Owen Meredith, Thackeray, Gautier, Sir Walter Scott, Kingsley, Aristophanes, Emerson, W. S. Gilbert	

Copyrighted, 1925, by the Review of Reviews Corporation. (For further notices see Copyright Title Page, p. 10 adv.)

TERMS:—Issued monthly, 25 cents a number, $3.00 a year in advance in the United States and Canada. Elsewhere $4.00. Entered at New York Post Office as second-class matter. Subscribers may remit to us by post-office or express money orders or by bank checks, drafts, or registered letters. Money in letters is sent at sender's risk. Renew as early as possible in order to avoid a break in the receipt of the numbers. Bookdealers, Postmasters and Newsdealers receive subscriptions.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Pacific Coast Office, 327 Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif. ALBERT SHAW, Pres. CHAS. D. LANIER, Sec. and Treas.

Midwinter Reflections from Lippincott Books

Things I Shouldn't Tell

The New Book of Gossip by the Author of "Uncensored Recollections."

This unknown author's first Book of Gossip proved an international sensation, running into eight printings. His second confidences are more entertainingly indiscreet than ever. They comprise a perfectly astonishing wealth of new and good stories just as audaciously told. A witticism or a celebrity on every page. Not one of the men or women who had a fling in the world in the Victorian and post-Victorian days is missing. Sarah Bernhardt, Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, Dr. Jowett, quick-witted Margot Bellanger, Louis Napoleon, Bismarck, Prince Demidoff, Chauncey Depew, are only a few particularly glittering stars in its galaxy. Illustrated. Large octavo. **$4.50**

UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS *Anonymous*

The book all Europe and all America has been reading. King George, it is reported, has read his copy three times, and this is not to be wondered at considering the piquant and racy revelations which made it the literary tid-bit of the season. "An important contribution to Continental biography, not overlooking that of London, New York and Boston."—*Walter Littlefield in the Times Book Review.* "The most entertaining volume of intimate memoirs the reviewer has read for many seasons."—*New York Herald Tribune.* 346 Pages. Large octavo. **$4.50**

ANYTHING BUT THE TRUTH

The New "Fleming Stone" Detective Story

By CAROLYN WELLS

Truth may be more painful than uncertainty. Behind the murder of Austin Eldridge lurked a tragedy so bitter that it seemed best those interested should discover "anything but the truth." Fleming Stone is called upon not only to solve a mystery—the most open, yet most secret in his experience—but to fit his solution to the happiness of Lorraine Eldridge and Grant Maxwell. $2.00

THE SIGN OF EVIL

One Detective Story in a Hundred

By ANTHONY WYNNE

A malignant token linked with inconceivable evil lays a sinister touch on the crime of this extraordinary tale. The story is tense with dread and mystery the reader almost fears to solve. Few clues in detective fiction have been so fraught with horror as the gruesome white "berry" found at the base of the tree where Sir William Armand met his terrible death. $2.00

LOUIS BECKE Uniform Edition

New Issues: YORKE, THE ADVENTURER $2.00
THE ADVENTURES OF A SUPERCARGO $2.00

The Becke Revival is at full tilt. From the time "Pacific Tales" heralded the Uniform Edition of Louis Becke's famous South Sea stories each succeeding volume has deepened the spell of the man and his work. Herman Melville and Pierre Loti were also pioneers of South Sea literature, but more than these Becke lived the life of remote islands and savage seas and wrote of what he lived. "A picture of the South Seas such as no one else has given."—*Chicago Post.* "Everyone who has a liking for good stories will feel the force of Louis Becke."—*Boston Transcript.*

Recommended for Your Library

DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE. By E. COBHAM BREWER. Buckram, $6.00. Three-quarters Morocco, $7.50.

POPULAR FALLACIES. By A. S. E. ACKERMANN. Buckram, $6.00. Three-quarters Morocco, $7.50.

POISON MYSTERIES In History, Romance and Crime. By C. J. S. THOMPSON. Illustrated. $3.50

QUEER THINGS ABOUT LONDON. By CHARLES G. HARPER. $2.50

MORE QUEER THINGS ABOUT LONDON. By CHARLES G. HARPER. $2.50

WHERE TRADITIONS LINGER. Being Rambles Through Remote England. By ALLAN FEA. $5.00

SUMMER GHOSTS AND WINTER TOPICS. By FELIX E. SCHELLING. $2.00

TWO GENTLEMEN OF CHINA. By LADY HOSIE. $5.00

AMONG WILD TRIBES OF THE AMAZONS. By C. W. DOMVILLE-FIFE. $5.00

SHIPS AND WAYS OF OTHER DAYS. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. $4.50

INTIMATE CHARACTER SKETCHES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By HENRY B. RANKIN. $3.00

SEEING CANADA. By JOHN T. FARIS. $6.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
London PHILADELPHIA Montreal

Some Persons of Importance

A NUMBER of friendly critics suggest that facts about the authors should be printed *with the stories* in this magazine. Several urge brief biographies at the beginning of each tale.

"Some people will not find your comments in their present location," declares one subtle flatterer,—apparently aware of the acute rivalry between the drab text section of a magazine and that vitamined, flaming imaginative literature of business which bulwarks it on each side (so that tentative readers, investigating from either end, may not be discouraged at the outset).

"I'd enjoy, for instance, that story by the Swedish Nobel Prize winner much more if I knew beforehand who he was, and when the thing was written, and all about it."

◆

Our acquaintance, friendly Reader, is of recent date: your wishes in this matter are unknown. They will be of lively interest to an editor striving to present masterly fiction in the most appealing fashion.

However——

◆

I seem to hear you remark that in truth we are at times in danger of obscuring our literary jewels by too much setting. (I even catch a whisper that affixing a bold placard of the author's greatness to such a gem has been known to take the place of much labor in selecting an appropriate stone of the first water.)

As you say, with all appreciation of the spirit in which commentators and theologians have laboured—is it not true, for example, that you and I and millions of other everyday folk are losing a large part of the highest and most vivifying experience possible through human words, by reading re-writings and explanations and exegesis of the supreme utterances rather than the actual words of Jesus of Nazareth and Gautama Buddha and Lao Tse and Zoroaster?

◆

The only way to get what a great painting has to give you is to look at it. One phrase of a Brahms symphony in your ears and heart is worth all the analysis by the most subtle musical critics that ever lived. And what a man of power writes carries the thing he has to say better than anything anybody can say about him or his work.

After you have sucked out all that belongs to you from the work itself—story, poem, play, essay, or what not—then, yes, it may reinforce the impression to know all sorts of interesting facts about the author, or to compare the opinions of expert critics with your own reaction.

◆

But please keep on insisting, dear Reader, that to substitute external facts for the essence of a piece of literary art is to miss the true delight of reading. One's own mind wakens and flowers at the magic of these superior minds. That magic is personal.

Nobody ever grew much in real internal culture by absorbing some other person's ideas concerning masterpieces. These may lead one to real things; they may open the mind to significances that were hidden. But you must make direct mental contact to feel the thrill of the electric current.

◆

In point of fact, the editor is considering putting before you an Anonymous Number. The authors represented will be the same sort of glittering galaxy that shines in these first issues; but there will be not a single name to indicate who wrote anything in it.

That might prove a number of things.

All the foregoing is, I fear, what the lawyers term attempting to lead a witness.

Having done which, to the best of my ability—pray give us the guidance of your candid, and unbiased, opinion as to the point under discussion.

◆

A single meeting with Jack London left a dominant recollection of two things: a sense of the man's eruptive energy; and a sort of excruciating shudder at his matter-of-fact relation of how his hands felt when he got a labourer's job on an Alaskan railroad, with the thermometer at 40° below zero, and had not enough money to buy a pair of gloves.

The energy is amply confirmed by that list of nearly forty volumes which he put out between 1900 and his death in 1916. And his stories themselves exhibit throughout this big, throbbing, red-blooded human struggle with harsh circumstance—man fighting nature and man, simply for the right to exist. It is a good corrective that, of the tendency of literature to become over-refined and professional and traditional. London's chunks of raw life are at times as startling to an unaccustomed mind as the raw frozen fish, upon which farthest-north adventurers feed, would be to city palates. But it was real life, and he had lived it. Consequently these tales, terrible and shocking as they are at times, carry conviction For one, the editor can say that the first reading, twenty years ago, of "Love of Life ' is still unforgettable.

◆

If any illustration be necessary of the need in literature now and then for a corrective element of even gory red-bloodedness, such as Jack London brought—why, consider the much-quoted little poem that follows his story in this issue. (One might also adduce that hero of one of the New England novels—Mr Howells's, wasn't it?—who completely loses control in a mad moment of tragic passion—and throws his straw hat out of the window.)

I do not know if "Owen Meredith's" "Lucille" is still dear to sentimental sixteen-year-olds. It once expressed ecstatically what they longed, but did not openly dare, to lay at the altar of some Beautiful Lady, possibly any beautiful lady. And when it appeared in 1860 it had no small standing with critics and adult public as well.

Surely it is another world speaking after London's savage and humiliating reality. And surely it is a grimacing artificial little world, needing some upsetting reminder of stark primeval things.

◆

Like many a greater man, "O. Henry" loved the sudden, unexpected and incalculable twists of character in men and women. During the years in New York from 1901 to 1910, when most of his hundreds of stories were dashed off, he devoted a large part of his effort to seeking and celebrating the ludicrous results of human nature's ant-like, absorbed busy-nesses; and he delighted especially to depict it defeating itself through these very reversals, or through the whimsicalities of blind chance.

For the deep waters had once closed over the head of William Sydney Porter. And when he emerged to a heedless and hurrying world as "O. Henry," there were but the alternatives of laughing or cursing. He chose to laugh; and many thousands have since smiled or laughed with him. In the story of "The Rathskeller and the Rose," I think he was really more interested in the hard-up actor, who did such a good job that he did himself out of a job, than in the flamboyant Miss Posy, whose grasshopper emotions might have jumped either way under the reminiscent effect of the intimate tales of her Cranberry Corners home —and who probably did leap back to calciums and champagne before the chilblains had a fair chance at her.

◆

A certain impatience with the historians' record of past events becomes easily comprehensible when, after reading some standard account of our own Northwest, or perhaps an analysis of the growth of American institutions and government—one lets Mr. Owen Wister have the floor to relate his plain, unvarnished tale of "The Second Missiouri Compromise." Mr. Wister's humor is a joy because he grasps the essential characters of real men and sees them in perspective: it is far more irresistible than caricature; it has a touch of that "cosmic humor" in which George Meredith delighted. And one sees in a flash that without having

(*Continued on page 8*)

Just 15 Minutes *a Day*

What it will mean to you is told by Dr. Eliot of Harvard in the FREE BOOKLET below

HERE are two men of equal position and business income. Which of them represents you?

They read about the same number of hours each week. But one has no plan for his reading; at the end of the year he has little or nothing to show.

The other talks like a man who has traveled widely, though he has never been outside of the United States.

He knows something of science, though he had to stop school at fifteen. He is at home with history, and the best biographies, and the really great dramas and essays. Older men like to talk to him because he has somehow gained the rare gift of thinking clearly and talking interestingly.

What's the secret of his mental growth? How can a man in a few minutes of pleasant reading each day gain so much?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study, and teaching, forty years of it as President of Harvard University, has answered that question in a free booklet that you can have for the asking.

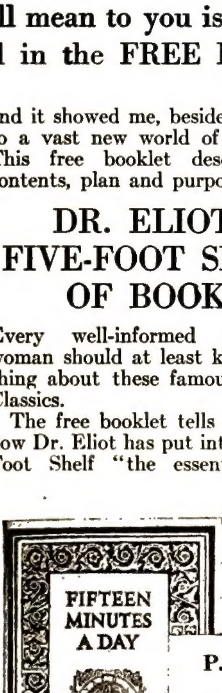
"For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me, besides, the way to a vast new world of pleasure." This free booklet describes the contents, plan and purpose of

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about these famous Harvard Classics.

The free booklet tells about it—how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how he has so arranged it that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of this magazine is invited to have a copy of this handsome and entertaining little book. It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to-day.



This Free Booklet gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading

P. F. Collier & Son Company

416 West 13th Street, New York City

Mail me the Free Book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," telling about the Five-Foot Shelf of Books (Harvard Classics), and containing the valuable article by Dr. Eliot on what and how to read for a liberal education.

Name { Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

Address ....

....

3018-HCC L

(*Continued from page 6*)

made the acquaintance of the remnants of Price's Left Wing in their last stand against the foe, the early history of Idaho would be as external and meaningless as those dates of reigns and battles, or "Levi begat Gershon, Kohath and Merari." For the roots of all human events lie in diverse, contradictory, conflicting human personalities; and the fiction writer who is sincere, who sees that real life is endlessly interesting, who gets beneath the surface and shows some of the springs of action—such a one is making his contribution to the key without which history in the mass is meaningless to those who come after.

◆

Life is hardly a cheerful matter to Mr. Thomas Hardy; but certainly he is endlessly interested in its illogical vagaries. And one evidence of his wisdom and greatness is that he never adopts a superior attitude towards it. The world is full of chance, most of it mischance; but having accepted the probability that tragedy is lurking around the corner—well, here are many entertaining and absorbing things that happen to odd humans, unconscious of the future, amid a Nature responsive to every mood. However, I can not but think he got a smile himself out of the tale of "Squire Petrick's Lady"—or properly of Squire Petrick, for the Lady here is but a light matter. Just as deftly as Ferenc Molnar by mere light cleverness, in his "Fashions for Men" comedy, causes one to accept a ridiculously upside-down situation between one man and another who has robbed him of wife and money, so Mr. Hardy, with the quiet certitude of knowledge and observation, shows the old Englishman's ineradicable reverence for aristocracy gradually and inevitably causing his deepest human instincts to perform feats worthy of a contortionist—and causing a reminiscent chuckle every time the story comes to mind.

◆

It was with a real shock of surprise, on reading Oscar Wilde's "Salome" for the first time a few years ago, that I discovered it left the conviction of being a piece of literature. The tense public excitement, when the opera was produced at the Metropolitan, as to precisely what would appear should Mary Garden discard the seventh veil, had scarcely prepared one's mind for that. Nor is this detail emphasized in that popular movie where Salome becomes the beauteous (and robustious) Moral Maiden, maintaining said morality against all the despotic depravity of King Herod, and finally riding away on a camel, over a Southern California or Long Island desert, to Egypt and happiness—with an Egyptian Prince, materialized bodily out of a Broadway consciousness.

On the other hand, any healthy mind is repelled by the pathological in plays or novels, and that particular scarlet thread in the Bible tapestry seemed to lead downward to regions belonging to the medical explorers.

But from the first spoken words, in the simplest manner possible, Wilde's play creates an atmosphere of mysterious terror, which is shot with something beautiful. His Salome is irresistible to the hearts of men; and to all men she is deadly, even to the one she loves. One understands Herod's hysterical command to slay; yet when the soldiers' brazen shields have crushed her, something rare has gone out of the world.

◆

Harry Stillwell Edwards has done for middle Georgia something of the same service Thomas Nelson Page and F. Hopkinson Smith did for Virginia. His stories preserve the characteristic charm of the old South in that region, through his intimate portrayal of the before-the-war plantation owner and his humorous understanding of the negro. It has been thirty-five years since his "Two Runaways" first took delighted readers along on their illicit expedition; but Isam's catfish chowder and "vol'nterry" corn and fish fries, beside the swamp camp-fire, have lost none of their savour. Journalist, poet, and short-story writer and novelist since 1881, Mr. Edwards has just recently captivated his public with a new character, Eneas Africanus.

◆

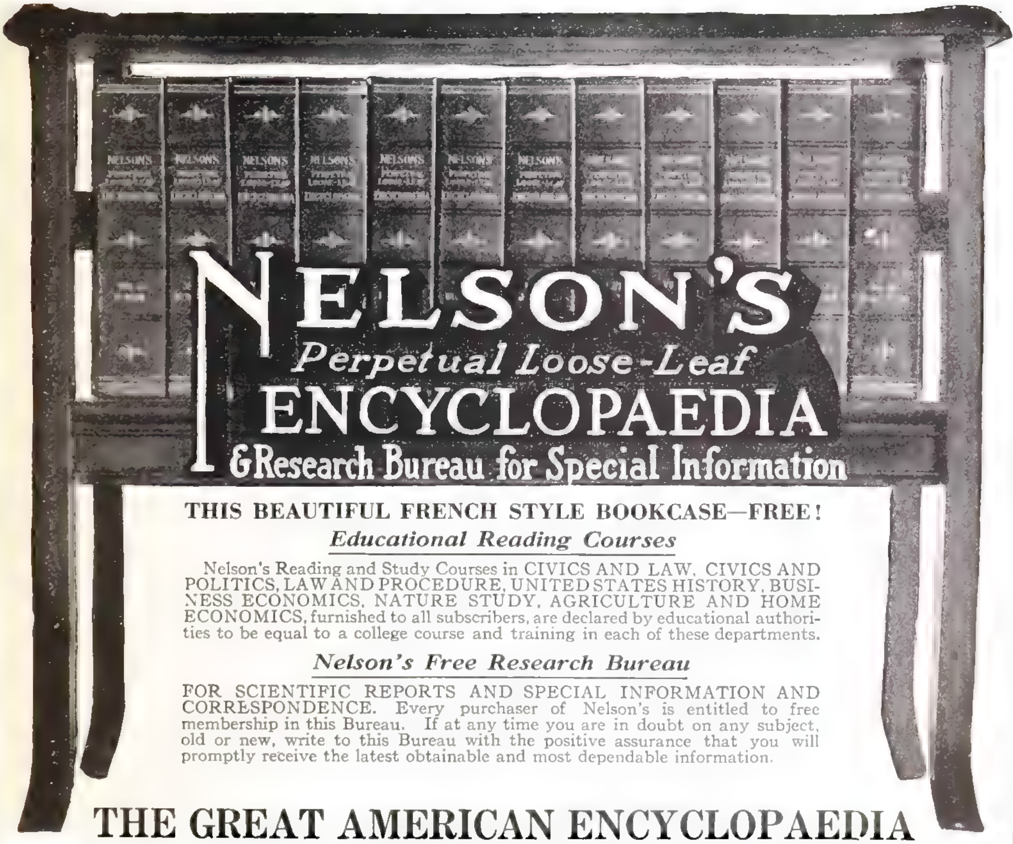
It has been just a hundred years since there appeared in Paris an alleged translation of eight comedies by a Spanish dramatist, Clara Gazul, which made a furore in Continental

(*Continued on page 10*)

Man's Education never Ceases

Education is the process of conquering one's environment. The widening of this circle ends only with life. Every day the world should be made new by some new acquisition of truth. Huxley says—"All education is habit formation." Those who form the Encyclopaedia habit—a few minutes a day with Nelson's—are the educated and progressive men of their day.

JOHN H. FINLEY
Editor-in-Chief.


NELSON'S
NELSON'S Perpetual Loose-Leaf ENCYCLOPAEDIA & Research Bureau for Special Information

THIS BEAUTIFUL FRENCH STYLE BOOKCASE—FREE!

Educational Reading Courses

Nelson's Reading and Study Courses in CIVICS AND LAW, CIVICS AND POLITICS, LAW AND PROCEDURE, UNITED STATES HISTORY, BUSINESS ECONOMICS, NATURE STUDY, AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS, furnished to all subscribers, are declared by educational authorities to be equal to a college course and training in each of these departments.

Nelson's Free Research Bureau

FOR SCIENTIFIC REPORTS AND SPECIAL INFORMATION AND CORRESPONDENCE. Every purchaser of Nelson's is entitled to free membership in this Bureau. If at any time you are in doubt on any subject, old or new, write to this Bureau with the positive assurance that you will promptly receive the latest obtainable and most dependable information.

THE GREAT AMERICAN ENCYCLOPAEDIA

NELSON'S PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF ENCYCLOPAEDIA—*the Great American Reference Work*—is published by one of the oldest and largest International Publishing Houses. The Editor-in-Chief is John H. Finley, LL.D., L.H.D., Editor, New York Times; the Canadian Editor is Sir Robert Falconer, K.C.M.G., D.Litt., LL.D., President of the University of Toronto; the European Editor is Sir Henry Newbolt. Its staff of contributors includes men and women foremost in Scientific, Professional and public life, who are themselves making history.

This Great American Encyclopaedia

is always an authority, in government departments, libraries, schools and educational institutions everywhere. It covers every field of knowledge, from the beginning of the world to the very latest activities of the present day; by means of the Loose-Leaf binding device, it is the only Encyclopædia always up to date—it cannot grow old—it is always dependable.

Originators of the Loose-Leaf Reference System

EXCHANGE Send for price list giving amounts allowed for old Encyclopædias to apply as part payment on a new Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopædia.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS
Publishers for 125 years
Dept. G. B. F., 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
77 Wellington St., W., Toronto, Canada

Please send me your portfolio of sample pages, beautifully illustrated, containing color maps, plates and photographs, and full information how, by easy monthly payments, I can own Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopædia and receive FREE bookcase and membership in Nelson's Research Service Bureau for Special information. This must incur no obligation whatever on my part.

Name..

Address.......................................

City.............................State...............

(Adv. Copyright, 1925, by Thomas Nelson & Sons)

(*Continued from page 8*)

literary circles. Two years later, a new sensation was furnished by a translated volume of the Illyrian lyrics of Maglanovitch; and Sir John Bowring, a specialist in Slav literature, Pushkin the great Russian, and various German pundits joined in a chorus of praise for these admirable and characteristic folk-songs of the region east of the Adriatic (the Kingdom of Illyria from 1815 to 1849).

And then presently there was more excitement still when the world of letters learned that there was no such Spanish dramatist, and no such Illyrian poet, but that both volumes were the work of an unknown young Frenchman of twenty-two named Prosper Mérimée.

For forty-five years thereafter Mérimée was very much in the public eye. Appointed inspector-general of historical monuments, he travelled and read and stored up in his clear, penetrating mind the material which was to serve him so well. Long an intimate friend of the Montijo family, he became under the Empire, senator and confidential adviser to Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie.

In spite of the increasing pressure of social, political, and scientific duties, he continued till the end of his life to write short and long stories, historical essays, and many illuminated archæological monographs. There are few writers indeed, dating a century back, of whose fiction so large a proportion seems completely alive, completely compelling to-day. *Carmen*, *Colomba*, *The Venus of Ille*, *Mateo Falcone*, *The Taking of the Redoubt*, *Arséne Guillot*, *The Blue Chamber*, *Lokis*—no collection of "best stories" could possibly omit a whole group of his tales.

Mérimée's method was the antithesis of that of Anatole France. Fond as he was of telling his story in the first person, the real personality of the narrator is never intruded. On almost every page of one of France's books the author's own ideas break through in flashes of epigram or humour that a reader marks to store up for his permanent delight. Mérimée, fortified by precise knowledge, full of accumulated observation, knowing exactly what he wants to do, makes his characters unfold themselves with never a hint of what he thinks about it all. That has made many people call him cold and unsympathetic, but he was a master craftsman: his people do the feeling and acting. There is not much that is cold about Carmen or Colomba or Tamango.

The Game of Backgammon, in this number, is one of the less widely known stories—a powerful study of the dominating hold on a man of the code of his caste: Lieutenant Roger, a wild enough young blade, commits the unpardonable sin of cheating at cards; there is no fear of exposure, his conscience simply will not permit him to live. **H. W. L.**

* * *

Copyright Title Page

Page

165.—Love of Life, by Jack London. Copyright, 1906, the Macmillan Company; 1924, by the Jack London Estate.

175.—The Rathskeller and the Rose, by O. Henry. Copyright, 1908, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

178.—The Second Missouri Compromise, by Owen Wister. Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers.

195.—Squire Petrick's Lady, by Thomas Hardy. Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.

200.—Mazeppa and His Ambassador, by Verner von Heidenstam. Copyright, 1920, by The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

204.—A Kiss, by Luigi Capuana. Copyright, 1920, by The Review of Reviews Corporation.

207.—Salome, by Oscar Wilde; translated by Lord Alfred Bounce Douglas. Copyright, 1923, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

221.—The Debt Collector, by Maurice Level; translated by Mrs. Alys Eyre Macklin. Copyright, 1922, by Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc.

226.—Two Runaways, by Harry Stillwell Edwards. Copyright, 1886-89, by The Century Co.; 1917, by Harry Stillwell Edwards.

235.—Carter (from "Carter and Other People"), by Don Marquis. Copyright, 1921, by D. Appleton and Company.

240.—Prince Otto, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

282.—The Game of Backgammon, by Prosper Mérimée; translation by Emily Mary Waller and Mary Helena Day. Copyright, 1906, by Bigelow, Brown and Company, Inc.

290.—The Little Red Lark, arranged by William Arms Fisher, words by Alfred Perceval Graves. Copyright, 1915, by Oliver Ditson Company.

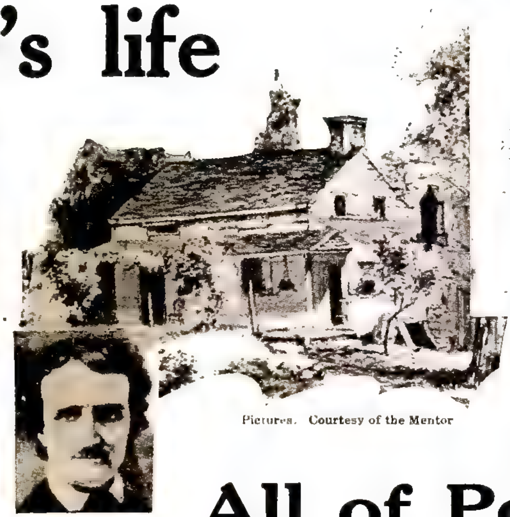
294.—The Sundays of a Parisian, by Guy de Maupassant. Copyright, 1917, by The Stratford Press. By permission of Platt & Munk Company.

305.—Monsieur Lecoq, by Émile Gaboriau. Copyright, 1880, by Estes & Lauriat; 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

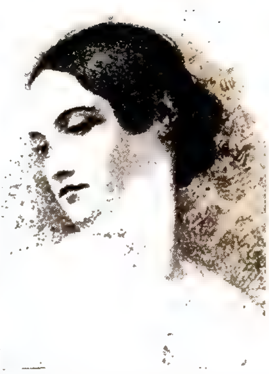
The supreme love *and the supreme tragedy* of Poe's life

IN his hauntingly beautiful poem "Annabel Lee," Edgar Allan Poe immortalized his love for his child-wife, the gentle, delicate creature whose devotion furnished the one bright chapter in his ill-starred life. And even in this, the tragedy which seemed to dog his every step came to rob him of his happiness.

"the wind came out of the cloud by night, chilling and killing my Annabel Lee."



Pictures. Courtesy of the Mentor



Poe's wife, Virginia, the inspiration of "Annabel Lee," from the water color sketch by A. G Learned She shared Poe's bitter poverty to the end, dying in the little Fordham cottage that has since become a shrine for worshippers of Poe.

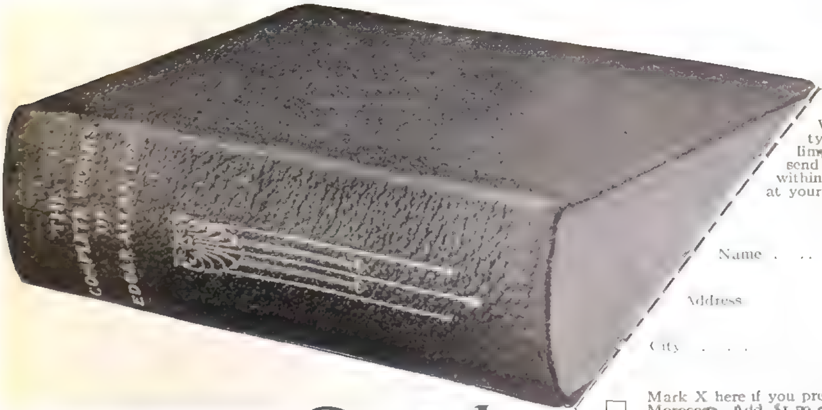
Never was there a more unhappy mortal than Poe. Wretched in his death as in his life, he never dreamed that his bust would one day stand in the Hall of Fame!

All of Poe now in ONE volume!

And now, with the ever-growing appreciation of his immortal genius, a new tribute is paid to Poe—a marvelous new edition of his works, complete in ONE volume! All his enthralling mystery tales, his humorous sketches, his brilliant essays, his melodious poems are here, in a beautiful de luxe book that contains 2,000 pages, yet is only an inch and a half thick! *Genuine India Paper* is the secret of this amazing publishing achievement. The page size and type size are exactly the same as in the ordinary ten-volume edition!

But you must see this wonderful book for yourself. Examine it FREE! No cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon Keep the book for a full week. Note the de luxe richness of the binding, the fineness of the genuine India Paper. Read some of the strange, weird, gripping tales of mystery and terror—The Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Black Cat, The Masque of the Red Death. Thrill again to the haunting music of The Raven, Ulalume, Annabel Lee. Then if you have not fallen irresistibly under Poe's enthralling spell, return the book and the week's examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise remit only the amazingly small price. But send no money now—just the coupon. *The edition is limited.*

THE PLYMOUTH PUBLISHING CO.
7 West 42nd St. Dept. 37 New York City



Plymouth Publishing Co
Dept. 37
7 West 42nd St.
New York City

Gentlemen. You may send me for one week's free examination, postage paid, your one volume Midnight Edition of Poe's Complete Works, printed in large, clear type on genuine India Paper, limp, grained binding. I will either send you $5.45 in full payment within one week or return the book at your expense.

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

City . . . . State . . . .

☐ Mark X here if you prefer your copy bound in Persian Morocco. Add $1.50 to the price. Same approval privilege.

THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

WE CAN HELP YOU WITH YOUR INVESTMENT PROBLEMS

For twenty years *The Review of Reviews Corporation* has maintained an investment service in *The American Review of Reviews*, and it now welcomes the opportunity to offer this same service to the readers of its new publication, *The Golden Book.* This department is conducted by a man with wide financial experience. He assists many *Review of Reviews'* readers each year in the investment of thousands of dollars, and we trust that readers of *The Golden Book* will avail themselves of this opportunity in the same way. Sample questions and answers taken from *The Review of Reviews* and illustrating the type of service given follow.

Investing Small Savings Please tell me how and where to invest my small earnings with security and good profit. Have earnings, from $10 up ready to invest.

The best plan for one to follow who is able to put away small amounts is to place them in a good savings bank, drawing interest until a sufficient sum has been accumulated with which to buy outright high grade bonds. Or, if this plan does not appeal to you, we suggest that you get in touch with a house of excellent standing that makes a practice of selling good bonds on the partial payment plan. In a case where it is difficult for one to save money without having a specific obligation this latter method has proved to be an excellent one, when securities were purchased through good houses.

Low Priced Bonds Will you please let me know your opinion of the following bonds: C. M. & St. P. Ry. convertible 4½s due 1932, and C. M. & St. P. Ry. gold 4s due 1925. The same as to Seaboard Air Line Ry. bonds. Can you let me know names of other low-priced bonds probably superior to those named?

In our opinion there is involved a larger amount of business risk in holding the C. M. & St. Paul 4½s due 1932 and the gold 4s of that road due 1925 than one might be justified in taking. Regarding Seaboard Air Line bonds, the situation has somewhat improved in the past year or so, but still the credit of that road is not high and we doubt if one should buy for investment any of the bonds of that road which come after its refunding 4s. Low-priced bonds that you may consider might include such issues as:

Mobile & Ohio general 4s due 1938 selling around 84½, St. Louis, Iron Mt. & Southern (river and gulf division) 1st 4s due 1933 selling around 84

Due to the early maturity of these latter bonds they give a yield of more than 6¼ per cent.

Adding Diversification I have been considering investing several hundred dollars in West Penn Company 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock at 94 as offered by the company which yields 7.44 per cent. interest. Kindly give me your opinion of this as an investment. I have about $1000 invested in Liberty Bonds and 1st mortgage real estate bonds, and have small amounts several times during the year to invest.

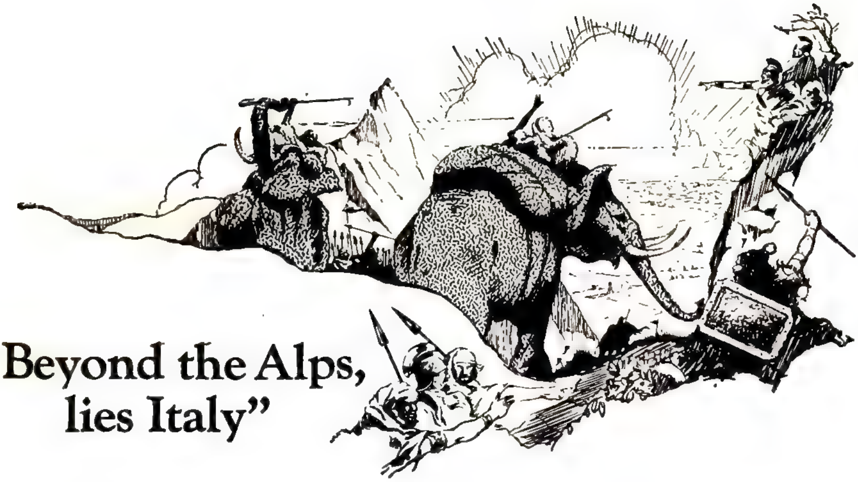
It seems to us that the 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock of the West Penn Company would be suitable for your purpose since you already have a portion of your money in other fields of investment; namely, Liberty Loan Bonds and first mortgage real estate bonds. West Penn Power is the leading subsidiary of the American Waterworks and Electric Company, and it has been showing remarkable growth in earnings in recent years. For the investment of the money that you now have, we think this preferred stock will fit your requirements, and at the same time you will be adding to the diversification of your entire funds invested.

A Woman's Inheritance I have inherited $7000 and wish to put it where it will make more. Everything considered what do you think of the Mexican Government external loans payable in U. S. dollars?

We would say that due to the unsettled political, industrial and economic conditions in Mexico, it seems to us that one would be taking a grave risk to invest in Mexican Government bonds, and we certainly would not recommend them for a woman. Mexico, as you probably know, has been in default in its interest payments much of the time since 1914, and the prospects for regular payments on its debt in the future do not seem particularly good. It seems to us, however, you might put some part of your $7000 in such foreign government securities as the new German 7s, brought out in this country, and selling at 95, and in the French Government external loan 7½s due 1941 selling at 100½, and divide the rest among such American railroad, industrial, public utility and real estate mortgage bonds as the following:

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe adjustment 4s due 1995
Baltimore & Ohio refunding and general 5s due 1995
Chesapeake & Ohio general 4½s due 1992
Anaconda Copper 6s due 1955
American Waterworks & Electric 5s due 1934

(*Continued on page 14*)



"Beyond the Alps, lies Italy"

So the great Captain, Hannibal, inspired his discouraged army in their terrific struggle through the unknown, snowy passes of the Alps.

Italy. To them it meant the warmth of sun-drenched olive groves, the spoils of luxurious Rome;—to you, it typifies the enjoyments that come with a competence for future spending.

But, first, there are the Alps to cross—the Alps of fortune building—and the only safe thoroughfare is a well-planned, systematic program of bond buying through a sound, experienced investment house.

The power of money to grow by itself is astounding in its possibilities. $1,000 invested each year out of surplus earnings will, if properly handled and income reinvested, amount to a fortune of $75,000 in 30 years.

The Way to Wealth

If you determine now to spend your future years in the Italy of your dreams, start this New Year by asking us to send you copy of "The Way to Wealth." It points the highroad to success which opens to anyone whose annual income is over $3,000. Please refer to booklet G-2.

William R. Compton Company

INVESTMENT BONDS

ST. LOUIS	NEW YORK	CHICAGO	BOSTON	CINCINNATI	NEW ORLEANS
Compton Bldg.	14 Wall St.	105 S. La Salle St.	73 Water St.	Union Trust Bldg.	Hibernia Bank Bldg.

(Continued from page 12)

American Sugar 6s due 1937
Tennessee Electric Power 1st and refunding 6s due 1947
Pacific Gas and Electric 1st and refunding 6s due 1941
Wisconsin Gas and Electric 1st 5s due 1952
Real estate mortgage bonds from houses of the highest standing.

Business Woman's Investment I am writing you for advice as to my present investments and some I wish to make before the first of the year. I am a business woman and can save about $1000 yearly for investment purposes. I expect soon to have between two and three thousand more to invest before the first of January.

Your bond holdings seem to us to be safe investments, the Brazilian 4s and the French rentes being, of course, more speculative than the others. Nevertheless we consider them safe. Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe common stock is one of the safest and most attractive railroad stocks in the country. We think you are likely to get a higher dividend return on it before long. Chicago & Northwestern is not doing as well as many of the other railroads in the country and we think it might be well for you, during the present upturn in the market, to dispose of this stock and invest the money in something else. You could make few safer investments than in Federal Land Bank Bonds or in the municipal bonds of a growing municipality. The St. Louis-San Francisco prior lien 4s are entitled to a good rating among what are generally known as second grade railroad bonds, and they seem to us entirely suitable as an investment for your purpose.

EST. FORMAN 1885

A Sound Policy Brings Leadership

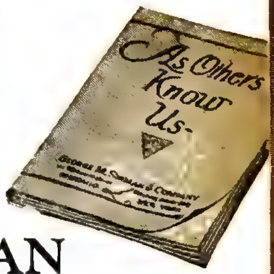
LEADERSHIP goes to those individuals and concerns which have proved their ability to conquer difficulties, and to progress steadily because of fair, honest and intelligent dealing.

Years of constant vigilance and experienced supervision over every factor affecting the investments of our clients have won for George M. Forman and Company a position of undisputed leadership in the safeguarding of the investor's funds. During the past 40 years, this house has been entrusted by its clients with the investing of many millions of dollars, without the loss to any customer of a single dollar.

An impartial, judicious record of our achievements is contained in an interesting, attractive book, *As Others Know Us*, which was written by our old clients. We shall be glad to send you a copy.

Allow us also to present for your consideration the interesting and decisive reasons in favor of using Forman First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds as a dependable part of your investment list.

Ask for booklet No. A-1352.



GEORGE M. FORMAN
and COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1885
First Mortgage Investments
105 W. Monroe St., Chicago 100 E. 42nd St., New York

Public Utilities and the Investment Banker

Their close relations are demonstrated in the history of our organization, for it has been our privilege to underwrite and distribute millions of dollars of sound Public Utility securities.

The benefit of this long experience is offered to investors in the selection of bonds. For information, let us send you a free copy of our booklet, "Public Utility Securities as Investments."

Ask for 16-2453

A.C.ALLYN AND COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1912
71 West Monroe Street, Chicago
Milwaukee New York
Minneapolis Boston

Investment Information That Keeps You Up-to-Date

How to Make Use of the Investment Service of the GOLDEN BOOK *Without Cost or Obligation to You*

In addition to the individual investment service on pages 12 and 14 of this issue there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same. If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

Investment Literature for Your Information

1.—Buying Bonds By Mail—A. C. Allyn and Company.
2.—The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
3.—How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
4.—Miller First Mortgage Bonds—G. L. Miller & Co.
5.—8% Florida Real Estate First Mortgage Bonds —Securities Sales Co. of Florida.
6.—6 and 7% Mortgages—Sessions Loan & Trust Co.

Citizens of Florida Pay No Inheritance Tax

FLORIDA!

Sunny, smiling, magic state; growing faster than any other section of the Nation, offers to conservative investors the very best of mortgage loans bearing a generous interest return. Straight loans pay up to **8%** while those on which the payment of interest and principal is fully guaranteed, pay **7%**

For those who save regularly we have a Partial Payment Plan. $10 will start you.

Send today for booklet "G"—it's interesting

SECURITIES SALES COMPANY
OF FLORIDA
INVESTMENT BANKERS
119 West Forsyth Street Jacksonville, Florida

Through the Four Distinguishing Marks of Miller First Mortgage Bonds, the investor can apply to real estate bonds the same tests he applies to any security for Safety, Validity, Character of Security, and Yield. Send for Booklet B-5302.

G. L. MILLER & CO.
(INCORPORATED)
30 East 42nd Street, - New York

No Investor Ever
Lost a Dollar in

MILLER BONDS

THE **BEST** STORIES

YOU read the best stories yourself in the field that interests you! Why not give your children the best in the field that has always been of keenest interest to them?

ANIMAL LAND

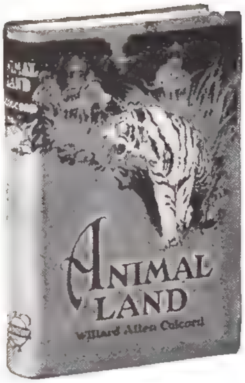
By Willard Allen Colcord

A New Gift-Book for Children

Thrilling, entertaining, and informative, Three hundred TRUE stories about Animals, Birds, and Insects, delightfully told. Sixteen original full-page illustrations; 22 feature pages. Bound in red cloth, stamped in colors, with jacket in colors.

12mo. 462 pages

$1.75 net



The Judson Press **1701-1703 Chestnut St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

HISTORY *of the* WORLD

AT A BARGAIN

NOW as **never before** is the time to secure this **history** which you have always wanted. We will **name our Bargain Price** and **easy terms of payment** and mail **free** 32 sample pages to The Golden Book readers. **Tear off the coupon**, write name and address plainly and mail now before you forget it.

Free
We will mail free a beautiful 32-page booklet of sample pages to all who mail us the COUPON

Six Thousand Years of History

THE complete history of all nations and peoples, ancient, medieval and modern. Get this History of the World and begin reading it. Read it for the joy it will give you; read it for the increased earning capacity it will bring you; read it for the inspiration that will lead you toward better things. "Show me a family of readers," said **Napoleon**, "and I will show you the people who **rule the world.**" Mail the Coupon.

FREE COUPON G-2-25

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION, 140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail free your **32-page free sample booklet of The History of the World**, containing sample page and photographs of great characters in history, and write me full particulars of your **special offer** to The Golden Book readers.

Name...

Address..

BOOK-LOVERS' COLUMN

"EMPTY YOUR PURSE INTO YOUR HEAD"

P. STAMMER & SON

BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKHUNTERS

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS A SPECIALTY

61 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Opposite Wanamaker's Phone, Stuyvesant 2448

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF CELEBRITIES

Manuscripts and Historical Documents. The largest collection in America to select from, including Authors, Generals, Statesmen, Scientists, Composers and Musicians, Presidents of the U. S., Signers of the Declaration of Independence, Foreign Rulers, etc. Catalogues issued at frequent intervals. **Thos. F. Madigan, successor to P. F. Madigan, (Established 1888), 43 West 49th Street, New York City.**

BOOKS ⁂ BOOKS

Miscellaneous books on all subjects
First Editions Rare Books
Out-of-Print Books Autographs
—Fine Bindings—
Moderately Priced

BARGAIN BOOK STORE, Inc.
79 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Libraries purchased for cash"

THOSE BOOKS—

the old books in your garret and in your storeroom,—are all worth money to you. We buy and sell large or small collections of books. Send us descriptive list of what you have.

FRANKLIN BOOK SHOP
127 East 59th Street New York City
Phone Regent 3280

STUDY AT HOME

DIRECTED BY

The University of Chicago

Education is profit that can't be lost. Courses in Psychology, English, History, Languages, the Sciences, Business and 40 other subjects. All command High School or College credit. Begin any time. Nominal cost. Address 54 Ellis Hall, The University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

How would you like to triple your income?

Until within the last fifteen years, a man's age—particularly the number of years he had had his nose to the business grindstone—was an important factor in deciding his fitness for a responsible position.

But have you noticed the *new* standard of measurement that has come about thru the introduction of scientific home-study business training?

Now the deciding factor is no longer "years in business," but—to quote Chas. M. Schwab—"*specialized brains.*"

The average age of LaSalle members is thirty years.

They're not youngsters, by any means!

And yet—our files contain thousands of letters from LaSalle-trained men *still in their twenties* who have gone way ahead of untrained office men many years their senior.

Just to be specific, consider the record of J. L. Trudell, a Michigan man.

Promoted Over 35 Men

Mr. Trudell was doing the simplest kind of clerical work when he enrolled for LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy. He had had no previous experience in bookkeeping or accounting.

Now read what he has to report regarding his progress:

> "Before completing half the course, within a period of about eight months, three promotions brought me to be Assistant to the Chief Accountant. Within another year, after practically completing the entire course, I was given entire charge of accounting, over about thirty-five assistants—so that in about one and one-half years from clerical work to head of the department, with a salary-increase close to 150 per cent, was my record. The first of this year I was promoted to be Director of Advertising, with present earnings nearly 200 per cent more than when I first enrolled.
>
> "My debt of gratitude to LaSalle training can never be paid. Without it, I undoubtedly would be plugging along doing simple clerical work and drawing wages accordingly."

It is unnecessary to add that the record of Mr. Trudell—so far as salary-increase is concerned—has been duplicated by other LaSalle-trained men many, many times—in every important branch of business.

During only three months' time, for example, as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases, as a result of home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method, totalling $1,248,526. The average increase per man was 89 per cent.

What About Your Rival at the Next Desk?

Are you waiting for "years of experience" to push you ahead? If you are, watch out! For while you are off your guard, you will likely be outgeneraled by some *younger* man who has had the foresight to "get the training!"

Why not, instead, do a bit of outgeneraling yourself? It certainly *pays*—and here's exactly how you can *do* it:

Take your pen or pencil—now—and on the coupon just below this text check the definite line of advancement you are interested in. Then sign your name and address—there's no obligation—and place it in the mail.

Not much to do—yet you'll find it a first-rate move toward outwitting that *neighbor* of yours—at the next desk, perhaps—who is hoping and secretly planning to beat you out in that race for the bigger position.

LaSalle Extension University

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 237-R **Chicago, Illinois**

Upon request, the book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," and material completely descriptive of the course and service that interests you, will gladly be sent without cost or obligation. Indicate your choice by checking, and write below your name and address.

- ☐ **Business Management**
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship**
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy**
- ☐ **Law: Degree of LL. B.**
- ☐ **Traffic Management**
- ☐ **Railway Station Management**
- ☐ **Commercial Law**
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency**
- ☐ **Banking and Finance**
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice**
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods**
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management**
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping**
- ☐ **Business English**
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish**
- ☐ **Effective Speaking**
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching**

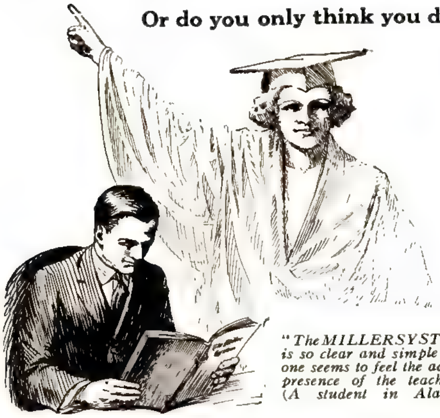
Name..

Present Position..

Address..

Do You Speak Correct English?

Or do you only think you do?



"The MILLER SYSTEM is so clear and simple that one seems to feel the actual presence of the teacher." (*A student in Alaska*)

You owe yourself time for self-culture. Study the MILLER SYSTEM OF CORRECT ENGLISH as a basis. You can never rise to the top in business or society, in club, church or lodge unless you speak and write correct English. The MILLER SYSTEM is bright, brief and practical with entertainment and variety that will hold your attention. Look it over without obligation and BE YOUR OWN JUDGE.

Does Your English Embarrass or Betray You?

Do you *know* when you make mistakes?
You cannot *afford* not to know your own language.
You can never rise to the top in business or society, in club, church, or lodge, unless you speak and write correct English. Correct speech and accurate pronunciation are essential to progress in business and in society. Study the MILLER SYSTEM OF CORRECT ENGLISH as a basis for self-culture. Entertaining, and practical.

Good English Means Progress and Success

DO YOU SAY—in'kwirry for inqui'ry; ad'dress for address'; cu'pon for cou'pon; press'dence for prece'dence; hydth for height; conver'-sant for con'versant?

DO YOU SAY—between you and I; a raise in salary; a long ways off; a setting hen; let's you and I go somewheres; those kind of men; that coat sets good; he don't know as he can; a mutual friend; refer back?

Do You Know When to Use—

sits or sets, laying or lying, farther or further, drank or drunk, who or whom, I or me, lunch or luncheon, affect or effect, council, counsel or consul, practical or practicable, admittance or admission, shall or will?

CAN YOU PRONOUNCE—comparable, epitome, acclimated, table d'hote, masseur, fiancé, cuisine, bon voyage, vers libre, Ypres, Sinn Fein, Bolsheviki, Il Trovatore, Paderewski, Les Miserables, Nazimova, Galli-Curci?

MILLER SYSTEM OF CORRECT ENGLISH
Room 45, 1341 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Improve your conversation, letters and position. A practical, intensive, self-correcting course of 15 lessons for Men and Women of the business, professional and social world, progressive teachers, up-to-date parents, etc., in simplified, applied **Grammar, Rhetoric, Vocabulary, Punctuation, Common Errors, Correct Pronunciation of 525 misused English Words of famous places, Operas, Musicians, Artists, Etc., also of French, Italian, German and Latin Phrases** in common use, **Good Form in Letter Writing** and many minor items that contribute to Cultured Conversation, Poise and Personality.

Study with an invisible teacher.

--------SEND NO MONEY--------

Miller System of Correct English,
Room 45, 1311 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Please send, for my inspection, your 15-lesson COURSE in CORRECT ENGLISH. If I decide to keep the course, I will send you $5 and receive the SELF-CORRECTING KEY. Otherwise I will return the lessons within five days. Cash with order outside U. S. Refund in one week if not satisfactory.

Name..

Address..

WANTED Agents everywhere to organize classes in clubs, stores, factories and independently. Teachers and clubs should ask for circular "How to Conduct a Money-Making Study Class." Club Rates.

NOW ONLY $2.80 DOWN

LAW LIBRARY
AMAZING OFFER! 12 massive volumes (7" x 10"), 5,000 pages—a complete LAW COURSE in book form—at a bare fraction of the usual cost! Sent for 7 days' FREE examination. No money down!

12 Big LAW BOOKS

This world-famous library needs no introduction. It is the recognized authority among schools, colleges and practitioners everywhere. It covers every phase of the law including International Law, Patent Law, Mining and Irrigation, Federal Courts and procedure. Nothing is omitted. Think of it—a complete law course in book form, written by the highest authorities in interesting, fascinating form. Prepared especially for home reading, with quiz questions on every subject.

SPECIAL LAW OFFER

Reduced from $110.00

Here is your easiest, quickest and cheapest opportunity to get a legal training at a bare fraction of the usual cost. A complete law course covering all subjects for bar examination. Business firms and corporations are looking for the man who knows law. Gain a knowledge of law and you can command an executive position—a position of responsibility at big pay. Make these 12 massive volumes of over 5,000 pages your law school. Splendidly bound in rich law buckram with red and black labels and titles in gold.

Send No Money

We will ship the complete Law Library right to your home or office for full 7 days' free examination upon your simple request. Examine and study them 7 days free. If you decide to keep them pay $2.80 on delivery and the balance in small monthly payments of $4.00 until the special price of $49.80 is paid. If not satisfied the $2.80 payment is refunded on return of books.

FREE READING COURSE

Act at once and we will include extra and free, our Reading Course of 32 complete lectures in law which will help you prepare for the bar examination. This Reading Course together with the books constitutes a complete course in law.

Regular price $110. Think of it—a saving of $60.20—and a full year to pay. Act quick as this cut price offer holds good only on 482 sets. So rush the coupon.

THE JOHANSEN CORPORATION, 611 Manhattan Bldg., CHICAGO

Please send your 12-volume Home Study Course in Law for 7 days' examination shipping charges collect. I will pay $2.80 on delivery as initial payment and $4 a month thereafter until $49.80 is paid, or return the books within 7 days at your expense and have initial payment of $2.80 refunded.

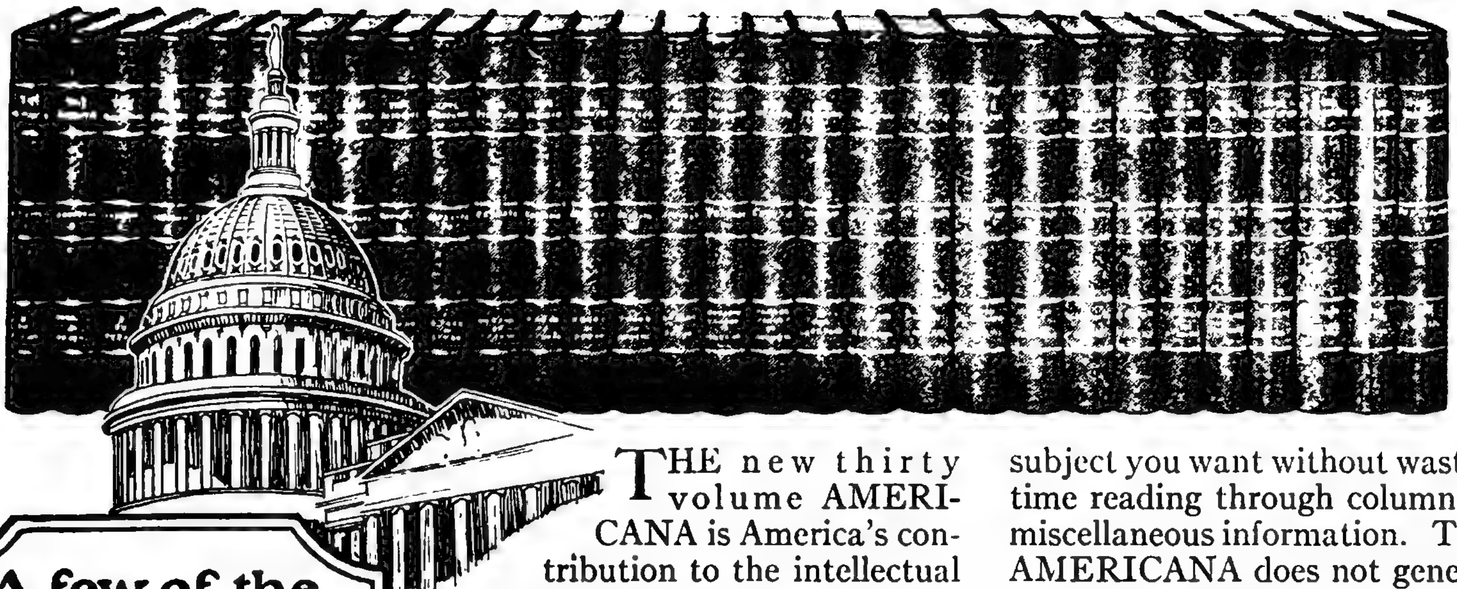
*Name*______________________________

*Address*______________________________

*Employed by*____________________ *Age*________

$10 required with order outside of United States.

What is this new million dollar ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA *and why is it different?*



A few of the 2381 Authorities who make the AMERICANA the greatest of reference works

LUTHER BURBANK, Sc.D., on Nature

CHARLES P. STEINMETZ, Ph.D., on Electricity

J. OGDEN ARMOUR, on Industry

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, on Banking

LORADO TAFT, L.H.D., on Sculpture

W. W. WILLOUGHBY, Ph.D., LL.D., (Johns Hopkins) on Government and Citizenship

SMITH ELY JELLIFFE, M.D., Ph.D., On Psychoanalysis Dementia Praecox

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, Jr., Ph.D., (Union College), on Literature

EDWARD BRADFORD TITCHENER, M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc., Litt.D., LL.D., (Cornell) on Psychology

LOUIS CHARLES ELSON, on Music

M. CAREY THOMAS, Ph.D., LL.D., (Bryn Mawr) on Co-education

GEORGE G. WILSON, Ph.D., LL.D., (Harvard) on International Law

GEORGE E. ROBERTS, on Economics

GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD, D.D., LL.D., (Yale) on Philosophy

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, Ph.D., LL.D., L.H.D., (Princeton) on Logic

WALTER DILL SCOTT, Ph.D., (Northwestern) on Psychology of Advertising

SIR WILLIAM OSLER, LL.D., Sc.D., (Oxford) on Medicine

GEORGE F. KUNZ, Ph.D., Sc.D., on Gems and Jewels

HERDMAN F. CLELAND, Ph.D., (Williams) on Geology and Metallurgy

HUGO MUNSTERBERG, Ph.D., LL.D., (Harvard) on Sciences

Informing a Nation

THE new thirty volume AMERICANA is America's contribution to the intellectual world in the most modern, up-to-the-minute, authentic, scientific, complete, profusely illustrated, easy-to-read ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Unlike the encyclopedias of foreign nations, the AMERICANA is American from the ground up. It is written by Americans. True to the ideals of America, it concisely presents facts—all facts on every conceivable subject in the world—with true American freedom from narrow national bias or local prejudice. No American wants more or will have less.

The AMERICANA is also different because it is written, at an expense of over a million dollars, by 2,381 American experts, each writing with undisputed authority on his or her specialized subject. These authorities deal understandingly with every subject under the sun.

Each major subject, in the AMERICANA, is divided into its component parts. Banking, for instance, is divided into 100 different subjects, each treated by that one American expert who is the world's authority on that subject. You turn at once to the particular part of any major subject you want without wasting time reading through columns of miscellaneous information. THE AMERICANA does not generalize. It specializes. It is indexed for quick, easy reference.

All leading universities, schools and libraries have the AMERICANA and enthusiastically endorse it. The library on every American battleship contains a set. Thousands of American homes depend upon it. How about you?

Portfolio Free Now

Of course you want the AMERICANA—some day you intend to have it. So we will gladly send you, without obligation or cost, a Portfolio containing preliminary booklets of interesting information, plenty of specimen pages on important subjects, and a condensed index. This portfolio is ABSOLUTELY FREE to Americans. Simply use this coupon today and see, at our expense and without obligation, what the AMERICANA really is.

AMERICANA CORPORATION
122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago
27 William St., New York

AMERICANA CORPORATION
122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago
27 William St., New York

Send me, without obligation, free portfolio offered in the February Golden Book.

Name..............................

Address..............................

Go to School at Home!

High School Course in Two Years!

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

American School

Dept. H 2255, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

American School

Dept. H 2255, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success.

....Architect
....Building Contractor
....Automobile Engineer
....Automobile Repairman
....Civil Engineer
....Structural Engineer
....Business Manager
....Cert. Public Accountant
....Accountant and Auditor
....Bookkeeper
....Draftsman and Designer
....Electrical Engineer
....Electric Light & Power
... General Education
....Vocational Guidance
....Business Law
....Lawyer
....Machine Shop Practice
....Photoplay Writer
....Mechanical Engineer
....Shop Superintendent
....Employment Manager
....Steam Engineer
....Foremanship
....Sanitary Engineer
....Surveyor (& Mapping)
....Telephone Engineer
....Telegraph Engineer
....High School Graduate
....Fire Insurance Expert
....Wireless Radio
....Undecided

Name...

Address ....

....

The Mighty Stories of History

The Lion Heart at Acre

Told in Fascinating Story Form

THINK of being able to read — in easy story form — about all the stirring events that have made the world's history. Dr. Ridpath's eminent position as an historian is due largely to his wonderful flowing style, a style no other historian has ever equalled. Ridpath, the profound scholar, the authority among authorities, has written history so that it reads like a great novel. *He takes you with him through the life of the past.* Pick up Ridpath's History at any point and you will find a thrilling story — an account of some great historical occurrence that seems to happen before your eyes.

Joan of Arc Burned at the Stake

6000 Years of History

Ridpath's History of the World

Including a Full Account of the World War

has long been recognized as standard authority. Ridpath is endorsed by Presidents of the United States, practically all college presidents, by a quarter of a million Americans who own and love it. **New Edition** of nine handsome octavo volumes just off the press contains complete and accurate account of the World's history from the dawn of time through the great World War to the Administration of President Coolidge. Ridpath covers *every race, every time* and holds you spellbound with his wonderful eloquence.

HISTORY BOOK FREE Send now for beautifully illustrated 46-page history book. Contains actual sample pages and pictures of Ridpath's History. Also we shall send you complete details of manufacturer's unusual direct **low price** offer and **convenient easy terms.** Learn about the special on approval offer. No obligation. Book is free. Tear off the coupon. Write your name and address plainly and mail now while you are thinking of it.

Ridpath Historical Society

1172 United Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please mail, without cost to me, the 46-page history book containing sample pages and pictures of Ridpath's History of the World. Also write me full details of your special low price and easy payment offer to readers of **Golden Book.**

Name..

Address..

Is Your English a Handicap? This Test Will Tell You

Here is the Test

Check the form you believe correct. Then compare with the correct answers in panel at right.

1. Would You Write—

Between you and **I**	or	Between you and **me**
I **did** it already	or	I **have done** it already
Who shall I call	or	**Whom** shall I call
It's just **as** I said	or	It's just **like** I said
The river has **overflowed** its banks	or	The river has **overflown** its banks
I **would** like to go	or	I **should** like to go
I **laid** down to rest	or	I **lay** down to rest
Divide it **among** the three	or	Divide it **between** the three
The wind blows **cold**	or	The wind blows **coldly**
You will **find only** one	or	You will **only find** one

2. How Do You Say—

evening	ev-en-ing	or	**eve**-ning
ascertain	as-cer-**tain**	or	**as**-cer-tain
hospitable	**hos**-pi-ta-ble	or	hos-**pit**-able
abdomen	**ab**-do-men	or	ab-**do**-men
mayoralty	**may**-or-al-ty	or	may-**or**-al-ty
amenable	a-**me**-na-ble	or	a-**men**-able
acclimate	**ac**-cli-mate	or	ac-**cli**-mate
profound	**pro**-found	or	pro-**found**
beneficiary	ben-e-fi-**shee**-ary	or	ben-e-**fish**-a-ry
culinary	**cul**-i-na-ry	or	**cu**-li-na-ry

3. Do You Spell It—

supercede	or	supersede	repetition	or	repitition
receive	or	recieve	separate	or	seperate
repreive	or	reprieve	acomodate	or	accommodate
donkeys	or	donkies	trafficing	or	trafficking
factories	or	factorys	acsesible	or	accessible

Sherwin Cody

ANSWERS

1.

Between you and me
I have done it already
Whom shall I call
It's just as I said
The river has overflowed its banks
I should like to go
I lay down to rest
Divide it among the three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one

2.

eve-ning
as-cer-**tain**
hos-pi-ta-ble
ab-**do**-men
may-or-al-ty
a-**me**-na-ble
ac-**cli**-mate
pro-**found**
ben-e-**fish**-a-ry
cu-li-na-ry

3

supersede
receive
reprieve
donkeys
factories
repetition
separate
accommodate
trafficking
accessible

THOUSANDS of persons make little mistakes in their everyday English and don't know it. As a result of thousands of tests, Sherwin Cody found that the average person is 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In a five-minute conversation, or in an average one-page letter, from five to fifty errors will appear. It is surprising how many experienced stenographers fail in spelling such common words as "business," "abbreviate," etc. It is astonishing how many business men use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few persons know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," whether to spell words with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Make the test shown above, now. See where you stand on these 30 simple questions

New Invention Improves Your English in 15 Minutes a Day

Mr. Cody has specialized in English for the past twenty years. His wonderful self-correcting device is simple, fascinating, time-saving, and incomparably efficient. You can write the answers to 50 questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. You waste no time in going over the things you know. Your efforts are automatically concentrated on the mistakes you are in the habit of making, and through constantly being shown the right way you soon acquire the correct habit in place of the incorrect habit. There is no tedious copying. There is no heart-breaking drudgery.

FREE—Book on English

A polished and effective command of the English language not only denotes education, but it wins friends and impresses favorably those with whom you come in contact. Many men and women spend years in high school and years in college largely to get the key to social and business success. And now a really efficient system of acquiring an unusual command of English is offered to you. Spare-time study—15 minutes a day—in your own home will give you power of language that will be worth more than you can realize.

Write for this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." Merely mail the coupon or a letter, or even a postal card. You can never reach your greatest possibilities until you use correct English. Write today for the free booklet that tells about Mr. Cody's simple invention.

Mail this coupon or postal AT ONCE

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
432 Searle Bldg.,
Rochester,
N. Y.

Sherwin Cody School of English
432 Searle Building,
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me at once your Free Book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

State ....

We paid $1000 for this photoplay

MRS. ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON, a Pittsburgh housewife, had never had a single story accepted for publication when she began to write "Judgment of the Storm."

She wrote this photoplay at home in spare time under the direction of the Palmer Institute of Authorship and when it was completed we purchased it at once and produced it through our affiliated producing organization, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Mrs. Middleton received $1000 cash and will share in the profits for five years. Her story has also been published as a novel by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mrs. Middleton is just one of many men and women who have won success as writers by studying the technique of story building and plot development under the direction of the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

Famous Men on Advisory Council

Serving on the Advisory Council of the Palmer Institute are the following distinguished men: Frederick Palmer, author and educator; Clayton Hamilton, well-known playwright and author-educator; Russell Doubleday, publisher; Brian Hooker, formerly of the faculty of Yale and Columbia Universities; Frederic Taber Cooper, author-educator; C. Gardner Sullivan, noted screen writer and director; James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of *Photoplay Magazine;* Rob Wagner, author and motion picture director.

Write for this Book and Free Creative Test

The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it seeks for training only those with natural creative ability who can profit by its instruction. Therefore, no one is invited to enroll for its home-study courses until he or she has passed the Palmer Creative Test.

This test is the most novel means ever devised for enabling you to obtain an accurate analysis of your writing ability. The filling out of this Creative Test and our analysis and subsequent training have enabled scores of Palmer students to sell stories and photoplays. Our Board of Examiners grades your reply without cost.

Just mail the coupon and we shall send the Creative Test to you free—together with our 96-page book, *The New Road to Authorship.*

THE NEW ROAD TO AUTHORSHIP

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Dept. 78-P, Palmer Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your Creative Test, the 96-page book, *The New Road to Authorship,* and full details of the Palmer Scholarship Foundation, which awards 50 Free Scholarships annually. I am most interested in—

☐ Photoplay Writing
☐ English Expression
☐ Short Story Writing
☐ Business Letter Writing

Name..

Address..

All correspondence strictly confidential

LAW
IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Learn law with only institution giving same course by correspondence as was given for years at resident classes of this college.

Degree of LL.B. Conferred

Three year university course covers preparation for bar examination and thorough instruction in every phase of the law.

Business Law

One year business law course prepares you for success in business. Law trained business men in demand.

Success Assured

Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Low fee, easy terms, includes complete twelve volume library, text material and all expenses. Organized 1912. Thousands of enthusiastic, successful graduates, practicing attorneys and business men now enjoying success as a result of their training with us.

Write for Free Book

HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW DEPT. N-1
431 S. Dearborn St. CHICAGO

PRICES REDUCED

Only $3 Down

A Year to Pay

Underwood
UNDERWOOD

5 Years Guarantee

Yes, lowest prices on UNDERWOOD, REMINGTON, L.C.SMITH, ROYAL, and all standard makes on easiest terms ever offered. Re-manufactured like new by the famous "Young Process" to give a lifetime of service.

10 Days Trial Our liberal "direct from factory plan" saves half. You actually use the typewriter 10 days without obligation to buy. Let us prove we have the greatest typwriter bargains ever offered. You actually save from $40 to $50.

Big Illustrated Catalog FREE

This interesting valuable book explains fully how "Young Process of Re-Manufacturing" guarantees you highest quality, perfect service and satisfaction. **Rush coupon today to**

YOUNG TYPEWRITER CO., (Est. 1911)

SEND COUPON NOW

Young Typewriter Co., Dept. 3302, 654 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send me Free book and Special Reduced Prices. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name..

Address..

City........................*State*..............

"I Was At The End of My Rope"

"WE lived in a fairly comfortable home, but it was a terrific struggle to make both ends meet. I couldn't save a cent and I was deeper in debt than I dared confess to my wife.

"I hadn't had a decent raise in years, and there were nights—too many of them now—when I lay wake for hours wondering what we would do if ever lost my position.

"For other men were getting ahead of me and I new that I couldn't stand still. I either had to o up or down. And I was afraid it was going to e down!

"Then suddenly one night it came to me like a lash that the reason I wasn't getting anywhere vas mainly because I had never made any definite ffort to make myself more valuable to the firm.

"I knew my own little routine job, but that was ll. I was just one of the force to my employers. There was really no reason why they should think f me when a better position was open.

"That night I made my decision. 'If the I. C. S. an raise the salaries of other men,' I said to myelf, 'it can raise mine. If it can help other men win promotion and have happier, more prosperus homes, it can help me, too. To-night, right ow, I'm going to send in that coupon and find out hat the I. C. S. can do for me.'

"It was the best move I ever made. My employrs heard about my studying and started to take n interest in me. Six months after I enrolled with he I. C. S. I received my first increase in salary. Vithin two years I was head of my department. nd I'm going still higher."

An International Correspondence Schools course will help *you* just as it helped this man whose letter is reproduced here. It will help you to have the happy home—the bigger salary—the comforts that you want for your wife and your family.

For spare-time study is that vital something which makes one man succeed where one hundred fail—that lifts a man out of the rut and makes him a trained worker instead of just a "hand."

One hour a day, spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home, will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best. Put it up to us to prove it!

MAIL THE COUPON TO-DAY

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 5125, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Personnel Organization
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Business Law
☐ Banking and Banking Law
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Private Secretary
☐ Spanish ☐ French
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ Better Letters
☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Business English
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Metallurgy
☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Radio
☐ Architect
☐ Architects' Blue Prints
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Navigation
☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name..

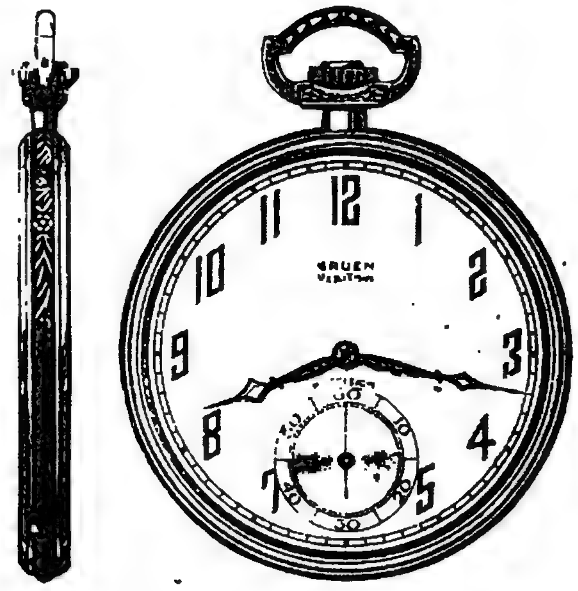
Street Address.. 3-6-24

City ....State...............................

Occupation...

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

GRUEN



VeriThin, Empire 324 (Pat'd)

White gold filled, intaglio design, 17 ruby jeweled "Precision" movement, $60

Two methods of constructing a "thin model watch."

There are just two ways to make a watch thin.

One of these ways is to crowd the parts closer together, to reduce their size and strength, and thus to sacrifice the durability and accuracy of the movement.

The other is to introduce such technical improvements in watch construction as that described in the diagram below.

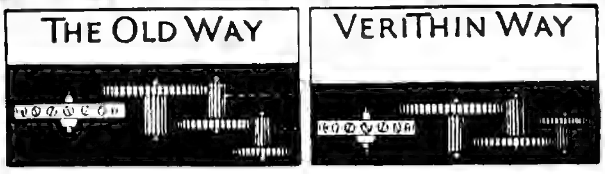
The VeriThin principle of watch movement construction, conceived and patented twenty-two years ago, is the exclusive property of the Gruen Watch Makers Guild.

It embodies a number of improvements, but it achieves thinness principally by a logical and scientific rearrangement of wheels. It is compact without crowding; the parts in a Gruen VeriThin movement have all the room and play of those in watches of greater thickness.

The better jewelers can show you the Gruen VeriThin—their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.
New York Toronto
Engaged in the art of fine watch making for more than half a century

GRUEN Guild Watches



The Gruen VeriThin wheel train, one of the technical improvements by which an accurate watch is made THIN without loss in strength of parts

Sayings that are Portraits

Men Who Would Conquer the World

ALEXANDER THE GREAT
356–323 B. C.
Regent of Greece at 16
Ruler of Europe and Asia Minor two years later

(To Darius, the Persian monarch):

"The earth cannot brook two suns, nor Asia two masters."

"Those skilled in astronomy tell us there are many worlds; and yet I have not been able to subdue one of them."

HANNIBAL
247–183 B. C.

"Adversity is a good teacher."

JULIUS CÆSAR
100–44 B. C.

"It is the right of war for conquerors to treat those whom they have conquered according to their pleasures."

"If the law is to be broken, let it be broken for the sake of sovereignty; in other matters cultivate submission to it."

NERO
37–68

"What an artist dies in me."

"When I am dead, let the world return to chaos."

ATTILA
The Scourge of God
King of the Huns, 434–453
Etzel of the *Nibelungenlied*
Atli of Scandinavian Sagas

"Quit you like Huns and prove the valour of your arms, let the wounded not rest till he has killed his enemy, let him who remains untouched steep himself in slaughter. . . . I myself will be the first to hurl a spear against the enemy, and if any remain slothful when Attila fights, he is but dead, and should be buried."

JENGHIZ KHAN
The Perfect Warrior
1162–1227

(Ascending the steps of the great mosque when he had captured Bokhara, and giving the city over to his Mongols to pillage):

"The hay is cut; give your horses fodder."

NAPOLEON
The Little Corporal
1769–1821

"A man like me is always either a god or a devil."

"I believe Nature calculated me for great reverses,—I have a soul of marble."

BISMARCK
The Iron Chancellor
1815-1898

"Not by speeches and resolutions of majorities are the mighty problems of the age to be solved—that was the mistake of 1848 and 1849—but by blood and iron."

WILHELM II
1859- ——

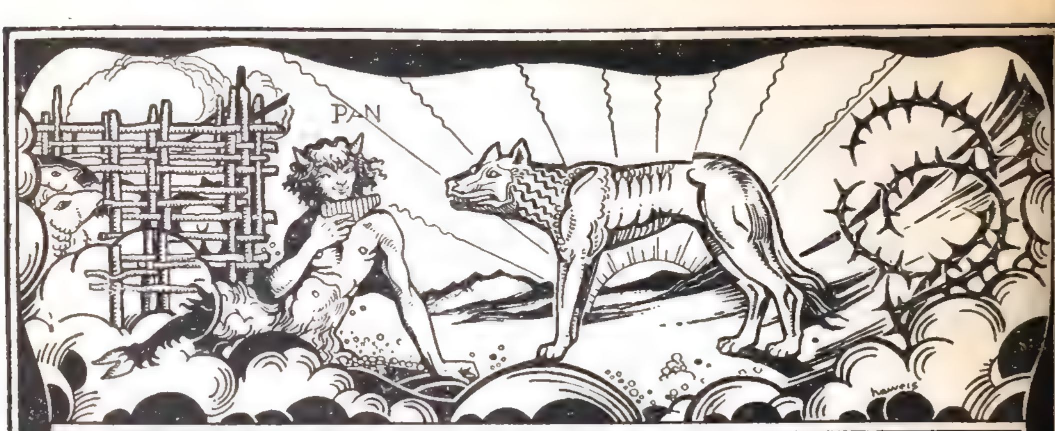
(Before the *World War*):

"Germany's greatness makes it impossible for her to do without the ocean, but the ocean also proves that even in the distance, and on its farther side, without Germany and the German Emperor, no great decision dare henceforth be taken."

LENIN
1870–1924

"Revolution is an art."

"The task . . . is colossal. It can be achieved only in a long series of great class wars between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. . . . Either millions of people must continue to perish and all European civilization must go under, or the power in all civilized countries must pass into the hands of the revolutionary proletariat to bring about the socialist revolution."



The Booklover's Calendar

FEBRUARY, added to the Calendar by Numa Pompilius, in changing to a twelve-month year, was the month of Purification; and the Roman custom of public "Februation" has been preserved in the Christian Candlemas festival of the Purification of the Virgin. The month lost one of its days because the Emperor Augustus did not wish August, named for him, to have only thirty days when other months had thirty-one: so he took one away from the already short month of February.

American Indian: Hunger Moon, the month of food shortage.

Hebrew: Shebat begins January 26th, 1925 (the year 5685 in that calendar). It is the eleventh ecclesiastical month, and the fifth civil. February 25th is the first of Adar. At certain intervals, the Hebrew calendar requires the addition of a month: so we have then Adar I and Adar II. The first of each Jewish month is New Moon Day, when the faithful leave the synagogue and worship out of doors.

Mohammedan: February 1, 1925, is the seventh day of Rajab; February 25th begins Sha'ban.

Saxon: Fill-dyke, Sprout-kale, and Sun month.

Zodiacal: The signs of Aquarius (the eleventh Chaldean month—one of "want and rain" in the Euphrates region) and Pisces (associated with the resumption of tillage after the deluge, and also with life after death).

Chinese: The Rat station, in the Yellow Road of the Sun, corresponds to Aquarius; the Pig is Pisces.

February

1 The Welshman would rather see
his dam on her bier
Than see a fair Februeer.
OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

2 *Candlemas. Purification of the Virgin. The unburnt parts of the candles protected later against storms and frosts and witches. In Scotland, one of the quarter days; marked by money presents from pupils to teacher, and "Candlemas Ba'," a football match.*

If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half of winter's to come and mair;
If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
The half of winter's gone at Yule.
SCOTCH RHYME.

3 *St. Blaize, torn to pieces with iron combs,—hence, with Jason of the Golden Fleece, patron saint of English wool-combers.*

It is not by grumbling against the elements that evil is to be done away; but by keeping one's self in good heart with one's fellow creatures. HUNT.

4 O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou
seemst, and dreaded as thou art.
COWPER.

5 A severe artist (is Winter)! No longer the canvas and pigments, but the marble and the chisel.
JOHN BURROUGHS.

6 Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed
the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light.
BRYANT.

7 The frost king ties my fumbling feet,
Sings in my ear, my feet are stones.
EMERSON.

8 What is there in nature so beautiful as the next morning after such confusion of the elements? Night has no silence like this of busy day. LOWELL.

9 The masterful wind was up and out, shouting and chasing, the lord of the morning.
KENNETH GRAHAME.

10 People . . . fall into two divisions: one the knight of the blue face and hollow paunch, whom winter has gotten by the vitals; the other well-lined with New Year's fare, conscious of the touch of cold on his periphery, but stepping through it by the glow of his internal fires.
STEVENSON.

11 One winter afternoon of a northwest wind blowing rum shrub into men for a stand against rheumatics. MEREDITH.

12 *Lincoln's Birthday. Cotton Mather born, 1663; Immanuel Kant died, 1804.*

Though winter is represented in the almanacs as an old man, facing the wind and sleet, and drawing his cloak about him, we rather think of him as a merry woodchopper, and warm-blooded youth as blithe as summer.
THOREAU.

13 *St. Valentine's Eve, in Norwich, England, was a time for giving all sorts of presents.*

It is beautiful indeed: the mist heaps itself together in light snow clouds, the sun looks through, and the snow over everything gives back a feeling of gaiety. GOETHE.

14 *St. Valentine's Day. In Pepys' time one chosen or drawn as a valentine must make a present to the chooser,—which traces back to the customs of the Roman Lupercalia, in honor of Pan and Juno.*

Muse, bid the moon awake,
Sad Winter now declines.
Each bird doth choose a mate
This day, St. Valentine's. DRAYTON.

15 All was white and light and snowy: nowhere anything but dim light and snow.
TOLSTOY.

16 The stillness and the wide trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. GEORGE ELIOT.

17 *Michelangelo died, 1563-4; Giordano Bruno burnt, 1600; Molière died, 1673; Galland, of "Arabian Nights," died, 1715.*

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. LAMB.

18 *Charles Lamb born, 1775; Luther died, 1546.*

The wind that has its nest in trees was circling around with many voices, that never rose above a whisper, and were often but the echo of a sigh. BARRIE.

19 Night came in the track of day, and mingling lights were reflected and, quivering, wandered over her cheeks. Softly came out the lights, the heralds of the moon, lighting the tapers before the throne of God. POLOWSKI.

20 *Voltaire born, 1694.*

There is the wind, which is the strongest force in nature, which knocks men, and bowls down buildings, uproots trees, raises the sea into mountains of water, destroys cliffs, and casts great ships on the breakers; the wind which kills, which whistles, which sighs, which roars. DE MAUPASSANT.

21 Last, Winter creeps with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrowed is his face. DRYDEN.

22 *Washington's Birthday, 1731. Quinquagesima—Shrove Sunday.*

Take Winter as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow with no nonsense in him, and tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run. LONGFELLOW.

23 *Pepys born, 1632; Sir Thomas Wiat beheaded, 1555; Keats died, 1821. Collop Monday in old England.*

You must seek Nature's confidences when she is not in one of her exhibition moods. Like woman herself, she is only communicative when her passions and pageants are over, and then it is that she will put her cool hand in yours and let you see her gray spirits and white lisping through her bare ruined choirs. Then it is she speaks in sibylline undertones. J. P. M.

24 *St. Matthias. Shrove Tuesday—the former day of obtaining absolution in the Roman Church. Fasten's E'en in Scotland; Pancake Day.*

It was raining so heavily that ivy and laurel resounded like distant musketry, and an outdoor man could be excused for shrouding himself to his ears and eyes. HARDY.

25 *Ash Wednesday, 1925.* Hospitality is a good deal a matter of latitude, I suspect. The shade of a palm tree serves an African for a hut; his dwelling is all doors and no walls; everybody can come in. To make a morning call on an Esquimau acquaintance, one must creep through a long tunnel; his house is all walls and no door except such a one as an apple with a wormhole has. . . . A good deal which in colder regions is ascribed to mean dispositions, belongs really to mean temperature. HOLMES.

26 *Hugo born, 1802; Tom Moore died, 1852.* Bleak, dark and piercing cold, it was a night for the well-housed and fed to draw round the bright fire and thank God they were at home. DICKENS.

27 *Longfellow born, 1807; John Evelyn died, 1706.*

Winter reigns, devouring years. This austere sister of other days, though hoary, is swift and agile. Rival of Spring, Autumn, and Summer, she is clad in the purple woven of snow; stark frozen steam serves her as a veil. KHERASKOV.

28 *Montaigne born, 1533.*

The garden is dead—the garden of Yesterday. Long live the garden—the garden of tomorrow! For suddenly my mind has leaped ahead to Spring. ELIZABETH WOODBRIDGE.

The Golden Book

olume I FEBRUARY, 1925 Number 2

Love of Life

By JACK LONDON

Jack London

> "This out of all will remain—
> They have lived and have tossed:
> So much of the game will be gain,
> Though the gold of the dice has been lost."

THEY limped painfully down the bank, and once the foremost of the two men staggered among the rough-strewn rocks. They were tired and weak, and their aces had the drawn expression of patience hich comes of hardship long endured. hey were heavily burdened with blanket acks which were strapped to their shoulders. ead-straps, passing across the forehead, elped support these packs. Each man arried a rifle. They walked in a stooped osture, the shoulders well forward, the ead still farther forward, the eyes bent pon the ground.

"I wish we had just about two of them artridges that's layin' in that cache of urn," said the second man.

His voice was utterly and drearily exressionless. He spoke without enthusiasm; d the first man, limping into the milky ream that foamed over the rocks, vouchfed no reply.

The other man followed at his heels. They did not remove their foot-gear, though the water was icy cold—so cold that their ankles ached and their feet went numb. In places the water dashed against their knees, and both men staggered for footing.

The man who followed slipped on a smooth boulder, nearly fell, but recovered himself with a violent effort, at the same time uttering a sharp exclamation of pain. He seemed faint and dizzy and put out his free hand while he reeled, as though seeking support against the air. When he had steadied himself he stepped forward, but reeled again and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head.

The man stood still for fully a minute, as though debating with himself. Then he called out:

"I say, Bill, I've sprained my ankle."

Bill staggered on through the milky water. He did not look around. The man

Copyrighted, 1925, by The Review of Reviews Corporation

watched him go, and though his face was expressionless as ever, his eyes were like the eyes of a wounded deer.

The other man limped up the farther bank and continued straight on without looking back. The man in the stream watched him. His lips trembled a little, so that the rough thatch of brown hair which covered them was visibly agitated. His tongue even strayed out to moisten them.

"Bill!" he cried out.

It was the pleading cry of a strong man in distress, but Bill's head did not turn. The man watched him go, limping grotesquely and lurching forward with stammering gait up the slow slope toward the soft sky-line of the low-lying hill. He watched him go till he passed over the crest and disappeared. Then he turned his gaze and slowly took in the circle of the world that remained to him now that Bill was gone.

Near the horizon the sun was smouldering dimly, almost obscured by formless mists and vapors, which gave an impression of mass and density without outline or tangibility. The man pulled out his watch, the while resting his weight on one leg. It was four o'clock, and as the season was near the last of July or first of August,—he did not know the precise date within a week or two,—he knew that the sun roughly marked the northwest. He looked to the south and knew that somewhere beyond those bleak hills lay the Great Bear Lake; also, he knew that in that direction the Arctic Circle cut its forbidding way across the Canadian Barrens. This stream in which he stood was a feeder to the Coppermine River, which in turn flowed north and emptied into Coronation Gulf and the Arctic Ocean. He had never been there, but he had seen it, once, on a Hudson Bay Company chart.

Again his gaze completed the circle of the world about him. It was not a heartening spectacle. Everywhere was soft sky-line. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no shrubs, no grasses—naught but a tremendous and terrible desolation that sent fear swiftly dawning into his eyes.

"Bill!" he whispered, once and twice; "Bill!"

He cowered in the midst of the milky water, as though the vastness were pressing in upon him with overwhelming force, brutally crushing him with its complacent awfulness. He began to shake as with an ague-fit, till the gun fell from his hand with a splash. This served to rouse him. He fought with his fear and pulled himself together, groping in the water and recovering the weapon. He hitched his pack farther over on his left shoulder, so as to take a portion of its weight from off the injured ankle. Then he proceeded, slowly and carefully, wincing with pain, to the bank.

He did not stop. With a desperation that was madness, unmindful of the pain, he hurried up the slope to the crest of the hill over which his comrade had disappeared—more grotesque and comical by far than that limping, jerking comrade. But at the crest he saw a shallow valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again, overcame it, hitched the pack still farther over on his left shoulder, and lurched on down the slope.

The bottom of the valley was soggy with water, which the thick moss held, sponge-like, close to the surface. This water squirted out from under his feet at every step, and each time he lifted a foot the action culminated in a sucking sound as the wet moss reluctantly released its grip. He picked his way from muskeg to muskeg, and followed the other man's footsteps along and across the rocky ledges which thrust like islets through the sea of moss.

Though alone, he was not lost. Farther on he knew he would come to where dead spruce and fir, very small and weazened, bordered the shore of a little lake, the *titchin-nichilie*, in the tongue of the country, the "land of little sticks." And into that lake flowed a small stream, the water of which was not milky. There was rush-grass on that stream—this he remembered well—but no timber, and he would follow it till its first trickle ceased at a divide. He would cross this divide to the first trickle of another stream, flowing to the west, which he would follow until it emptied into the river Dease, and here he would find a cache under an upturned canoe and piled over with many rocks. And in this cache would be ammunition for his empty gun, fish-hooks and lines, a small net—all the utilities for the killing and snaring of food. Also, he would find flour,—not much,—a piece of bacon, and some beans.

Bill would be waiting for him there, and they would paddle away south down the Dease to the Great Bear Lake. And south across the lake they would go, ever south, till they gained the Mackenzie. And south, still south, they would go, while the winter raced vainly after them, and the ice formed in the eddies, and the days grew chill and crisp, south to some warm Hudson Bay Company post, where timber grew tall and generous and there was grub without end.

These were the thoughts of the man as he strove onward. But hard as he strove with his body, he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not deserted him, that Bill would surely wait for him at the cache. He was compelled to think this thought, or else there would not be any use to strive, and he would have lain down and died. And as the dim ball of the sun sank slowly into the northwest he covered every inch—and many times—of his and Bill's flight south before the downcoming winter. And he conned the grub of the cache and the grub of the Hudson Bay Company post over and over again. He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat. Often he stooped and picked pale muskeg berries, put them into his mouth, and chewed and swallowed them. A muskeg berry is a bit of seed enclosed in a bit of water. In the mouth the water melts away and the seed chews sharp and bitter. The man knew there was no nourishment in the berries, but he chewed them patiently with a hope greater than knowledge and defying experience.

At nine o'clock he stubbed his toe on a rocky ledge, and from sheer weariness and weakness staggered and fell. He lay for some time, without movement, on his side. Then he slipped out of the pack-straps and clumsily dragged himself into a sitting posture. It was not yet dark, and in the lingering twilight he groped about among the rocks for shreds of dry moss. When he had gathered a heap he built a fire,—a smouldering, smudgy fire,—and put a tin pot of water on to boil.

He unwrapped his pack and the first thing he did was to count his matches. There were sixty-seven. He counted them three times to make sure. He divided them into several portions, wrapping them in oil paper, disposing of one bunch in his empty tobacco pouch, of another bunch in the inside band of his battered hat, of a third bunch under his shirt on the chest. This accomplished, a panic came upon him, and he unwrapped them all and counted them again. There were still sixty-seven.

He dried his wet foot-gear by the fire. The moccasins were in soggy shreds. The blanket socks were worn through in places, and his feet were raw and bleeding. His ankle was throbbing, and he gave it an examination. It had swollen to the size of his knee. He tore a long strip from one of his two blankets and bound the ankle tightly. He tore other strips and bound them about his feet to serve for both moccasins and socks. Then he drank the pot of water, steaming hot, wound his watch, and crawled between his blankets.

He slept like a dead man. The brief darkness around midnight came and went. The sun arose in the northeast—at least the day dawned in that quarter, for the sun was hidden by gray clouds.

At six o'clock he awoke, quietly lying on his back. He gazed straight up into the gray sky and knew that he was hungry. As he rolled over on his elbow he was startled by a loud snort, and saw a bull caribou regarding him with alert curiosity. The animal was not more than fifty feet away, and instantly into the man's mind leaped the vision and the savor of a caribou steak sizzling and frying over a fire. Mechanically he reached for the empty gun, drew a bead, and pulled the trigger. The bull snorted and leaped away, his hoofs rattling and clattering as he fled across the ledges.

The man cursed and flung the empty gun from him. He groaned aloud as he started to drag himself to his feet. It was a slow and arduous task. His joints were like rusty hinges. They worked harshly in their sockets, with much friction, and each bending or unbending was accomplished only through a sheer exertion of will. When he finally gained his feet, another minute or so was consumed in straightening up, so that he could stand erect as a man should stand.

He crawled up a small knoll and surveyed the prospect. There were no trees, no bushes, nothing but a gray sea of moss scarcely diversified by gray rocks, gray lakelets, and gray streamlets. The sky was gray. There was no sun nor hint of sun. He had no idea of north, and he had forgotten the way he had come to this spot the night before. But he was not lost. He knew that. Soon he would come to the land of the little sticks. He felt that it lay off to the left somewhere, not far—possibly just over the next low hill.

He went back to put his pack into shape for travelling. He assured himself of the existence of his three separate parcels of matches, though he did not stop to count them. But he did linger, debating, over a squat moose-hide sack. It was not large. He could hide it under his two hands. He knew that it weighed fifteen pounds,—as much as all the rest of the pack,—and it worried him. He finally set it to one side and proceeded to roll the pack. He paused to gaze at the squat moose-hide sack. He picked it up hastily with a defiant glance about him, as though the desolation were trying to rob him of it; and when he rose to his feet to stagger on into the day it was included in the pack on his back.

He bore away to the left, stopping now and again to eat muskeg berries. His ankle had stiffened, his limp was more pronounced, but the pain of it was as nothing compared with the pain of his stomach. The hunger pangs were sharp. They gnawed and gnawed until he could not keep his mind steady on the course he must pursue to gain the land of little sticks. The muskeg berries did not allay this gnawing, while they made his tongue and the roof of his mouth sore with their irritating bite.

He came upon a valley where rock ptarmigan rose on whirring wings from the ledges and muskegs. Ker—ker—ker was the cry they made. He threw stones at them, but could not hit them. He placed his pack on the ground and stalked them as a cat stalks a sparrow. The sharp rocks cut through his pants' legs till his knees left a trail of blood; but the hurt was lost in the hurt of his hunger. He squirmed over the wet moss, saturating his clothes and chilling his body; but he was not aware of it, so great was his fever for food. And always the ptarmigan rose, whirring, before him, till their ker—ker—ker became a mock to him, and he cursed them and cried aloud at them with their own cry.

Once he crawled upon one that must have been asleep. He did not see it till it shot up in his face from its rocky nook. He made a clutch as startled as was the rise of the ptarmigan, and there remained in his hand three tail-feathers. As he watched its flight he hated it, as though it had done him some terrible wrong. Then he returned and shouldered his pack.

As the day wore along he came into valleys or swales where game was more plentiful. A band of caribou passed by, twenty and odd animals, tantalizingly within rifle range. He felt a wild desire to run after them, a certitude that he could run them down. A black fox came toward him, carrying a ptarmigan in his mouth. The man shouted. It was a fearful cry, but the fox, leaping away in fright, did not drop the ptarmigan.

Late in the afternoon he followed a stream, milky with lime, which ran through sparse patches of rush-grass. Grasping these rushes firmly near the root, he pulled up what resembled a young onion-sprout no larger than a shingle-nail. It was tender, and his teeth sank into it with a crunch that promised deliciously of food. But its fibers were tough. It was composed of stringy filaments saturated with water, like the berries, and devoid of nourishment. He threw off his pack and went into the rush-grass on hands and knees, crunching and munching, like some bovine creature.

He was very weary and often wished to rest—to lie down and sleep; but he was continually driven on—not so much by his desire to gain the land of little sticks as by his hunger. He searched little ponds for frogs and dug up the earth with his nails for worms, though he knew in spite that neither frogs nor worms existed so far north.

He looked into every pool of water vainly, until, as the long twilight came on, he discovered a solitary fish, the size of a minnow, in such a pool. He plunged his arm in up to the shoulder, but it eluded him. He reached for it with both hands and stirred up the milky mud at the bottom. In his excitement he fell in, wetting himself to the waist. Then the water was too muddy to admit of his seeing the fish, and he was compelled to wait until the sediment had settled.

The pursuit was renewed, till the water was again muddied. But he could not wait. He unstrapped the tin bucket and began to bale the pool. He baled wildly at first, splashing himself and flinging the water so short a distance that it ran back into the pool. He worked more carefully, striving to be cool, though his heart was pounding against his chest and his hands were trembling. At the end of half an hour the pool was nearly dry. Not a cupful of water remained. And there was no fish. He found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool—a pool which he could not empty in a night and a day. Had he known of the crevice, he could have closed it with a rock at the beginning and the fish would have been his.

Thus he thought, and crumpled up and sank down upon the wet earth. At first he cried softly to himself, then he cried loudly to the pitiless desolation that ringed him around; and for a long time after he was shaken by great dry sobs.

He built a fire and warmed himself by drinking quarts of hot water, and made camp on a rocky ledge in the same fashion he had the night before. The last thing he did was to see that his matches were dry and to wind his watch. The blankets were wet and clammy. His ankle pulsed with pain. But he knew only that he was hungry, and through his restless sleep he dreamed of feasts and banquets and of food served and spread in all imaginable ways.

He awoke chilled and sick. There was no sun. The gray of earth and sky had become deeper, more profound. A raw wind was blowing, and the first flurries of snow were whitening the hilltops. The air about him thickened and grew white while he made a fire and boiled more water. It was wet snow, half rain, and the flakes were large and soggy. At first they melted as soon as they came in contact with the earth, but ever more fell, covering the ground, putting out the fire, spoiling his supply of moss-fuel.

This was a signal for him to strap on his pack and stumble onward, he knew not where. He was not concerned with the land of little sticks, nor with Bill and the cache under the upturned canoe by the river Dease. He was mastered by the verb "to eat." He was hunger-mad. He took no heed of the course he pursued, so long as that course led him through the swale bottoms. He felt his way through the wet snow to the watery muskeg berries, and went by feel as he pulled up the rush-grass by the roots. But it was tasteless stuff and did not satisfy. He found a weed that tasted sour and he ate all he could find of it, which was not much, for it was a creeping growth, easily hidden under the several inches of snow.

He had no fire that night, nor hot water, and crawled under his blanket to sleep the broken hunger-sleep. The snow turned into a cold rain. He awakened many times to feel it falling on his upturned face. Day came—a gray day and no sun. It had ceased raining. The keenness of his hunger had departed. Sensibility, as far as concerned the yearning for food, had been exhausted. There was a dull, heavy ache in his stomach, but it did not bother him so much. He was more rational, and once more he was chiefly interested in the land of little sticks and the cache by the river Dease.

He ripped the remnant of one of his blankets into strips and bound his bleeding feet. Also, he recinched the injured ankle and prepared himself for a day of travel. When he came to his pack, he paused long over the squat moose-hide sack, but in the end it went with him.

The snow had melted under the rain, and only the hilltops showed white. The sun came out, and he succeeded in locating the points of the compass, though he knew now that he was lost. Perhaps, in his previous days' wanderings, he had edged away too far to the left. He now bore off to the right to counteract the possible deviation from his true course.

Though the hunger pangs were no longer so exquisite, he realized that he was weak. He was compelled to pause for frequent rests, when he attacked the muskeg berries and rush-grass patches. His tongue felt dry and large, as though covered with a fine hairy growth, and it tasted bitter in his mouth. His heart gave him a great deal of trouble. When he had travelled a few minutes it would begin a remorseless thump, thump, thump, and then leap up and away in a painful flutter of beats that choked him and made him go faint and dizzy.

In the middle of the day he found two minnows in a large pool. It was impossible to bale it, but he was calmer now and managed to catch them in his tin bucket. They were no longer than his little finger, but he was not particularly hungry. The dull ache in his stomach had been growing duller and fainter. It seemed almost that his stomach was dozing. He ate the fish raw, masticating with painstaking care, for the eating was an act of pure reason. While he had no desire to eat, he knew that he must eat to live.

In the evening he caught three more minnows, eating two and saving the third for breakfast. The sun had dried stray shreds of moss, and he was able to warm himself with hot water. He had not covered more than ten miles that day; and the next day, travelling whenever his heart permitted him, he covered no more than five miles. But his stomach did not give him the slightest uneasiness. It had gone to sleep. He was in a strange country, too, and the caribou were growing more plentiful, also the wolves. Often their yelps drifted across the desolation, and once he saw three of them slinking away before his path.

Another night; and in the morning, being more rational, he untied the leather string that fastened the squat moose-hide sack. From its open mouth poured a yellow stream of coarse gold-dust and nuggets. He roughly divided the gold in halves, caching one half on a prominent ledge, wrapped in a piece of blanket, and returning the other half to the sack. He also began to use strips of the one remaining blanket for his feet. He still clung to his gun, for there were cartridges in that cache by the river Dease.

This was a day of fog, and this day hunger awoke in him again. He was very weak and was afflicted with a giddiness which at times blinded him. It was no uncommon thing now for him to stumble and fall; and stumbling once, he fell squarely into a ptarmigan nest. There were four newly hatched chicks, a day old—little specks of pulsating life no more than a mouthful; and he ate them ravenously, thrusting them alive into his mouth and crunching them like egg-shells between his teeth. The mother ptarmigan beat about him with great outcry. He used his gun as a club with which to knock her over, but she dodged out of reach. He threw stones at her and with one chance shot broke a wing. Then she fluttered away, running, trailing the broken wing, with him in pursuit.

The little chicks had no more than whetted his appetite. He hopped and bobbed clumsily along on his injured ankle, throwing stones and screaming hoarsely at times; at other times hopping and bobbing silently along, picking himself up grimly and patiently when he fell, or rubbing his eyes with his hand when the giddiness threatened to overpower him.

The chase led him across swampy ground in the bottom of the valley, and he came upon footprints in the soggy moss. They were not his own—he could see that. They must be Bill's. But he could not stop, for the mother ptarmigan was running on. He would catch her first, then he would return and investigate.

He exhausted the mother ptarmigan; but he exhausted himself. She lay panting on her side. He lay panting on his side, a dozen feet away, unable to crawl to her. And as he recovered she recovered, fluttering out of reach as his hungry hand went out to her. The chase was resumed. Night settled down and she escaped. He stumbled from weakness and pitched head foremost on his face, cutting his cheek, his pack upon his back. He did not move for a long while; then he rolled over on his side, wound his watch, and lay there until morning.

Another day of fog. Half of his last blanket had gone into foot-wrappings. He failed to pick up Bill's trail. It did not matter. His hunger was driving him too compellingly—only—only he wondered if Bill, too, were lost. By midday the irk of his pack became too oppressive. Again he divided the gold, this time merely spilling half of it on the ground. In the afternoon he threw the rest of it away, there remaining to him only the half-blanket, the tin bucket, and the rifle.

An hallucination began to trouble him. He felt confident that one cartridge remained to him. It was in the chamber of the rifle and he had overlooked it. On the other hand, he knew all the time that the chamber was empty. But the hallucination persisted. He fought it off for hours, then threw his rifle open and was confronted with emptiness. The disappointment was as bitter as though he had really expected to find the cartridge.

He plodded on for half an hour, when the hallucination arose again. Again he fought it, and still it persisted, till for very relief he opened his rifle to unconvince himself. At times his mind wandered farther afield, and he plodded on, a mere automaton, strange conceits and whimsicalities gnawing at his brain like worms. But these excursions out of the real were of brief duration, for ever the pangs of the hunger-bite called him back. He was jerked back abruptly once from such an excursion by a sight that caused him nearly to faint. He reeled and swayed, doddering like a drunken man to keep from falling. Before him stood a horse. A horse! He could not believe his eyes. A thick mist was in them, intershot with sparkling points of light. He rubbed his eyes savagely to clear his vision, and beheld, not a horse, but a great brown bear. The animal was studying him with bellicose curiosity.

The man had brought his gun halfway to his shoulder before he realized. He lowered it and drew his hunting-knife from its beaded sheath at his hip. Before him was meat and life. He ran his thumb along the edge of his knife. It was sharp. The point was sharp. He would fling himself upon the bear and kill it. But his heart began its warning thump, thump, thump. Then followed the wild upward leap and tattoo of flutters, the pressing as of an iron band about his forehead, the creeping of the dizziness into his brain.

His desperate courage was evicted by a great surge of fear. In his weakness, what if the animal attacked him? He drew himself up to his most imposing stature, gripping the knife and staring hard at the bear. The bear advanced clumsily a couple of steps, reared up, and gave vent to a tentative growl. If the man ran, he would run after him; but the man did not run. He was animated now with the courage of fear. He, too, growled, savagely, terribly, voicing the fear that is to life germane and that lies twisted about life's deepest roots.

The bear edged away to one side, growling menacingly, himself appalled by this mysterious creature that appeared upright and unafraid. But the man did not move. He stood like a statue till the danger was past, when he yielded to a fit of trembling and sank down into the wet moss.

He pulled himself together and went on, afraid now in a new way. It was not the fear that he should die passively from lack of food, but that he should be destroyed violently before starvation had exhausted the last particle of the endeavor in him that made toward surviving. There were the wolves. Back and forth across the desolation drifted their howls, weaving the very air into a fabric of menace that was so tangible that he found himself, arms in the air, pressing it back from him as it might be the walls of a wind-blown tent.

Now and again the wolves, in packs of two and three, crossed his path. But they sheered clear of him. They were not in sufficient numbers, and besides they were hunting the caribou, which did not battle, while this strange creature that walked erect might scratch and bite.

In the late afternoon he came upon scattered bones where the wolves had made a kill. The débris had been a caribou calf an hour before, squawking and running and very much alive. He contemplated the bones, clean-picked and polished, pink with the cell-life in them which had not yet died. Could it possibly be that he might be that ere the day was done! Such was life, eh? A vain and fleeting thing. It was only life that pained. There was no hurt in death. To die was to sleep. It meant cessation, rest. Then why was he not content to die?

But he did not moralize long. He was squatting in the moss, a bone in his mouth, sucking at the shreds of life that still dyed it faintly pink. The sweet meaty taste, thin and elusive almost as a memory, maddened him. He closed his jaws on the bones and crunched. Sometimes it was the bone that broke, sometimes his teeth. Then he crushed the bones between rocks, pounded them to a pulp, and swallowed them. He pounded his fingers, too, in his haste, and yet found a moment in which to feel surprise at the fact that his fingers did not hurt much when caught under the descending rock.

Came frightful days of snow and rain. He did not know when he made camp, when he broke camp. He travelled in the night as much as in the day. He rested wherever he fell, crawled on whenever the dying life in him flickered up and burned less dimly. He, as a man, no longer strove. It was the life in him, unwilling to die, that drove him on. He did not suffer. His nerves had become blunted, numb, while his mind was filled with weird visions and delicious dreams.

But ever he sucked and chewed on the crushed bones of the caribou calf, the least remnants of which he had gathered up and carried with him. He crossed no more hills or divides, but automatically followed a large stream which flowed through a wide and shallow valley. He did not see this stream nor this valley. He saw nothing save visions. Soul and body walked or crawled side by side, yet apart, so slender was the thread that bound them.

He awoke in his right mind, lying on his back on a rocky ledge. The sun was shining bright and warm. Afar off he heard the squawking of caribou calves. He was aware of vague memories of rain and wind and snow, but whether he had been beaten by the storm for two days or two weeks he did not know.

For some time he lay without movement, the genial sunshine pouring upon him and saturating his miserable body with its warmth. A fine day, he thought. Perhaps he could manage to locate himself. By a painful effort he rolled over on his side. Below him flowed a wide and sluggish river. Its unfamiliarity puzzled him. Slowly he followed it with his eyes, winding in wide sweeps among the bleak, bare hills, bleaker and barer and lower-lying than any hills he had yet encountered. Slowly, deliberately, without excitement or more than the most casual interest, he followed the course of the strange stream toward the sky-line and saw it emptying into a bright and shining sea. He was still unexcited. Most unusual, he thought, a vision or a mirage—more likely a vision, a trick of his disordered mind. He was confirmed in this by sight of a ship lying at anchor in the midst of the shining sea. He closed his eyes for a while, then opened them. Strange how the vision persisted! Yet not strange. He knew there were no seas or ships in the heart of the barren lands, just as he had known there was no cartridge in the empty rifle.

He heard a snuffle behind him—a half-choking gasp or cough. Very slowly, because of his exceeding weakness and stiffness, he rolled over on his other side. He could see nothing near at hand, but he waited patiently. Again came the snuffle and cough, and outlined between two jagged rocks not a score of feet away he made out the grey head of a wolf. The sharp ears were not pricked so sharply as he had seen them on other wolves; the eyes were bleared and bloodshot, the head seemed to droop limply and forlornly. The animal blinked continually in the sunshine. It seemed sick. As he looked it snuffled and coughed again.

This, at least, was real, he thought, and turned on the other side so that he might see the reality of the world which had been veiled from him before by the vision. But the sea still shone in the distance and the ship was plainly discernible. Was it reality, after all? He closed his eyes for a long while and thought, and then it came to him. He had been making north by east, away from the Dease Divide and into the Coppermine Valley. This wide and sluggish river was the Coppermine. That shining sea was the Arctic Ocean. That ship was a whaler, strayed east, far east, from the mouth of the Mackenzie, and it was lying at anchor in Coronation Gulf. He remembered the Hudson Bay Company chart he had seen long ago, and it was all clear and reasonable to him.

He sat up and turned his attention to immediate affairs. He had worn through the blanket-wrappings, and his feet were shapeless lumps of raw meat. His last blanket was gone. Rifle and knife were both missing. He had lost his hat somewhere, with the bunch of matches in the band, but the matches against his chest were safe and dry inside the tobacco pouch and oil paper. He looked at his watch. It marked eleven o'clock and was still running. Evidently he had kept it wound.

He was calm and collected. Though extremely weak, he had no sensation of pain. He was not hungry. The thought of food was not even pleasant to him, and whatever he did was done by his reason alone. He ripped off his pants' legs to the knees and bound them about his feet. Somehow he had succeeded in retaining the tin bucket. He would have some hot water before he began what he foresaw was to be a terrible journey to the ship.

His movements were slow. He shook as with a palsy. When he started to collect dry moss, he found he could not rise to his feet. He tried again and again, then contented himself with crawling about on hands and knees. Once he crawled near to the sick wolf. The animal dragged itself reluctantly out of his way, licking its chops with a tongue which seemed hardly to have the strength to curl. The man noticed that the tongue was not the customary healthy red. It was a yellowish brown and seemed coated with a rough and half-dry mucus.

After he had drunk a quart of hot water the man found he was able to stand, and even to walk as well as a dying man might be supposed to walk. Every minute or so he was compelled to rest. His steps were feeble and uncertain, just as the wolf's that trailed him were feeble and uncertain; and that night, when the shining sea was blotted out by blackness, he knew he was nearer to it by no more than four miles.

Throughout the night he heard the cough of the sick wolf, and now and then the squawking of the caribou calves. There was life all around him, but it was strong life, very much alive and well, and he knew the sick wolf clung to the sick man's trail in the hope that the man would die first. In the morning, on opening his eyes, he beheld it regarding him with a wistful and hungry stare. It stood crouched, with tail between its legs, like a miserable and woe-begone dog. It shivered in the chill morning wind, and grinned dispiritedly when the man spoke to it in a voice that achieved no more than a hoarse whisper.

The sun rose brightly, and all morning the man tottered and fell toward the ship on the shining sea. The weather was perfect. It was the brief Indian Summer of the high latitudes. It might last a week. To-morrow or next day it might be gone.

In the afternoon the man came upon a trail. It was of another man, who did not walk, but who dragged himself on all fours. The man thought it might be Bill, but he thought in a dull, uninterested way. He had no curiosity. In fact, sensation and emotion had left him. He was no longer susceptible to pain. Stomach and nerves had gone to sleep. Yet the life that was in him drove him on. He was very weary, but it refused to die. It was because it refused to die that he still ate muskeg berries and minnows, drank his hot water, and kept a wary eye on the sick wolf.

He followed the trail of the other man who dragged himself along, and soon came to the end of it—a few fresh-picked bones where the soggy moss was marked by the foot-pads of many wolves. He saw a squat moose-hide sack, mate to his own, which had been torn by sharp teeth. He picked it up, though its weight was almost too much for his feeble fingers. Bill had carried it to the last. Ha! ha! He would have the laugh on Bill. He would survive and carry it to the ship in the shining sea. His mirth was hoarse and ghastly, like a raven's croak, and the sick wolf joined him, howling lugubriously. The man ceased suddenly. How could he have the laugh on Bill if that were Bill; if those bones, so pinky-white and clean, were Bill?

He turned away. Well, Bill had deserted him; but he would not take the gold, nor would he suck Bill's bones. Bill would have, though, had it been the other way around, he mused as he staggered on.

He came to a pool of water. Stooping over in quest of minnows, he jerked his head back as though he had been stung. He had caught sight of his reflected face. So horrible was it that sensibility awoke long enough to be shocked. There were three minnows in the pool, which was too large to drain; and after several ineffectual attempts to catch them in the tin bucket he forbore. He was afraid, because of his great weakness, that he might fall in and drown. It was for this reason that he did not trust himself to the river astride one of the many drift-logs which lined its sand-spits.

That day he decreased the distance between him and the ship by three miles; the next day by two—for he was crawling now as Bill had crawled; and the end of the fifth day found the ship still seven miles away and him unable to make even a mile a day. Still the Indian Summer held on, and he continued to crawl and faint, turn and turn about; and ever the sick wolf coughed and wheezed at his heels. His knees had become raw meat like his feet, and though he padded them with the shirt from his back it was a red track he left behind him on the moss and stones. Once, glancing back, he saw the wolf licking hungrily his bleeding trail, and he saw sharply what his own end might be—unless—unless he could get the wolf. Then began as grim a tragedy of existence as was ever played—a sick man that crawled, a sick wolf that limped, two creatures dragging their dying carcasses across the desolation and hunting each other's lives.

Had it been a well wolf, it would not have mattered so much to the man; but the thought of going to feed the maw of that loathsome and all but dead thing was repugnant to him. He was finicky. His mind had begun to wander again, and to be perplexed by hallucinations, while his lucid intervals grew rarer and shorter.

He was awakened once from a faint by a wheeze close in his ear. The wolf leaped lamely back, losing its footing and falling in its weakness. It was ludicrous, but he was not amused. Nor was he even afraid. He was too far gone for that. But his mind was for the moment clear, and he lay and considered. The ship was no more than four miles away. He could see it quite distinctly when he rubbed the mists out of his eyes, and he could see the white sail of a small boat cutting the water of the shining sea. But he could never crawl those four miles. He knew that, and was very calm in the knowledge. He knew that he could not crawl half a mile. And yet he wanted to live. It was unreasonable that he should die after all he had undergone. Fate asked too much of him. And, dying, he declined to die. It was stark madness, perhaps, but in the very grip of Death he defied Death and refused to die.

He closed his eyes and composed himself with infinite precaution. He steeled himself to keep above the suffocating languor that lapped like a rising tide through all the wells of his being. It was very like a sea, this deadly languor, that rose and rose and drowned his consciousness bit by bit. Sometimes he was all but submerged, swimming through oblivion with a faltering stroke; and again, by some strange alchemy of soul, he would find another shred of will and strike out more strongly.

Without movement he lay on his back, and he could hear, slowly drawing near and nearer, the wheezing intake and output of the sick wolf's breath. It drew closer, ever closer, through an infinitude of time, and he did not move. It was at his ear. The harsh dry tongue grated like sandpaper against his cheek. His hands shot out—or at least he willed them to shoot out. The fingers were curved like talons, but they closed on empty air. Swiftness and certitude require strength, and the man had not this strength.

The patience of the wolf was terrible. The man's patience was no less terrible. For half a day he lay motionless, fighting off unconsciousness and waiting for the thing that was to feed upon him and upon which he wished to feed. Sometimes the languid sea rose over him and he dreamed long dreams; but ever through it all, waking and dreaming, he waited for the wheezing breath and the harsh caress of the tongue.

He did not hear the breath, and he slipped slowly from some dream to the feel of the tongue along his hand. He waited. The fangs pressed softly; the pressure increased; the wolf was exerting its last strength in an effort to sink teeth in the food for which it had waited so long. But the man had waited long, and the lacerated hand closed on the jaw. Slowly, while the wolf struggled feebly and the hand clutched feebly, the other hand crept across to a grip. Five minutes later the whole weight of the man's body was on top of the wolf. The hands had not sufficient strength to choke the wolf, but the face of the man was pressed close to the throat of the wolf and the mouth of the man was full of hair. At the end of half an hour the man was aware of a warm trickle in his throat. It was not pleasant. It was like molten lead being forced into his stomach, and it was forced by his will alone. Later the man rolled over on his back and slept.

There were some members of a scientific expedition on the whale-ship *Bedford*. From the deck they remarked a strange object on the shore. It was moving down the beach toward the water. They were unable to classify it, and, being scientific men, they climbed into the whale-boat alongside and went ashore to see. And they saw something that was alive but which could hardly be called a man. It was blind, unconscious. It squirmed along the ground like some monstrous worm. Most of its efforts were ineffectual, but it was persistent, and it writhed and twisted and went ahead perhaps a score of feet an hour.

Three weeks afterward the man lay in a bunk on the whale-ship *Bedford*, and with tears streaming down his wasted cheeks told who he was and what he had undergone. He also babbled incoherently of his mother, of sunny Southern California, and a home among the orange groves and flowers.

The days were not many after that when he sat at table with the scientific men and ship's officers. He gloated over the spectacle of so much food, watching it anxiously as it went into the mouths of others. With the disappearance of each mouthful an expression of deep regret came into his eyes. He was quite sane, yet he hated those men at meal time. He was haunted by a fear that the food would not last. He inquired of the cook, the cabin-boy, the captain, concerning the food store. They reassured him countless times; but he could not believe them, and pried cunningly about the lazarette to see with his own eyes.

It was noticed that the man was getting fat. He grew stouter with each day. The scientific men shook their heads and theorized. They limited the man at his meals, but still his girth increased and he swelled prodigiously under his shirt.

The sailors grinned. They knew. And when the scientific men set a watch on the man, they knew too. They saw him slouch for'ard after breakfast, and, like a mendicant, with outstretched palm, accost a sailor. The sailor grinned and passed him a fragment of sea biscuit. He clutched it avariciously, looked at it as a miser looks at gold, and thrust it into his shirt bosom. Similar were the donations from other grinning sailors.

The scientific men were discreet. They let him alone. But they privily examined his bunk. It was lined with hardtack; the mattress was stuffed with hardtack; every nook and cranny was filled with hardtack. Yet he was sane. He was taking precautions against another possible famine—that was all. He would recover from it, the scientific men said; and he did, ere the *Bedford's* anchor rumbled down in San Francisco Bay.

* * *

["*LOVE OF LIFE,*" *AS EXPRESSED BY THE VICTORIAN POET OF SENTIMENT—ROBERT HENRY, EARL OF LYTTON, SON OF BULWER-LYTTON THE NOVELIST, AND AUTHOR OF "LUCILLE"*]:

WE may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

"OWEN MEREDITH."

The Rathskeller and the Rose

By O. HENRY

O. Henry

MISS POSIE CARRINGTON had earned her success. She began life handicapped by the family name of "Boggs," in the small town known as Cranberry Corners. At the age of eighteen she had acquired the name of "Carrington" and a position in the chorus of a metropolitan burlesque company. Thence upward she had ascended by the legitimate and delectable steps of "broiler," member of the famous "Dickey-bird" octette, in the successful musical comedy, "Fudge and Fellows," leader of the potato-bug dance in "Fol-de-Rol," and at length to the part of the maid "'Toinette" in "The King's Bath-Robe," which captured the critics and gave her her chance. And when we come to consider Miss Carrington she is in the heydey of flattery, fame and fizz; and that astute manager, Herr Timothy Goldstein, has her signature to iron-clad papers that she will star the coming season in Dyde Rich's new play, "Paresis by Gaslight."

Promptly there came to Herr Timothy a capable twentieth-century young character actor by the name of Highsmith, who besought engagement as "Sol Haytosser," the comic and chief male character part in "Paresis by Gaslight."

"My boy," said Goldstein, "take the part if you can get it. Miss Carrington won't listen to any of my suggestions. She has turned down half a dozen of the best imitators of the rural dub in the city. She declares she won't set a foot on the stage unless 'Haytosser' is the best that can be raked up. She was raised in a village, you know, and when a Broadway orchid sticks a straw in his hair and tries to call himself a clover blossom she's on, all right. I asked her, in a sarcastic vein, if she thought Denman Thompson would make any kind of a show in the part. 'Oh, no,' says she, 'I don't want him or John Drew or Jim Corbett or any of these swell actors that don't know a turnip from a turnstile. I want the real article.' So, my boy, if you want to play 'Sol Haytosser' you will have to convince Miss Carrington. Luck be with you."

Highsmith took the train the next day for Cranberry Corners. He remained in that forsaken and inanimate village three days. He found the Boggs family and corkscrewed their history unto the third and fourth generation. He amassed the facts and the local color of Cranberry Corners. The village had not grown as rapidly as had Miss Carrington. The actor estimated that it had suffered as few actual changes since the departure of its solitary follower of Thespis as had a stage upon which "four years is supposed to have elapsed." He absorbed Cranberry Corners and returned to the city of chameleon changes.

It was in the rathskeller that Highsmith made the hit of his histrionic career. There is no need to name the place; there is but one rathskeller where you could hope to find Miss Posie Carrington after a performance of "The King's Bath-Robe."

There was a jolly small party at one of the tables that drew many eyes. Miss Carrington, petite, marvellous, bubbling, electric, fame-drunken, shall be named first. Herr Goldstein follows, sonorous, curly-haired, heavy, a trifle anxious, as some bear that had caught, somehow, a butterfly in his claws. Next, a man condemned to a newspaper, sad, courted, armed, analyzing for press agent's dross every sentence that was poured over him, eating his à la Newburg in the silence of greatness. To conclude, a youth with parted hair, a name that is ochre to red journals and gold on the back of a supper check. These sat at a table while the musicians played, while waiters moved in the mazy performance of their duties with their backs toward all who desired their service, and all was bizarre and merry because it was nine feet below the level of the sidewalk.

At 11:45 a being entered the rathskeller. The first violin perceptibly flatted a C that should have been natural; the clarinet blew a bubble instead of a grace note; Miss Carrington giggled and the youth with parted hair swallowed an olive seed.

Exquisitely and irreproachably rural was the new entry. A lank, disconcerted, hesitating young man it was, flaxen-haired, gaping of mouth, awkward, stricken to misery by the lights and company. His clothing was butternut, with bright blue tie, showing four inches of bony wrist and white-socked ankle. He upset a chair, sat in another one, curled a foot around a table leg and cringed at the approach of a waiter.

"You may fetch me a glass of lager beer," he said, in response to the discreet questioning of the servitor.

The eyes of the rathskeller were upon him. He was as fresh as a collard and as ingenuous as a hay rake. He let his eye rove about the place as one who regards, big-eyed, hogs in the potato patch. His gaze rested at length upon Miss Carrington. He rose and went to her table with a lateral, shining smile and a blush of pleased trepidation.

"How're ye, Miss Posie?" he said in accents not to be doubted. "Don't ye remember me—Bill Summers—the Summerses that lived back of the blacksmith shop? I reckon I've growed up some since ye left Cranberry Corners.

"Liza Perry 'lowed I might see ye in the city, while I was here. You know Liza married Benny Stanfield, and she says—"

"Ah, say!" interrupted Miss Carrington, brightly, "Lize Perry is never married—what! Oh, the freckles of her!"

"Married in June," grinned the gossip, "and livin' in the old Tatum Place. Ham Riley perfessed religion; old Mrs. Blithers sold her place to Cap'n Spooner; the youngest Waters girl run away with a music teacher; the court-house burned up last March; your uncle Wiley was elected constable; Matilda Hoskins died from runnin' a needle in her hand, and Tom Beedle is courtin' Sallie Lathrop—they say he don't miss a night but what he's settin' on their porch."

"The wall-eyed thing!" exclaimed Miss Carrington, with asperity. "Why, Tom Beedle once—say, you folks, excuse me a while—this is an old friend of mine—Mr. —what was it? Yes, Mr. Summers—Mr. Goldstein, Mr. Ricketts, Mr.— Oh, what's yours? 'Johnny' 'll do—come on over here and tell me some more."

She swept him to an isolated table in a corner. Herr Goldstein shrugged his fat shoulders and beckoned to the waiter. The newspaper man brightened a little and mentioned absinthe. The youth with parted hair was plunged into melancholy. The guests of the rathskeller laughed, clinked glasses and enjoyed the comedy that Posie Carrington was treating them to after her regular performance. A few cynical ones whispered "press agent" and smiled wisely.

Posie Carrington laid her dimpled and desirable chin upon her hands, and forgot her audience—a faculty that had won her laurels for her.

"I don't seem to recollect any Bill Summers," she said, thoughtfully gazing straight into the innocent blue eyes of the rustic young man. "But I know the Summerses, all right. I guess there ain't many changes in the old town. You see any of my folks lately?"

And then Highsmith played his trump. The part of "Sol Haytosser" called for pathos as well as comedy. Miss Carrington should see that he could do that as well.

"Miss Posie," said "Bill Summers," "I was up to your folkses' house jist two or three days ago. No, there ain't many changes to speak of. The lilac bush by the kitchen window is over a foot higher, and the elm in the front yard died and had to be cut down. And yet it don't seem the same place that it used to be."

"How's ma?" asked Miss Carrington.

"She was settin' by the front door, crocheting a lamp-mat when I saw her last," said "Bill." "She's older'n she was, Miss Posie. But everything in the house looked jest the same. Your ma asked me to set down. 'Don't touch that willow rocker, William,' says she. 'It ain't been moved since Posie left; and that's the apron she was hemmin', layin' over the arm of it, jist as she flung it. I'm in hopes,' she goes on, 'that Posie'll finish runnin' out that hem some day.'"

Miss Carrington beckoned peremptorily to a waiter.

"A pint of extra dry," she ordered, briefly; "and give the check to Goldstein."

"The sun was shinin' in the door," went on the chronicler from Cranberry, "and your ma was settin' right in it. I asked her if she hadn't better move back a little. 'William,' says she, 'when I get sot down and lookin' down the road, I can't bear to move. Never a day,' says she, 'but what I set here every minute that I can spare and watch over them palin's for Posie. She went away down that road in the night, for we seen her little shoe tracks in the dust, and somethin' tells me she'll come back that way ag'in when she's weary of the world and begins to think about her old mother.'

"When I was comin' away," concluded "Bill," "I pulled this off'n the bush by the front steps. I thought maybe I might see you in the city, and I knowed you'd like somethin' from the old home."

He took from his coat pocket a rose—a drooping, yellow, velvet, odorous rose, that hung its head in the foul atmosphere of that tainted rathskeller like a virgin bowing before the hot breath of the lions in a Roman arena.

Miss Carrington's penetrating but musical laugh rose above the orchestra's rendering of "Bluebells."

"Oh, say!" she cried, with glee, "ain't those poky places the limit? I just know that two hours at Cranberry Corners would give me the horrors now. Well, I'm awful glad to have seen you, Mr. Summers. I guess I'll hustle around to the hotel now and get my beauty sleep."

She thrust the yellow rose into the bosom of her wonderful, dainty, silken garments, stood up and nodded imperiously at Herr Goldstein.

Her three companions and "Bill Summers" attended her to her cab. When her flounces and streamers were all safely tucked inside she dazzled them with au revoirs from her shining eyes and teeth.

"Come around to the hotel and see me, Bill, before you leave the city," she called as the glittering cab rolled away.

Highsmith, still in his make-up, went with Herr Goldstein to a café booth.

"Bright idea, eh?" asked the smiling actor. "Ought to land 'Sol Haytosser' for me, don't you think? The little lady never once tumbled."

"I didn't hear your conversation," said Goldstein, "but your make-up and acting was O. K. Here's to your success. You'd better call on Miss Carrington early to-morrow and strike her for the part. I don't see how she can keep from being satisfied with your exhibition of ability."

At 11:45 A. M. on the next day Highsmith, handsome, dressed in the latest mode, confident, with a fuchsia in his button-hole, sent up his card to Miss Carrington in her select apartment hotel.

He was shown up and received by the actress's French maid.

"I am sorree," said Mlle. Hortense, "but I am to say this to all. It is with great regret. Mees Carrington have cancelled all engagements on the stage and have returned to live in that—how you call that town? Cranberry Cornaire!"

Sorrows of Werther

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter.
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter.

The Second Missouri Compromise

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

THE Legislature had sat up all night, much absorbed, having taken off its coat because of the stove. This was the fortieth and final day of its first session under an order of things not new only, but novel. It sat with the retrospect of forty days' duty done, and the prospect of forty days' consequent pay to come. Sleepy it was not, but wide and wider awake over a progressing crisis. Hungry it had been until after a breakfast fetched to it from the Overland at seven, three hours ago. It had taken no intermission to wash its face, nor was there just now any apparatus for this, as the tin pitcher commonly used stood not in the basin in the corner, but on the floor by the Governor's chair; so the eyes of the Legislature, though earnest, were dilapidated. Last night the pressure of public business had seemed over, and no turning back the hands of the clock likely to be necessary. Besides Governor Ballard, Mr. Hewley, Secretary and Treasurer, was sitting up too, small, iron-gray, in feature and bearing every inch the capable, dignified official, but his necktie had slipped off during the night. The bearded Councillors had the best of it, seeming after their vigil less stale in the face than the member from Silver City, for instance, whose day-old black growth blurred his dingy chin, or the member from Big Canvas, whose scantier red crop bristled on his cheeks in sparse wandering arrangements, like spikes on the barrel of a musical box. For comfort, most of the pistols were on the table with the Statutes of the United States. Secretary and Treasurer Hewley's lay on his strong-box immediately behind him. The Governor's was a light one, and always hung in the armhole of his waistcoat. The graveyard of Boisé City this year had twenty-seven tenants, two brought there by meningitis, and twenty-five by difference of opinion. Many denizens of the Territory were miners, and the unsettling element of gold-dust hung in the air, breeding argument. The early, thin, bright morning steadily mellowed against the windows distant from the stove; the panes melted clear until they ran, steamed faintly, and dried, this fresh May day, after the night's untimely cold; while still the Legislature sat in its shirt-sleeves, and several statesmen had removed their boots. Even had appearances counted, the session was invisible from the street. Unlike a good number of houses in the town, the State-House (as they called it from old habit) was not all on the ground-floor for outsiders to stare into, but up a flight of wood steps to a wood gallery. From this, to be sure, the interior could be watched from several windows on both sides; but the journey up the steps was precisely enough to disincline the idle, and this was counted a sensible thing by the law-makers. They took the ground that shaping any government for a raw wilderness community needed seclusion, and they set a high value upon unworried privacy.

The sun had set upon a concentrated Council, but it rose upon faces that looked momentous. Only the Governor's and Treasurer's were impassive, and they concealed something even graver than the matter in hand.

"I'll take a hun'red mo', Gove'nuh," said the member from Silver City, softly, his eyes on space. His name was Powhattan Wingo.

The Governor counted out the blue, white, and red chips to Wingo, pencilled some figures on a thickly ciphered and cancelled paper that bore in print the words "Territory of Idaho, Council Chamber," and then filled up his glass from the tin pitcher, adding a little sugar.

"And I'll trouble you fo' the toddy," Wingo added, always softly, and his eyes always on space. "Raise you ten, suh." This was to the Treasurer. Only the two were playing at present. The Governor was kindly acting as bank; the others were looking on.

"And ten," said the Treasurer.

"And ten," said Wingo.

"And twenty," said the Treasurer.

"And fifty," said Wingo, gently bestowing his chips in the middle of the table.

The Treasurer called.

The member from Silver City showed down five high hearts, and a light rustle went over the Legislature when the Treasurer displayed three twos and a pair of threes, and gathered in his harvest. He had drawn two cards, Wingo one; and losing to the lowest hand that could have beaten you is under such circumstances truly hard luck. Moreover, it was almost the only sort of luck that had attended Wingo since about half after three that morning. Seven hours of cards just a little lower than your neighbor's is searching to the nerves.

"Gove'nuh, I'll take a hun'red mo'," said Wingo; and once again the Legislature rustled lightly, and the new deal began.

Treasurer Hewley's winnings flanked his right, a pillared fortress on the table, built chiefly of Wingo's misfortunes. Hewley had not counted them, and his architecture was for neatness and not ostentation; yet the Legislature watched him arrange his gains with sullen eyes. It would have pleased him now to lose; it would have more than pleased him to be able to go to bed quite a long time ago. But winners cannot easily go to bed. The thoughtful Treasurer bet his money and deplored this luck. It seemed likely to trap himself and the Governor in a predicament they had not foreseen. All had taken a hand at first, and played for several hours, until Fortune's wheel ran into a rut deeper than usual. Wingo slowly became the loser to several, then Hewley had forged ahead, winner from everybody. One by one they had dropped out, each meaning to go home, and all lingering to see the luck turn. It was an extraordinary run, a rare specimen, a breaker of records, something to refer to in the future as a standard of measure and an embellishment of reminiscence; quite enough to keep the Idaho Legislature up all night. And then it was their friend who was losing. The only speaking in the room was the brief card talk of the two players.

"Five better," said Hewley, winner again four times in the last five.

"Ten," said Wingo.

"And twenty," said the Secretary and Treasurer.

"Call you."

"Three kings."

"They are good, suh. Gove'nuh, I'll take a hun'red mo'."

Upon this the wealthy and weary Treasurer made a try for liberty and bed. How would it do, he suggested, to have a round of jack-pots, say ten—or twenty, if the member from Silver City preferred—and then stop? It would do excellently, the member said, so softly that the Governor looked at him. But Wingo's large countenance remained inexpressive, his black eyes still impersonally fixed on space. He sat thus till his chips were counted to him, and then the eyes moved to watch the cards fall. The Governor hoped he might win now, under the jack-pot system. At noon he should have a disclosure to make; something that would need the most cheerful and contented feelings in Wingo and the Legislature to be received with any sort of calm. Wingo was behind the game to the tune of—the Governor gave up adding as he ran his eye over the figures of the bank's erased and tormented record, and he shook his head to himself. This was inadvertent.

"May I inquah who yo're shakin' yoh head at, suh?" said Wingo, wheeling upon the surprised Governor.

"Certainly," answered that official. "You." He was never surprised for very long. In 1867 it did not do to remain surprised in Idaho.

"And have I done anything which meets yoh disapprobation?" pursued the member from Silver City, enunciating with care.

"You have met my disapprobation."

Wingo's eye was on the Governor, and now his friends drew a little together, and as a unit sent a glance of suspicion at the lone bank.

"You will gratify me by being explicit, suh," said Wingo to the bank.

"Well, you've emptied the toddy."

"Ha-ha, Gove'nuh! I rose, suh, to yoh little fly. We'll awduh some mo'."

"Time enough when he comes for the breakfast things," said Governor Ballard, easily.

"As you say, suh. I'll open for five dolluhs." Wingo turned back to his game.

He was winning, and as his luck continued his voice ceased to be soft, and became a shade truculent. The Governor's ears caught this change, and he also noted the lurking triumph in the faces of Wingo's fellow-statesmen. Cheerfulness and content were scarcely reigning yet in the Council Chamber of Idaho as Ballard sat watching the friendly game. He was beginning to fear that he must leave the Treasurer alone and take some precautions outside. But he would have to be separated for some time from his ally, cut off from giving him any hints. Once the Treasurer looked at him, and he immediately winked reassuringly, but the Treasurer failed to respond. Hewley might be able to wink after everything was over, but he could not find it in his serious heart to do so now. He was wondering what would happen if this game should last till noon with the company in its present mood. Noon was the time fixed for paying the Legislative Assembly the compensation due for its services during this session; and the Governor and the Treasurer had put their heads together and arranged a surprise for the Legislative Assembly. They were not going to pay them.

A knock sounded at the door, and on seeing the waiter from the Overland enter, the Governor was seized with an idea. Perhaps precaution could be taken from the inside. "Take this pitcher," said he, "and have it refilled with the same. Joseph knows my mixture." But Joseph was night bartender, and now long in his happy bed, with a day successor in the saloon, and this one did not know the mixture. Ballard had foreseen this when he spoke, and that his writing a note of directions would seem quite natural.

"The receipt is as long as the drink," said a legislator, watching the Governor's pencil fly.

"He don't know where my private stock is located," explained Ballard. The waiter departed with the breakfast things and the note, and while the jack-pots continued the Governor's mind went carefully over the situation.

Until lately the Western citizen has known one every-day experience that no dweller in our thirteen original colonies has had for two hundred years. In Massachusetts they have not seen it since 1641; in Virginia not since 1628. It is that of belonging to a community of which every adult was born somewhere else. When you come to think of this a little it is dislocating to many of your conventions. Let a citizen of Salem, for instance, or a well-established Philadelphia Quaker, try to imagine his chief-justice fresh from Louisiana, his mayor from Arkansas, his tax-collector from South Carolina, and himself recently arrived in a wagon from a thousand-mile drive. To be governor of such a community Ballard had travelled in a wagon from one quarter of the horizon; from another quarter Wingo had arrived on a mule. People reached Boisé in three ways: by rail to a little west of the Missouri, after which it was wagon, saddle, or walk for the remaining fifteen hundred miles; from California it was shorter; and from Portland, Oregon, only about five hundred miles, and some of these more agreeable, by water up the Columbia. Thus it happened that salt often sold for its weight in gold-dust. A miner in the Bannock Basin would meet a freight teamster coming in with the staples of life, having journeyed perhaps sixty consecutive days through the desert, and valuing his salt highly. The two accordingly bartered in scales, white powder against yellow, and both parties content. Some in Boisé to-day can remember these bargains. After all, they were struck but thirty years ago. Governor Ballard and Treasurer Hewley did not come from the same place, but they constituted a minority of two in Territorial politics because they hailed from north of Mason and Dixon's line. Powhattan Wingo and the rest of the Council were from Pike County, Missouri. They had been Secessionists, some of them Knights of the Golden Circle; they had belonged to Price's Left Wing, and they flocked together. They were seven—two lying unwell at the Overland, five now present in the State-House with the Governor and Treasurer. Wingo, Gascon Claiborne, Gratiot des Pères, Pete Cawthon, and F. Jackson Gilet were their names. Besides this Council of seven were thirteen members of the Idaho House of Representatives, mostly of the same political feather with the Council, and they too would be present at noon to receive their pay. How Ballard and Hewley came to be a minority of two is a simple matter. Only twenty-five months had gone since Appomattox Court-House. That surrender was presently followed by Johnston's to Sherman, at Durhams Station, and following this the various Confederate armies in Alabama, or across the Mississippi, or wherever they happened to be, had successively surrendered—but not Price's Left Wing. There was the wide open West under its nose, and no Grant or Sherman infesting that void. Why surrender? Wingos, Clabornes, and all, they melted away. Price's Left Wing sailed into the prairie and passed below the horizon. To know what it next did you must, like Ballard or Hewley, pass below the horizon yourself, clean out of sight of the dome at Washington to remote, untracked Idaho. There, besides wild red men in quantities, would you find not very tame white ones, gentlemen of the ripest Southwestern persuasion, and a Legislature to fit. And if, like Ballard or Hewley, you were a Union man, and the president of the United States had appointed you Governor or Secretary of such a place, your days would be full of awkwardness, though your difference in creed might not hinder you from playing draw-poker with the unreconstructed. These Missourians were whole-souled, ample-natured males in many ways, but born with a habit of hasty shooting. The Governor, on setting foot in Idaho, had begun to study pistolship, but acquired thus in middle life it could never be with him that spontaneous art which it was with Price's Left Wing. Not that the weapons now lying loose about the State-House were brought for use there. Everybody always went armed in Boisé, as the gravestones impliedly testified. Still, the thought of the bad quarter of an hour which it might come to at noon did cross Ballard's mind, raising the image of a column in the morrow's paper: "An unfortunate occurrence has ended relations between esteemed gentlemen hitherto the warmest personal friends. . . . They will be laid to rest at 3 P. M. . . . As a last token of respect for our lamented Governor, the troops from Boisé Barracks. . . . " The Governor trusted that if his friends at the post were to do him any service it would not be a funereal one.

The new pitcher of toddy came from the Overland, the jack-pots continued, were nearing a finish, and Ballard began to wonder if anything had befallen a part of his note to the bar-tender, an enclosure addressed to another person.

"Ha, suh!" said Wingo to Hewley. "My pot again, I declah." The chips had been crossing the table his way, and he was now loser but six hundred dollars.

"Ye ain't goin' to whip Mizzooruh all night an' all day, ez a rule," observed Pete Cawthon, Councillor from Lost Leg.

"'Tis a long road that has no turnin', Gove'nuh," said F. Jackson Gilet, more urbanely. He had been in public life in Missouri, and was now President of the Council in Idaho. He, too, had arrived on a mule, but could at will summon a rhetoric dating from Cicero, and preserved by many luxuriant orators until after the middle of the present century.

"True," said the Governor, politely. "But here sits the long-suffering bank, whichever way the road turns. I'm sleepy."

"You sacrifice yo'self in the good cause," replied Gilet, pointing to the poker game. "Oneasy lies the head that wahs an office, suh." And Gilet bowed over his compliment.

The Governor thought so indeed. He looked at the Treasurer's strong-box, where lay the appropriation lately made by Congress to pay the Idaho Legislature for its services; and he looked at the Treasurer, in whose pocket lay the key of the strong-box. He was accountable to the Treasury at Washington for all money disbursed for Territorial expenses.

"Eleven twenty," said Wingo, "and only two hands mo' to play."

The Governor slid out his own watch.

"I'll scahsely recoup," said Wingo.

They dealt and played the hand, and the Governor strolled to the window.

"Three aces," Wingo announced, winning again handsomely. "I struck my luck too late," he commented to the on-lookers. While losing he had been able to sustain a smooth reticence; now he gave his thoughts freely to the company, and continually moved and fingered his increasing chips. The Governor was still looking out of the window, where he could see far up the street, when Wingo won the last hand, which was small. "That ends it, suh, I suppose?" he said to Hewley, letting the pack of cards linger in his grasp.

"I wouldn't let him off yet," said Ballard to Wingo from the window, with sudden joviality, and he came back to the players. "I'd make him throw five cold hands with me."

"Ah, Gove'nuh, that's yoh spo'tin' blood! Will you do it, Mistuh Hewley—a hun'red a hand?"

Mr. Hewley did it; and winning the first, he lost the second, third, and fourth in the space of an eager minute, while the Councillors drew their chairs close.

"Let me see," said Wingo, calculating, "if I lose this—why still—" He lost. "But I'll not have to ask you to accept my papuh, suh. Wingo liquidates. Fo'ty days at six dolluhs a day makes six times fo' is twenty-fo'—two hun'red an' fo'ty dolluhs spot cash in hand at noon, without computation of mileage to and from Silver City at fo' dolluhs every twenty miles, estimated according to the nearest usually travelled route." He was reciting part of the statute providing mileage for Idaho legislators. He had never served the public before, and he knew all the laws concerning compensation by heart. "You'll not have to wait fo' yoh money, suh," he concluded.

"Well, Mr. Wingo," said Governor Ballard, "it depends on yourself whether your pay comes to you or not." He spoke cheerily. "If you don't see things my way, our Treasurer will have to wait for his money." He had not expected to break the news just so, but it made as easy a beginning as any.

"See things yoh way, suh?"

"Yes. As it stands at present I cannot take the responsibility of paying you."

"The United States pays me, suh. My compensation is provided by act of Congress."

"I confess I am unable to discern your responsibility, Gove'nuh," said F. Jackson Gilet. "Mr. Wingo has faithfully attended the session, and is, like every gentleman present, legally entitled to his emoluments."

"You can all readily become entitled—"

"All? Am I—are my friends—included in this new depa'tyuh?"

"The difficulty applies generally, Mr. Gilet."

"Do I understand the Gove'nuh to insinuate—nay, gentlemen, do not rise! Be seated, I beg." For the Councillors had leaped to their feet.

"Whar's our money?" said Pete Cawthon. "Our money was put in that yere box."

Ballard flushed angrily, but a knock at the door stopped him, and he merely said, "Come in."

A trooper, a corporal, stood at the entrance, and the disordered Council endeavored to look usual in a stranger's presence. They resumed their seats, but it was not easy to look usual on such short notice.

"Captain Paisley's compliments," said the soldier, mechanically, "and will Governor Ballard take supper with him this evening?"

"Thank Captain Paisley," said the Governor (his tone was quite usual), "and say that official business connected with the end of the session makes it imperative for me to be at the State-House. Imperative."

The trooper withdrew. He was a heavy-built, handsome fellow, with black mustache and black eyes that watched through two straight, narrow slits beneath straight black brows. His expression in the Council Chamber had been of the regulation military indifference, and as he went down the steps he irrelevantly sang an old English tune:

"'Since first I saw your face I resolved
To honor and re—'

"I guess," he interrupted himself as he unhitched his horse, "parrot and monkey hev broke loose."

The Legislature, always in its shirt-sleeves, the cards on the table, and the toddy on the floor, sat calm a moment, cooled by this brief pause from the first heat of its surprise, while the clatter of Corporal Jones's galloping shrank quickly into silence.

II

Captain Paisley walked slowly from the adjutant's office at Boisé Barracks to his quarters, and his orderly walked behind him. The captain carried a letter in his hand, and the orderly, though distant a respectful ten paces, could hear him swearing plain as day. When he reached his front door Mrs. Paisley met him.

"Jim," cried she, "two more chickens froze in the night." And the delighted orderly heard the captain so plainly that he had to blow his nose or burst.

The lady, merely remarking, "My goodness, Jim," retired immediately to the kitchen, where she had a soldier cook baking, and feared he was not quite sober enough to do it alone. The captain had paid eighty dollars for forty hens this year at Boisé, and twenty-nine had now passed away, victims to the climate. His wise wife perceived his extreme language not to have been all on account of hens, however; but he never allowed her to share in his professional worries, so she stayed safe with the baking, and he sat in the front room with a cigar in his mouth.

Boisé was a two-company post without a major, and Paisley, being senior captain, was in command, an office to which he did not object. But his duties so far this month of May had not pleased him in the least. Theoretically, you can have at a two-company post the following responsible people: one major, two captains, four lieutenants, a doctor, and a chaplain. The major has been spoken of; it is almost needless to say that the chaplain was on leave, and had never been seen at Boisé by any of the present garrison; two of the lieutenants were also on leave, and two on surveying details—they had influence at Washington; the other captain was on a scout with General Crook somewhere near the Malheur Agency, and the doctor had only arrived this week. There had resulted a period when Captain Paisley was his own adjutant, quartermaster, and post surgeon, with not even an efficient sergeant to rely upon; and during this period his wife had stayed a good deal in the kitchen. Happily the doctor's coming had given relief to the hospital steward and several patients, and to the captain not only an equal, but an old friend, with whom to pour out his disgust; and together every evening they freely expressed their opinion of the War Department and its treatment of the Western army.

There were steps at the door, and Paisley hurried out. "Only you!" he exclaimed, with such frank vexation that the doctor laughed loudly. "Come in, man, come in," Paisley continued, leading him strongly by the arm, sitting him down, and giving him a cigar. "Here's a pretty how de do!"

"More Indians!" inquired Dr. Tuck.

"Bother! they're nothing. It's Senators —Councillors—whatever the Territorial devils call themselves."

"Gone on the war-path?" the doctor said, quite ignorant how nearly he had touched the Council.

"Precisely, man. War-path. Here's the Governor writing me they'll be scalping him in the State-House at twelve o'clock. It's past 11.30. They'll be whetting knives about now." And the captain roared.

"I know you haven't gone crazy," said the doctor, "but who has?"

"The lot of them. Ballard's a good man, and—what's his name?—the little Secretary. The balance are just mad dogs—mad dogs. Look here: 'Dear Captain'—that's Ballard to me. I just got it—'I find myself unexpectedly hampered this morning. The South shows signs of being too solid. Unless I am supported, my plan for bringing our Legislature to terms will have to be postponed. Hewley and I are more likely to be brought to terms ourselves—a bad precedent to establish in Idaho. Noon is the hour for drawing salaries. Ask me to supper as quick as you can, and act on my reply.' I've asked him," continued Paisley, "but I haven't told Mrs. Paisley to cook anything extra yet." The captain paused to roar again, shaking Tuck's shoulder for sympathy. Then he explained the situation in Idaho to the justly bewildered doctor. Ballard had confided many of his difficulties lately to Paisley.

"He means you're to send troops?" Tuck inquired.

"What else should the poor man mean?"

"Are you sure it's constitutional?"

"Hang constitutional! What do I know about their legal quibbles at Washington?"

"But, Paisley—"

"They're unsurrendered rebels, I tell you. Never signed a parole."

"But the general amnesty—"

"Bother general amnesty! Ballard represents the Federal government in this Territory, and Uncle Sam's army is here to protect the Federal government. If Ballard calls on the army it's our business to obey, and if there's any mistake in judgment it's Ballard's, not mine." Which was sound soldier common-sense, and happened to be equally good law. This is not always the case.

"You haven't got any force to send," said Tuck.

This was true. General Crook had taken with him both Captain Sinclair's infantry and the troop (or company, as cavalry was also then called) of the First.

"A detail of five or six with a reliable non-commissioned officer will do to remind them it's the United States they're bucking against," said Paisley. "There's a deal in the moral of these things. Crook—" Paisley broke off and ran to the door. "Hold his horse!" he called out to the orderly; for he had heard the hoofs, and was out of the house before Corporal Jones had fairly arrived. So Jones sprang off and hurried up, saluting. He delivered his message.

"Um—umpra—what's that? Is it *imperative* you mean?" suggested Paisley.

"Yes, sir," said Jones, reforming his pronunciation of that unaccustomed word. "He said it twice."

"What were they doing?"

"Blamed if I—beg the captain's pardon—they looked like they was waitin' fer me to git out."

"Go on—go on. How many were there?"

"Seven, sir. There was Governor Ballard and Mr. Hewley and—well, them's all the names I know. But," Jones hastened on with eagerness, "I've saw them five other fellows before at a—at—" The corporal's voice failed, and he stood looking at the captain.

"Well? Where?"

"At a cock-fight, sir," murmured Jones, casting his eyes down.

A slight sound came from the room where Tuck was seated, listening, and Paisley's round gray eyes rolled once, then steadied themselves fiercely upon Jones.

"Did you notice anything further unusual, corporal?"

"No, sir, except they was excited in there. Looked like they might be goin' to hev considerable rough house—a fuss, I mean, sir. Two was in their socks. I counted four guns on a table."

"Take five men and go at once to the State-House. If the Governor needs assistance you will give it, but do nothing hasty. Stop trouble, make none. You've got twenty minutes."

"Captain—if anybody needs arrestin'—"

"You must be judge of that." Paisley went into the house. There was no time for particulars.

"Snakes!" remarked Jones. He jumped on his horse and dashed down the slope to the men's quarters.

"Crook may be here any day or any hour," said Paisley, returning to the doctor. "With two companies in the background, I think Price's Left Wing will subside this morning."

"Supposing they don't?"

"I'll go myself; and when it gets to Washington that the commanding officer at Boisé personally interfered with the Legislature of Idaho, it'll shock 'em to that extent that the government will have to pay for a special commission of investigation and two tons of red tape. I've got to trust to that corporal's good sense. I haven't another man at the post."

Corporal Jones had three-quarters of a mile to go, and it was ten minutes before noon, so he started his five men at a run. His plan was to walk and look quiet as soon as he reached the town, and thus excite no curiosity. The citizens were accustomed to the sight of passing soldiers. Jones had thought out several things, and he was not going to order bayonets fixed until the final necessary moment. "Stop trouble and make none" was firm in his mind. He had not long been a corporal. It was still his first enlistment. His habits were by no means exemplary; and his frontier personality, strongly developed by six years of vagabonding before he enlisted, was scarcely yet disciplined into the military machine of the regulation pattern that it should and must become before he could be counted a model soldier. His captain had promoted him to steady him, if that could be, and to give his better qualities a chance. Since then he had never been drunk at the wrong time. Two years ago it would not have entered his free-lance heart to be reticent with any man, high or low, about any pleasure in which he saw fit to indulge; to-day he had been shy over confessing to the commanding officer his leaning to cock-fights—a sign of his approach to the correct mental attitude of the enlisted man. Being corporal had wakened in him a new instinct, and this State-House affair was the first chance he had had to show himself. He gave the order to proceed at a walk in such a tone that one of the troopers whispered to another, "Specimen ain't going to forget he's wearing a chevron."

III

The brief silence that Jones and his invitation to supper had caused among the Councillors was first broken by F. Jackson Gilet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "as President of the Council, I rejoice in an interruption that has given pause to our haste and saved us from ill-considered expressions of opinion. The Gove'nuh has, I confess, surprised me. Befo' examining the legal aspect of our case I will ask the Gove'nuh if he is familiar with the sundry statutes applicable."

"I think so," Ballard replied, pleasantly.

"I had supposed," continued the President of the Council—"nay, I had congratulated myself that our weightiuh tasks of law-making and so fo'th were consummated yesterday, our thirty-ninth day, and that our friendly game of last night would be, as it were, the finis that crowned with pleashuh the work of a session memorable for its harmony."

This was not wholly accurate, but near enough. The Governor had vetoed several bills, but Price's Left Wing had had much more than the required two-thirds vote of both Houses to make these bills laws over the Governor's head. This may be called harmony in a manner. Gilet now went on to say that any doubts which the Governor entertained concerning the legality of his paying any salaries could easily be settled without entering upon discussion. Discussion at such a juncture could not but tend towards informality. The President of the Council could well remember most unfortunate discussions in Missouri between the years 1856 and 1860, in some of which he had had the honor to take part—*minima pars*, gentlemen! Here he digressed elegantly upon civil dissensions, and Ballard, listening to him and marking the slow, sure progress of the hour, told himself that never before had Gilet's oratory seemed more welcome or less lengthy. A plan had come to him, the orator next announced, a way out of the present dilemma, simple and regular in every aspect. Let some gentleman present now kindly draft a bill setting forth in its preamble the acts of Congress providing for the Legislature's compensation, and let this bill in conclusion provide that all members immediately receive the full amount due for their services. At noon both Houses would convene; they would push back the clock, and pass this bill before the term of their session should expire.

"Then, Gove'nuh," said Gilet, "you can amply vindicate yo'self by a veto, which, together with our votes on reconsideration of yoh objections, will be reco'ded in the journal of our proceedings, and copies transmitted to Washington within thirty days as required by law. Thus, suh, will you become absolved from all responsibility."

The orator's face, while he explained this simple and regular way out of the dilemma, beamed with acumen and statesmanship. Here they would make a law, and the Governor must obey the law!

Nothing could have been more to Ballard's mind as he calculated the fleeting minutes than this peaceful, pompous farce. "Draw your bill, gentlemen," he said. "I would not object if I could."

The Statutes of the United States were procured from among the pistols and opened at the proper page. Gascon Claiborne, upon another sheet of paper headed "Territory of Idaho, Council Chamber," set about formulating some phrases which began "Whereas," and Gratiot des Pères read aloud to him from the statutes. Ballard conversed apart with Hewley; in fact, there was much conversing aside.

"'Third March, 1863, c. 117, s. 8, v. 12, p. 811," dictated des Pères.

"Skip the chaptuhs and sections," said Claiborne. "We only require the date."

"'Third March, 1863. The sessions of the Legislative Assemblies of the several Territories of the United States shall be limited to forty days' duration.'"

"Wise provision that," whispered Ballard. "No telling how long a poker game might last."

But Hewley could not take anything in this spirit. "Genuine business was not got through till yesterday," he said.

"'The members of each branch of the Legislature,'" read des Pères, "'shall receive a compensation of six dollars per day during the sessions herein provided for, and they shall receive such mileage as now provided by law: *Provided*, That the President of the Council and the Speaker of the House of Representatives shall each receive a compensation of ten dollars a day.'"

At this the President of the Council waved a deprecatory hand to signify that it was a principle, not profit, for which he battled. They had completed their *Whereases*, incorporating the language of the several sections as to how the appropriation should be made, who disbursed such money, mileage, and, in short, all things pertinent to their bill, when Pete Cawthon made a suggestion.

"Ain't there anything 'bout how much the Gove'nuh gits?" he asks.

"And the Secretary?" added Wingo.

"Oh, you can leave us out," said Ballard.

"Pardon me, Gove'nuh," said Gilet. "You stated that yoh difficulty was not confined to Mr. Wingo or any individual gentleman, but was general. Does it not apply to yo'self, suh? Do you not need any bill?"

"Oh, no," said Ballard, laughing. "I don't need any bill."

"And why not?" said Cawthon. "You've jist ez much earned yoh money ez us fellers."

"Quite as much," said Ballard. "But we're not alike—at present."

Gilet grew very stately. "Except certain differences in political opinions, suh, I am not awah of how we differ in merit as public servants of this Territory."

"The difference is of your own making, Mr. Gilet, and no bill you could frame would cure it or destroy my responsibility. You cannot make any law contrary to a law of the United States."

"Contrary to a law of the United States? And what, suh, has the United States to say about my pay I have earned in Idaho?"

"Mr. Gilet, there has been but one government in this country since April, 1865, and as friends you and I have often agreed to differ as to how many there were before then. That government has a law compelling people like you and me to go through a formality, which I have done, and you and your friends have refused to do each time it has been suggested to you. I have raised no point until now, having my reasons, which were mainly that it would make less trouble now for the Territory of which I have been appointed Governor. I am held accountable to the Secretary of the Treasury semi-annually for the manner in which the appropriation has been expended. If you will kindly hand me that book—"

Gilet, more and more stately, handed Ballard the Statutes, which he had taken from des Pères. The others were watching Ballard with gathering sullenness, as they had watched Hewley while he was winning Wingo's money, only now the sullenness was of a more decided complexion.

Ballard turned the pages. "'Second July, 1862. Every person elected or appointed to any office of honor or profit, either in the civil, military, or naval service, . . . shall, before entering upon the duties of such office, and before being entitled to any salary or other emoluments thereof, take and subscribe the following oath: I—'"

"What does this mean, suh?" said Gilet.

"It means there is no difference in our positions as to what preliminaries the law requires of us, no matter how we may vary in convictions. I as Governor have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and you as Councillor must do the same before you can get your pay. Look at the book."

"I decline, suh. I repudiate yoh proposition. There is a wide difference in our positions."

"What do you understand it to be, Mr. Gilet?" Ballard's temper was rising.

"If you have chosen to take an oath that did not go against yoh convictions—"

"Oh, Mr. Gilet!" said Ballard, smiling. "Look at the book." He would not risk losing his temper through further discussion. He would stick to the law as it lay open before them.

But the Northern smile sent Missouri logic to the winds. "In what are you superior to me, suh, that I cannot choose? Who are you that I and these gentlemen must take oaths befo' you?"

"Not before me. Look at the book."

"I'll look at no book, suh. Do you mean to tell me you have seen me day aftuh day and meditated this treacherous attempt?"

"There is no attempt and no treachery, Mr. Gilet. You could have taken the oath long ago, like other officials. You can take it to-day—or take the consequences."

"What? You threaten me, suh? Do I understand you to threaten me? Gentlemen of the Council, it seems Idaho will be less free than Missouri unless we look to it." The President of the Council had risen in his indignant oratorical might, and his more and more restless friends glared admiration at him. "When was the time that Price's Left Wing surrendered?" asked the orator. "Nevuh! Others have, be it said to their shame. We have not toiled these thousand miles fo' that! Others have crooked the pliant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning. As fo' myself, two grandfathers who fought fo' our libuhties rest in the soil of Virginia, and two uncles who fought in the Revolution sleep in the land of the Dark and Bloody Ground. With such blood in my veins I will nevuh, nevuh, nevuh submit to Northern rule and dictation. I will risk all to be with the Southern people, and if defeated I can, with a patriot of old, exclaim,

"'More true joy an exile feels
Than Cæsuh with a Senate at his heels.'

Aye, gentlemen! And we will not be defeated! Our rights are here and are ours." He stretched his arm towards the Treasurer's strong-box, and his enthusiastic audience rose at the rhetoric. "Contain yo'selves, gentlemen," said the orator. "Twelve o'clock and our bill!"

"I've said my say," said Ballard, remaining seated.

"An' what'll ye do?" inquired Pete Cawthon from the agitated group.

"I forbid you to touch that!" shouted Ballard. He saw Wingo moving towards the box.

"Gentlemen, do not resort—" began Gilet.

But small, iron-gray Hewley snatched his pistol from the box, and sat down astraddle of it, guarding his charge. At this hostile movement the others precipitated themselves towards the table where lay their weapons, and Governor Ballard, whipping his own from his armhole, said, as he covered the table: "Go easy, gentlemen! Don't hurt our Treasurer!"

"Don't nobody hurt anybody," said Specimen Jones, opening the door.

This prudent corporal had been looking in at a window and hearing plainly for the past two minutes, and he had his men posted. Each member of the Council stopped as he stood, his pistol not quite yet attained; Ballard restored his own to its armhole and sat in his chair; little Hewley sat on his box; and F. Jackson Gilet towered haughtily, gazing at the intruding blue uniform of the United States.

"I'll hev to take you to the commanding officer," said Jones, briefly, to Hewley. "You and yer box."

"Oh, my stars and stripes, but that's a

keen move!" rejoiced Ballard to himself. "He's arresting *us*."

In Jones's judgment, after he had taken in the situation, this had seemed the only possible way to stop trouble without making any, and therefore, even now, bayonets were not fixed. Best not ruffle Price's Left Wing just now, if you could avoid it. For a new corporal it was well thought and done. But it was high noon, the clock not pushed back, and punctual Representatives strolling innocently towards their expected pay. There must be no time for a gathering and possible reaction. "I'll have to clear this State-House out," Jones decided. "We're makin' an arrest," he said, aloud, "and we want a little room." The outside bystanders stood back obediently, but the Councillors delayed. Their pistols were, with Ballard's and Hewley's, of course, in custody. "Here," said Jones, restoring them. "Go home now. The commanding officer's waitin' fer the prisoner. Put yer boots on, sir, and leave," he added to Pete Cawthon, who still stood in his stockings. "I don't want to hev to disperse anybody more'n what I've done."

Disconcerted Price's Left Wing now saw file out between armed soldiers the Treasurer and his strong-box; and thus guarded they were brought to Boisé Barracks, whence they did not reappear. The Governor also went to the post.

After delivering Hewley and his treasure to the commanding officer, Jones with his five troopers went to the sutler's store and took a drink at Jones's expense. Then one of them asked the corporal to have another. But Jones refused. "If a man drinks much of that," said he (and the whisky certainly was of a livid, unlikely flavor), "he's liable to go home and steal his own pants." He walked away to his quarters, and as he went they heard him thoughtfully humming his most inveterate song, "Ye shepherds tell me have you seen my Flora pass this way."

But poisonous whisky was not the inner reason for his moderation. He felt very much like a responsible corporal to-day, and the troopers knew it. "Jones has done himself a good turn in this fuss," they said. "He'll be changing his chevron."

That afternoon the Legislature sat in the State-House and read to itself in the Statutes all about oaths. It is not believed that any of them sat up another night; sleeping on a problem is often much better. Next morning the commanding officer and Governor Ballard were called upon by F. Jackson Gilet and the Speaker of the House. Every one was civil and hearty as possible. Gilet pronounced the captain's whisky "equal to any at the Southern, Saint Louey," and conversed for some time about the cold season, General Crook's remarkable astuteness in dealing with Indians, and other topics of public interest. "And concernin' yoh difficulty yesterday, Gove'nuh," said he, "I've been consulting the laws, suh, and I perceive yoh construction is entahley correct."

And so the Legislature signed that form of oath prescribed for participants in the late Rebellion, and Hewley did not have to wait for his poker money. He and Wingo played many subsequent games; for, as they all said in referring to the matter, "A little thing like that should nevuh stand between friends."

Thus was accomplished by Ballard, Paisley—and Jones—the Second Missouri Compromise, at Boisé City, Idaho, 1867—an eccentric moment in the eccentric years of our development westward, and historic also. That it has gone unrecorded until now is because of Ballard's modesty, Paisley's preference for the sword, and Jones's hatred of the pen. He was never known to write except, later, in the pages of his company roster and such unavoidable official places; for the troopers were prophetic. In not many months there was no longer a Corporal Jones, but a person widely known as Sergeant Jones of Company A; called also the "Singing Sergeant"; but still familiar to his intimate friends as "Specimen."

The Outlaws

Second Peasant—I don't know about that, but those who flee to the hills do it from need. If the laws were milder, I believe there would be no outlaws. What do you say, Arngrim?

Arngrim—If we were all to be judged by our thoughts, the hills would be swarming with outlaws. Johann Sigurjonsson.

In Short

Some Pointed Thoughts from A Number of Vigorous Minds

So easily are we impressed by numbers, that even a dozen wheelbarrows in succession seem quite imposing. Jean Paul Richter.

The secret of wearying your reader is to tell him everything. Voltaire.

The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town and city. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The true gentleman is he who does not plume himself on anything.
La Rochefoucauld.

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed. Blaise Pascal.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel.
Horace Walpole.

There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly—but then less is learned there; so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other. Samuel Johnson.

She died of nothing but the rage to live. Alexander Pope.

Those who do not believe in the immortality of their being, do themselves justice.
Robespierre.

It is perfectly monstrous the way people go about nowadays saying things against one, behind one's back, that are absolutely and entirely true. Oscar Wilde.

Men are disturbed, not by things, but by the views they take of things. Epictetus.

Every man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic Sea: he knows not what he may find therein,—treasures, pearls, monsters, or unknown storms.
Heinrich Heine.

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Lord Macaulay.

He was a bold man that first ate an oyster. Jonathan Swift.

The immense depth of thought in popular phrases is hollowed out by generations of ants. Beaudelaire.

Tell me what you feel in your room when the full moon is shining in upon you and your lamp is dying out, and I will tell you how old you are, and I shall know if you are happy. Amiel.

Putois

By
ANATOLE FRANCE

cordially
Anatole France

I

THIS garden of our childhood, said Monsieur Bergeret, this garden that one could pace off in twenty steps, was for us a whole world, full of smiles and surprises.

"Lucien, do you recall Putois?" asked Zoe, smiling as usual, the lips pressed, bending over her work.

"Do I recall Putois! Of all the faces I saw as a child that of Putois remains the clearest in my remembrance. All the features of his face and his character are fixed in my mind. He had a pointed cranium . . ."

"A low forehead," added Mademoiselle Zoe.

And the brother and sister recited alternately, in a monotonous voice, with an odd gravity, the points in a sort of description:

"A low forehead."

"Squinting eyes."

"A shifty glance."

"Crow's-feet at the temples."

"The cheek-bones sharp, red and shining."

"His ears had no rims to them."

"The features were devoid of all expression."

"His hands, which were never still, alone expressed his meaning."

"Thin, somewhat bent, feeble in appearance . . ."

"In reality he was unusually strong."

"He easily bent a five-franc piece between the first finger and the thumb . . ."

"Which was enormous."

"His voice was drawling . . ."

"And his speech mild."

Suddenly Monsieur Bergeret exclaimed: "Zoe! we have forgotten 'Yellow hair and sparse beard.' Let us begin all over again."

Pauline, who had listened with astonishment to this strange recital, asked her father and aunt how they had been able to learn by heart this bit of prose, and why they recited it as if it were a litany.

Monsieur Bergeret gravely answered:

"Pauline, what you have heard is a text, I may say a liturgy, used by the Bergeret family. It should be handed down to you so that it may not perish with your aunt and me. Your grandfather, my daughter, your grandfather, Eloi Bergeret, who was not amused with trifles, thought highly of this bit, principally because of its origin. He called it 'The Anatomy of Putois.' And he used to say that he preferred, in certain respects, the anatomy of Putois to the anatomy of Quaresmeprenant. 'If the description by Xenomanes,' he said, 'is more learned and richer in unusual and choice expressions, the description of Putois greatly surpasses it in clarity and simplicity of style.' He held this opinion because Doctor Ledouble, of Tours, had not yet explained chapters thirty, thirty-one, and thirty-two of the fourth book of Rabelais."

"I do not understand at all," said Pauline.

"That is because you did not know Putois, my daughter. You must understand that Putois was the most familiar figure in my childhood and in that of your Aunt Zoe. In the house of your grandfather Bergeret we constantly spoke of Putois. Each believed that he had seen him."

Pauline asked:

"Who was this Putois?"

Instead of replying, Monsieur Bergeret commenced to laugh, and Mademoiselle Bergeret also laughed, her lips pressed tight together. Pauline looked from one to the other. She thought it strange that her aunt should laugh so heartily, and more strange that she should laugh with and in sympathy with her brother. It was indeed singular, as the brother and sister were quite different in character.

"Papa, tell me what was Putois? Since you wish me to know, tell me."

"Putois, my daughter, was a gardener. The son of honest market-gardeners, he set up for himself as nurseryman at Saint-Omer. But he did not satisfy his customers and got in a bad way. Having given up business, he went out by the day. Those who employed him could not always congratulate themselves."

At this, Mademoiselle Bergeret, laughing, rejoined:

"Do you recall, Lucien, when our father could not find his ink, his pens, his sealing-wax, his scissors, he said: 'I suspect Putois has been here?'"

"Ah!" said Monsieur Bergeret, "Putois had not a good reputation."

"Is that all?" asked Pauline.

"No, my daughter, it is not all. Putois was remarkable in this, that while we knew him and were familiar with him, nevertheless—"

"—He did not exist," said Zoe.

Monsieur Bergeret looked at his sister with an air of reproach.

"What a speech, Zoe! and why break the charm like that? Do you dare say it, Zoe? Zoe, can you prove it? To maintain that Putois did not exist, that Putois never was, have you sufficiently considered the conditions of existence and the modes of being? Putois existed, my sister. But it is true that his was a peculiar existence."

"I understand less and less," said Pauline, discouraged.

"The truth will be clear to you presently, my daughter. Know then that Putois was born fully grown. I was still a child and your aunt was a little girl. We lived in a little house, in a suburb of Saint-Omer. Our parents led a peaceful, retired life, until they were discovered by an old lady named Madame Cornouiller, who lived at the manor of Montplaisir, twelve miles from town, and proved to be a great-aunt of my mother's. By right of relationship she insisted that our father and mother come to dine every Sunday at Montplaisir, where they were excessively bored. She said that it was the proper thing to have a family dinner on Sunday and that only people of common origin failed to observe this ancient custom. My father was bored to the point of tears at Montplaisir. His desperation was painful to contemplate. But Madame Cornouiller did not notice it. She saw nothing. My mother was braver. She suffered as much as my father, and perhaps more, but she smiled."

"Women are made to suffer," said Zoe.

"Zoe, every living thing is destined to suffer. In vain our parents refused these fatal invitations. Madame Cornouiller came to take them each Sunday afternoon. They had to go to Montplaisir; it was an obligation from which there was absolutely no escape. It was an established order that only a revolt could break. My father finally revolted and swore not to accept another invitation from Madame Cornouiller, leaving it to my mother to find decent pretexts and varied reasons for these refusals, for which she was the least capable. Our mother did not know how to pretend."

"Say, Lucien, that she did not like to. She could tell a fib as well as any one."

"It is true that when she had good reasons she gave them rather than invent poor ones. Do you recall, my sister, that one day she said at table: 'Fortunately, Zoe has the whooping-cough; we shall not have to go to Montplaisir for some time'?"

"That was true!" said Zoe.

"You got over it, Zoe. And one day Madame Cornouiller said to my mother: 'Dearest, I count on your coming with your husband to dine Sunday at Montplaisir.' Our mother, expressly bidden by her husband to give Madame Cornouiller a good reason for declining, invented, in this extremity, a reason that was not the truth. 'I am extremely sorry, dear Madame, but that will be impossible for us. Sunday I expect the gardener.'

"On hearing this, Madame Cornouiller looked through the glass door of the salon at the little wild garden, where the prickwood and the lilies looked as though they had never known the pruning-knife and were likely never to know it. 'You expect the gardener! What for?'

"'To work in the garden.'

"And my mother, having involuntarily turned her eyes on this little square of weeds and plants run wild that she had called a garden, recognized with dismay the improbability of her excuse.

"'This man,' said Madame Cornouiller, 'could just as well work in your garden Monday or Tuesday. Moreover, that will be much better. One should not work on Sunday.'

"'He works all the week.'

"I have often noticed that the most absurd and ridiculous reasons are the least disputed: they disconcert the adversary. Madame Cornouiller insisted, less than one might expect of a person so little disposed to give up. Rising from her armchair, she asked:

"'What do you call your gardener, dearest?'

"'Putois,' answered my mother without hesitation.

"Putois was named. From that time he existed. Madame Cornouiller took herself off, murmuring: 'Putois! It seems to me that I know that name. Putois! Putois! I must know him. But I do not recollect him. Where does he live?'

"'He works by the day. When one wants him one leaves word with this one or that one.'

"'Ah! I thought so, a loafer and a vagabond—a good-for-nothing. Don't trust him, dearest.'

"From that time Putois had a character."

II

Messieurs Goubin and Jean Marteau having arrived, Monsieur Bergeret put them in touch with the conversation.

"We were speaking of him whom my mother caused to be born gardener at Saint-Omer and whom she christened. He existed from that time on."

"Dear master, will you kindly repeat that?" said Monsieur Goubin, wiping the glass of his monocle.

"Willingly," replied Monsieur Bergeret. "There was no gardener. The gardener did not exist. My mother said: 'I am waiting foı the gardener.' At once the gardener was. He lived."

"Dear master," said Monsieur Goubin, "how could he live since he did not exist?"

"He had a sort of existence," replied Monsieur Bergeret.

"You mean an imaginary existence," Monsieur Goubin replied, disdainfully.

"Is it nothing then, but an imaginary existence?" exclaimed the master. "And have not mythical beings the power to influence men? Consider mythology, Monsieur Goubin, and you will perceive that they are not real beings but imaginary beings that exercise the most profound and lasting influence on the mind. Everywhere and always, beings who have no more reality than Putois have inspired nations with hatred and love, terror and hope, have advised crimes, received offerings, made laws and customs. Monsieur Goubin, think of the eternal mythology. Putois is a mythical personage, the most obscure, I grant you, and of the lowest order. The coarse satyr, who in olden times sat at the table with our peasants in the North, was considered worthy of appearing in a picture by Jordaens and a fable by La Fontaine. The hairy son of Sycorax appeared in the noble world of Shakespeare. Putois, less fortunate, will be always neglected by artists and poets. He lacks bigness and the unusual style and character. He was conceived by minds too reasonable, among people who knew how to read and write, and who had not that delightful imagination in which fables take root. I think, Messieurs, that I have said enough to show you the real nature of Putois."

"I understand it," said Monsieur Goubin. And Monsieur Bergeret continued his discourse.

"Putois was. I can affirm it. He was. Consider it, gentlemen, and you will admit that a state of being by no means implies substance, and means only the bonds attributed to the subject, expresses only a relation."

"Undoubtedly," said Jean Marteau; "but a being without attributes is a being less than nothing. I do not remember who at one time said, 'I am that I am.' Pardon my lapse of memory. One cannot remember everything. But the unknown who spoke in that fashion was very imprudent. In letting it be understood by this thoughtless observation that he was deprived of attributes and denied all relations, he proclaimed that he did not exist and thoughtlessly suppressed himself. I wager that no one had heard of him since."—"You have lost," answered Monsieur Bergeret. "He corrected the bad effect of these egotistical expressions by employing quantities of adjectives, and he is often spoken of, most often without judgment."—"I do not understand," said Monsieur Goubin.—"It is not necessary to understand," replied Jean Marteau. And he begged Monsieur Bergeret to speak of Putois.—"It is very kind of you to ask me," said the master.—"Putois was born in the second half of the nineteenth century, at Saint-Omer. He would have been better off if he had been born some centuries before in the forest of Arden or in the forest of Brocéliande. He would then have been a remarkably clever evil spirit."—"A cup of tea, Monsieur Goubin," said Pauline.—"Was Putois, then, an evil spirit?" said Jean Marteau.—"He was evil," replied Monsieur Bergeret; "he was, in a way, but not absolutely. It was true of him as with those devils that are called wicked, but in whom one discovers good qualities when one associates with them. And I am disposed to think that injustice has been done Putois.

Madame Cornouiller, who, warned against him, had at once suspected him of being a loafer, a drunkard, and a robber, reflected that since my mother, who was not rich, employed him, it was because he was satisfied with little, and asked herself if she would not do well to have him work instead of her gardener, who had a better reputation, but expected more. The time had come for trimming the yews. She thought that if Madame Eloi Bergeret, who was poor, did not pay Putois much, she herself, who was rich, would give him still less, for it is customary for the rich to pay less than the poor. And she already saw her yews trimmed in straight hedges, in balls and in pyramids, without her having to pay much. 'I will keep an eye open,' she said, 'to see that Putois does not loaf or rob me. I risk nothing, and it will be all profit. These vagabonds sometimes do better work than honest laborers.' She resolved to make a trial, and said to my mother: 'Dearest, send me Putois. I will set him to work at Montplaisir.' My mother would have done so willingly. But really it was impossible. Madame Cornouiller waited for Putois at Montplaisir, and waited in vain. She followed up her ideas and did not abandon her plans. When she saw my mother again, she complained of not having any news of Putois. 'Dearest, didn't you tell him that I was expecting him?'—'Yes! but he is strange, odd.'—'Oh, I know that kind. I know your Putois by heart. But there is no workman so crazy as to refuse to come to work at Montplaisir. My house is known, I think. Putois must obey my orders, and quickly, dearest. It will be sufficient to tell me where he lives; I will go and find him myself.' My mother answered that she did not know where Putois lived, that no one knew his house, that he was without hearth or home. 'I have not seen him again, Madame. I believe he is hiding.' What better could she say? Madame Cornouiller heard her distrustfully; she suspected her of misleading, of removing Putois from inquiry, for fear of losing him or making him ask more. And she thought her too selfish. Many judgments accepted by the world that history has sanctioned are as well founded as that."—"That is true," said Pauline.—"What is true?" asked Zoe, half asleep.—"That the judgments of history are often false. I remember, papa, that you said one day: 'Madame Roland was very ingenuous to appeal to the impartiality of posterity, and not perceive that, if her contemporaries were ill-natured monkeys, their posterity would be also composed of ill-natured monkeys.'"—"Pauline," said Mademoiselle Zoe severely, "what connection is there between the story of Putois and this that you are telling us?"—"A very great one, my aunt."—"I do not grasp it."—Monsieur Bergeret, who was not opposed to digressions, answered his daughter: "If all injustices were finally redressed in the world, one would never have imagined another for these adjustments. How do you expect posterity to pass righteous judgment on the dead? How question them in the shades to which they have taken flight? As soon as we are able to be just to them we forget them. But can one ever be just? And what is justice? Madame Cornouiller, at least, was finally obliged to recognize that my mother had not deceived her and that Putois was not to be found. However, she did not give up trying to find him. She asked all her relatives, friends, neighbors, servants, and tradesmen if they knew Putois. Only two or three answered that they had never heard of him. For the most part they believed they had seen him. 'I have heard that name,' said the cook, 'but I cannot recall his face.'—'Putois! I must know him,' said the street-sweeper, scratching his ear. 'But I cannot tell you who it is.' The most precise description came from Monsieur Blaise, receiver of taxes, who said that he had employed Putois to cut wood in his yard, from the 19th to the 23d of October, the year of the comet. One morning, Madame Cornouiller, out of breath, dropped into my father's office. 'I have seen Putois. Ah! I have seen him.'—'You believe it?'—'I am sure. He was passing close by Monsieur Tenchant's wall. Then he turned into the Rue des Abbesses, walking quickly. I lost him.'—'Was it really he?'—'Without a doubt. A man of fifty, thin, bent, the air of a vagabond, a dirty blouse.'—'It is true,' said my father, 'that this description could apply to Putois.'—'You see! Besides, I called him. I cried: "Putois!" and he turned around.'—'That is the method,' said my father, 'that they employ to assure themselves of the identity of evil-doers that they are hunting for.'—'I told you that it was he! I know how to find him, your Putois. Very well! He has a bad face. You had been very careless, you and your wife, to employ him. I understand physiognomy, and though I only saw his back, I could swear that he is a robber, and perhaps an assassin. The rims of his ears are flat, and that is a sign that never fails.'—'Ah!

you noticed that the rims of his ears were flat?'—'Nothing escapes me. My dear Monsieur Bergeret, if you do not wish to be assassinated with your wife and your children, do not let Putois come into your house again. Take my advice: have all your locks changed.'—Well, a few days afterward, it happened that Madame Cornouiller had three melons stolen from her vegetable garden. The robber not having been found, she suspected Putois. The gendarmes were called to Montplaisir, and their report confirmed the suspicions of Madame Cornouiller. Bands of marauders were ravaging the gardens of the countryside. But this time the robbery seemed to have been committed by one man, and with singular dexterity. No trace of anything broken, no footprints in the damp earth. The robber could be no one but Putois. That was the opinion of the corporal, who knew all about Putois, and had tried hard to put his hand on that bird. The 'Journal of Saint-Omer' devoted an article to the three melons of Madame Cornouiller, and published a portrait of Putois from descriptions furnished by the town. 'He has,' said the paper, 'a low forehead, squinting eyes, a shifty glance, crow's-feet, sharp cheek-bones, red and shining. No rims to the ears. Thin, somewhat bent, feeble in appearance, in reality he is unusually strong. He easily bends a five-franc piece between the first finger and the thumb.' There were good reasons for attributing to him a long series of robberies committed with surprising dexterity. The whole town was talking of Putois. One day it was learned that he had been arrested and locked up in prison. But it was soon recognized that the man that had been taken for him was an almanac seller named Rigobert. As no charge could be brought against him, he was discharged after fourteen months of detention on suspicion. And Putois remained undiscoverable. Madame Cornouiller was the victim of another robbery, more audacious than the first. Three small silver spoons were taken from her sideboard. She recognized in this the hand of Putois, had a chain put on the door of her bedroom, and was unable to sleep."

About ten o'clock in the evening, Pauline having gone to her room, Mademoiselle Bergeret said to her brother: "Do not forget to relate how Putois betrayed Madame Cornouiller's cook."—"I was thinking of it, my sister," answered Monsieur Bergeret. "To omit it would be to lose the best of the story. But everything must be done in order. Putois was carefully searched for by the police, who could not find him. When it was known that he could not be found, each one considered it his duty to find him; the shrewd ones succeeded. And as there were many shrewd ones at Saint-Omer and n the suburbs, Putois was seen simultaneously in the streets, in the fields, and in the woods. Another trait was thus added to his character. He was accorded the gift of ubiquity, the attribute of many popular heroes. A being capable of leaping long distances in a moment, and suddenly showing himself at the place where he was least expected, was honestly frightening. Putois was the terror of Saint-Omer. Madame Cornouiller, convinced that Putois had stolen from her three melons and three little spoons, lived in a state of fear, barricaded at Montplaisir. Bolts, bars, and locks did not reassure her. Putois was for her a frightfully subtle being who could pass through doors. Trouble with her servants redoubled her fear. Her cook having been betrayed, the time came when she could no longer hide her misfortune. But she obstinately refused to name her betrayer."—"Her name was Gudule," said Mademoiselle Zoe.—"Her name was Gudule, and she believed that she was protected from danger by a long, forked beard that she wore on her chin. The sudden appearance of a beard protected the innocence of that holy daughter of the king that Prague venerates. A beard, no longer youthful, did not suffice to protect the virtue of Gudule. Madame Cornouiller urged Gudule to tell her the man. Gudule burst into tears, but kept silent. Prayers and menaces had no effect. Madame Cornouiller made a long and circumstantial inquiry. She adroitly questioned her neighbors and tradespeople, the gardener, the street-sweeper, the gendarmes; nothing put her on the track of the culprit. She tried again to obtain from Gudule a complete confession. 'In your own interest, Gudule, tell me who it is.' Gudule remained mute. All at once a ray of light flashed through the mind of Madame Cornouiller: 'It is Putois!' The cook cried, but did not answer. 'It is Putois! Why did I not guess it sooner? It is Putois! Miserable! miserable! miserable!' and Madame Cornouiller remained convinced that it was Putois. Everybody at Saint-Omer, from the judge to the lamplighter's dog, knew Gudule and her basket. At the news that Putois had betrayed Gudule, the town was filled with surprise, wonder, and merriment. . . . With this reputation in the town and its environs he remained attached to our house by a thousand subtle ties. He passed before our door, and it was believed that he sometimes climbed the wall of our garden. He was never seen face to face. At any moment we would recognize his shadow, his voice, his footsteps. More than once we thought we saw his back in the twilight, at the corner of a road. To my sister and me he gradually changed in character. He remained mischievous and malevolent, but he became childlike and very ingenuous. He became less real and, I dare say, more poetical. He entered in the artless cycle of childish traditions. He became more like Croquemitaine,* like Père Fouettard, or the sand man who closes the children's eyes when evening comes. It was not that imp that tangled the colts' tails at night in the stable. Less rustic and less charming, but equally and frankly roguish, he made ink moustaches on my sister's dolls. In our bed, before going to sleep, we listened; he cried on the roofs with the cats, he howled with the dogs, he filled the mill hopper with groans, and imitated the songs of belated drunkards in the streets. What made Putois ever-present and familiar to us, what interested us in him, was that the remembrance of him was associated with all the objects about us. Zoe's dolls, my school-books, in which he had many times rumpled and besmeared the pages; the garden wall, over which we had seen his red eyes gleam in the shadow; the blue porcelain jar that he cracked one winter's night, unless it was the frost; the trees, the streets, the benches—everything recalled Putois, the children's Putois, a local and mythical being. He did not equal in grace and poetry the dullest satyr, the stoutest fawn of Sicily or Thessaly. But he was still a demigod. He had quite a different character for our father; he was symbolical and philosophical. Our father had great compassion for men. He did not think them altogether rational; their mistakes, when they were not cruel, amused him and made him smile. The belief in Putois interested him as an epitome and a summary of all human beliefs. As he was ironical and a joker, he spoke of Putois as if he were a real being. He spoke with so much insistence sometimes, and detailed the circumstances with such exactness, that my mother was quite surprised and said to him in her open-hearted way: 'One would say that you spoke seriously, my friend: you know well, however . . .' He replied gravely: 'All Saint-Omer believes in the existence of Putois. Would I be a good citizen if I deny him? One should look twice before setting aside an article of common faith.' Only a perfectly honest soul has such scruples. At heart my father was a Gassendiste.* He keyed his own particular sentiment with the public sentiment, believing, like the countryside, in the existence of Putois, but not admitting his direct responsibility for the theft of the melons and the betrayal of the cook. Finally, he professed faith in the existence of a Putois, to be a good citizen; and he eliminated Putois in his explanations of the events that took place in the town. By doing so in this instance, as in all others, he was an honourable and a sensible man.

"As for our mother, she reproached herself somewhat for the birth of Putois, and not without reason. Because, after all, Putois was the child of our mother's invention, as Caliban was the poet's invention. Without doubt the faults were not equal, and my mother was more innocent than Shakespeare. However, she was frightened and confused to see her little falsehood grow inordinately, and her slight imposture achieve such a prodigious success, that, without stopping, extended all over town and threatened to extend over the world. One day she even turned pale, believing that she would see her falsehood rise up before her. That day, a servant she had, new to the house and the town, came to say to her that a man wished to see her. He wished to speak to Madame. 'What man is it?'—'A man in a blouse. He looks like a laborer.'—'Did he give his name?'—'Yes, Madame.'—'Well! what is his name?'—'Putois.'—'He told you that was his name?'—'Putois, yes, Madame.'—'He is here?'—'Yes, Madame. He is waiting in the kitchen.'—'You saw him?'—'Yes, Madame.'—'What does he want?'—'He did not say. He will only tell Madame.'—'Go ask him.'

"When the servant returned to the kitchen Putois was gone. This meeting of the new servant with Putois was never cleared up. But from that day I think my mother commenced to believe that Putois might well exist and that she had not told a falsehood after all."

---

*The national "bugaboo" or "bogy man."

*A follower of Gassendi (d. 1655), an exponent of Epicurus.

Squire Petrick's Lady

By THOMAS HARDY

Yours very truly
Thomas Hardy

FOLK who are at all acquainted with the traditions of Stapleford Park will not need to be told that in the middle of the last century it was owned by that trump of mortgagees, Timothy Petrick, whose skill in gaining possession of fair estates by granting sums of money on their title-deeds has seldom if ever been equalled in our part of England. Timothy was a lawyer by profession, and agent to several noblemen, by which means his special line of business became opened to him by a sort of revelation. It is said that a relative of his, a very deep thinker, who afterwards had the misfortune to be transported for life for mistaken notions on the signing of a will, taught him considerable legal lore, which he creditably resolved never to throw away for the benefit of other people, but to reserve it entirely for his own.

However, I have nothing in particular to say about his early and active days, but rather of the time when, an old man, he had become the owner of vast estates by the means I have signified—among them the great manor of Stapleford, on which he lived, in the splendid old mansion now pulled down; likewise estates at Marlott, estates near Sherton Abbas, nearly all the borough of Millpool, and many properties near Ivell. Indeed, I can't call to mind half his landed possessions, and I don't know that it matters much at this time of day, seeing that he's been dead and gone many years. It is said that when he bought an estate he would not decide to pay the price till he had walked over every single acre with his own two feet, and prodded the soil at every point with his own spud, to test its quality, which, if we regard the extent of his properties, must have been a stiff business for him.

At the time I am speaking of he was a man over eighty, and his son was dead; but he had two grandsons, the eldest of whom, his namesake, was married, and was shortly expecting issue. Just then the grandfather was taken ill, for death, as it seemed, considering his age. By his will the old man had created an entail (as I believe the lawyers call it), devising the whole of the estates to his elder grandson and his issue male, failing which, to his younger grandson and his issue male, failing which, to remoter relatives, who need not be mentioned now.

While old Timothy Petrick was lying ill, his elder grandson's wife, Annetta, gave birth to her expected child, who, as fortune would have it, was a son. Timothy, her husband, though sprung of a scheming family, was no great schemer himself; he was the single one of the Petricks then living whose heart had ever been greatly moved by sentiments which did not run in the groove of ambition; and on this account he had not married well, as the saying is, his wife having been the daughter of a family of no better beginnings than his own; that is to say, her father was a country townsman of the professional class. But she was a very pretty woman, by all accounts, and her husband had seen, courted, and married her in a high tide of infatuation, after a very short acquaintance, and with very little knowledge of her heart's history. He had never found reason to regret his choice as yet, and his anxiety for her recovery was great.

She was supposed to be out of danger, and herself and the child progressing well, when there was a change for the worse, and she sank so rapidly that she was soon given over. When she felt that she was about to leave him, Annetta sent for her husband, and, on his speedy entry and assurance that they were alone, she made him solemnly vow to give the child every care in any circumstances that might arise, if it should please Heaven to take her. This, of course, he readily promised. Then, after some hesitation, she told him that she could not die with a falsehood upon her soul, and dire deceit in her life; she must make a terrible confession to him before her lips were sealed forever. She thereupon related an incident concerning the baby's parentage which was not as he supposed.

Timothy Petrick, though a quick-feeling man, was not of a sort to show nerves outwardly; and he bore himself as heroically as he possibly could do in this trying moment of his life. That same night his wife died; and while she lay dead, and before her funeral, he hastened to the bedside of his sick grandfather, and revealed to him all that had happened—the baby's birth, his wife's confession, and her death, beseeching the aged man, as he loved him, to bestir himself now, at the eleventh hour, and alter his will so as to dish the intruder. Old Timothy, seeing matters in the same light as his grandson, required no urging against allowing anything to stand in the way of legitimate inheritance; he executed another will, limiting the entail to Timothy, his grandson, for life, and his male heirs thereafter to be born; after them to his other grandson, Edward, and Edward's heirs. Thus the newly-born infant, who had been the centre of so many hopes, was cut off and scorned as none of the elect.

The old mortgagee lived but a short time after this, the excitement of the discovery having told upon him considerably, and he was gathered to his fathers like the most charitable man in his neighbourhood. Both wife and grandparent being buried, Timothy settled down to his usual life as well as he was able, mentally satisfied that he had, by prompt action, defeated the consequences of such dire domestic treachery as had been shown towards him, and resolving to marry a second time as soon as he could satisfy himself in the choice of a wife.

But men do not always know themselves. The imbittered state of Timothy Petrick's mind bred in him by degrees such a hatred and mistrust of womankind that, though several specimens of high attractiveness came under his eyes, he could not bring himself to the point of proposing marriage. He dreaded to take up the position of husband a second time, discerning a trap in every petticoat, and a Slough of Despond in possible heirs. "What has happened once, when all seemed so fair, may happen again," he said to himself. "I'll risk my name no more." So he abstained from marriage, and overcame his wish for a lineal descendant to follow him in the ownership of Stapleford.

Timothy had scarcely noticed the unfortunate child that his wife had borne, after arranging for a meagre fulfilment of his promise to her to take care of the boy, by having him brought up in his house. Occasionally, remembering his promise, he went and glanced at the child, saw that he was doing well, gave a few special directions, and again went his solitary way. Thus he and the child lived on in the Stapleford mansion-house till two or three years had passed by. One day he was walking in the garden, and by some accident left his snuff-box on a bench. When he came back to find it he saw the little boy standing there; he had escaped his nurse, and was making a plaything of the box, in spite of the convulsive sneezings which the game brought in its train. Then the man with the incrusted heart became interested in the little fellow's persistence in his play under such discomforts; he looked in the child's face, saw there his wife's countenance, though he did not see his own, and fell into thought on the piteousness of childhood—particularly of despised and rejected childhood, like this before him.

From that hour, try as he would to counteract the feeling, the human necessity to love something or other got the better of what he had called his wisdom, and shaped itself in a tender anxiety for the youngster Rupert. This name had been given him by his dying mother when, at her request, the child was baptized in her chamber, lest he should not survive for public baptism; and her husband had never thought of it as a name of any significance till, about this time, he learned by accident that it was the name of the young Marquis of Christminster, son of the Duke of Southwesterland, for whom Annetta had cherished warm feelings before her marriage. Recollecting some wandering phrases in his wife's last words, which he had not understood at the time, he perceived at last that this was the person to whom she had alluded when affording him a clew to little Rupert's history.

He would sit in silence for hours with the child, being no great speaker at the best of times; but the boy, on his part, was too ready with his tongue for any break in discourse to arise because Timothy Petrick had nothing to say. After idling away his mornings in this manner, Petrick would go to his own room and swear in long, loud whispers, and walk up and down, calling himself the most ridiculous dolt that ever lived, and declaring that he would never go near the little fellow again; to which resolve he would adhere for the space, perhaps, of a day. Such cases are happily not new to human nature, but there never was a case in which a man more completely befooled his former self than in this.

As the child grew up, Timothy's attachment to him grew deeper, till Rupert became almost the sole object for which he lived. There had been enough of the family ambition latent in him for Timothy Petrick to feel a little envy when, some time before this date, his brother Edward had been accepted by the Honorable Harriet Mountclere, daughter of the second viscount of that name and title; but having discovered, as I have before stated, the paternity of his boy Rupert to lurk in even a higher stratum of society, those envious feelings speedily dispersed. Indeed, the more he reflected thereon, after his brother's aristocratic marriage, the more content did he become. His late wife took softer outline in his memory, as he thought of the lofty taste she had displayed, though only a plain burgher's daughter, and the justification for his weakness in loving the child—the justification that he had longed for—was afforded now in the knowledge that the boy was by nature, if not by name, a representative of one of the noblest houses in England.

"She was a woman of grand instincts, after all," he said to himself, proudly. "To fix her choice upon the immediate successor in that ducal line—it was finely conceived! Had he been of low blood like myself or my relations she would scarce have deserved the harsh measure that I have dealt out to her and her offspring. How much less, then, when such grovelling tastes were farthest from her soul! The man Annetta loved was noble, and my boy is noble in spite of me."

The after-clap was inevitable, and it soon came. "So far," he reasoned, "from cutting off his child from inheritance of my estates, as I have done, I should have rejoiced in the possession of him! He is of pure stock on one side at least, while in the ordinary run of affairs he would have been a commoner to the bone."

Being a man, whatever his faults, of good old beliefs in the divinity of kings and those about 'em, the more he overhauled the case in this light the more strongly did his poor wife's conduct in improving the blood and breed of the Petrick family win his heart. He considered what ugly, idle, hard-drinking scamps many of his own relations had been; the miserable scriveners, usurers, and pawnbrokers that he had numbered among his forefathers, and the probability that some of their bad qualities would have come out in a merely corporeal child, to give him sorrow in his old age, turn his black hairs gray, his gray hairs white, cut down every stick of timber, and Heaven knows what all, had he not, like a skilful gardener, minded his grafting and changed the sort; till at length this right-minded man fell down on his knees every night and morning and thanked God that he was not as other meanly-descended fathers in such matters.

It was in the peculiar disposition of the Petrick family that the satisfaction which ultimately settled in Timothy's breast found nourishment. The Petricks had adored the nobility, and plucked them at the same time. That excellent man Izaak Walton's feelings about fish were much akin to those of old Timothy Petrick, and of his descendants in a lesser degree, concerning the landed aristocracy. To torture and to love simultaneously is a proceeding strange to reason, but possible to practice, as these instances show.

Hence, when Timothy's brother Edward said slightingly one day that Timothy's son was well enough, but that he had nothing but shops and offices in his backward perspective, while his own children, should he have any, would be far different, in possessing such a mother as the Honorable Harriet, Timothy felt a bound of triumph within him at the power he possessed of contradicting that statement if he chose.

So much was he interested in his boy in this new aspect that he now began to read up chronicles of the illustrious house ennobled as the Dukes of Southwesterland, from their very beginning in the glories of the Restoration of the blessed Charles till the year of his own time. He mentally noted their gifts from royalty, grants of lands, purchases, intermarriages, plantings, and buildings; more particularly their political and military achievements, which had been great, and their performances in arts and letters, which had been by no means contemptible. He studied prints of the portraits of that family, and then, like a chemist watching a crystallization, began to examine young Rupert's face for the unfolding of those historic curves and shades that the painters Vandyke and Lely had perpetuated on canvas.

When the boy reached the most fascinating age of childhood, and his shouts of laughter ran through Stapleford House from end to end, the remorse that oppressed Timothy Petrick knew no bounds. Of all people in the world this Rupert was the one on whom he could have wished the estates to devolve; yet Rupert, by Timothy's own desperate strategy at the time of his birth, had been ousted from all inheritance of them; and, since he did not mean to remarry, the manors would pass to his brother and his brother's children, who would be nothing to him, whose boasted pedigree on one side would be nothing to his Rupert's.

Had he only left the first will of his grandfather alone!

His mind ran on the wills continually, both of which were in existence, and the first, the cancelled one, in his own possession. Night after night, when the servants were all abed, and the click of safety-locks sounded as loud as a crash, he looked at that first will, and wished it had been the second and not the first.

The crisis came at last. One night, after having enjoyed the boy's company for hours, he could no longer bear that his beloved Rupert should be dispossessed, and he committed the felonious deed of altering the date of the earlier will to a fortnight later, which made its execution appear subsequent to the date of the second will already proved. He then boldly propounded the first will as the second.

His brother Edward submitted to what appeared to be not only incontestible fact, but a far more likely disposition of old Timothy's property; for, like many others, he had been much surprised at the limitations defined in the other will, having no clew to their cause. He joined his brother Timothy in setting aside the hitherto accepted document, and matters went on in their usual course, there being no dispositions in the substituted will differing from those in the other, except such as related to a future which had not yet arrived.

The years moved on. Rupert had not yet revealed the anxiously-expected historic lineaments which should foreshadow the political abilities of the ducal family aforesaid, when it happened on a certain day that Timothy Petrick made the acquaintance of a well-known physician of Budmouth, who had been the medical adviser and friend of the late Mrs. Petrick's family for many years, though after Annetta's marriage, and consequent removal to Stapleford, he had seen no more of her, the neighbouring practitioner who attended the Petricks having then become her doctor as a matter of course. Timothy was impressed by the insight and knowledge disclosed in the conversation of the Budmouth physician, and the acquaintance ripening to intimacy, the physician alluded to a form of hallucination to which Annetta's mother and grandmother had been subject—that of believing in certain dreams as realities. He delicately inquired if Timothy had ever noticed anything of the sort in his wife during her lifetime; he, the physician, had fancied that he discerned germs of the same peculiarity in Annetta when he attended her in her girlhood. One explanation begat another, till the dumbfounded Timothy Petrick was persuaded in his own mind that Annetta's confession to him had been based on a delusion.

"You look down in the mouth!" said the doctor, pausing.

"A bit unmanned. 'Tis unexpected-like," sighed Timothy.

But he could hardly believe it possible; and, thinking it best to be frank with the doctor, told him the whole story which, till now, he had never related to living man, save his dying grandfather. To his surprise, the physician informed him that such a form of delusion was precisely what he would have expected from Annetta's antecedents at such a physical crisis in her life.

Petrick prosecuted his inquiries elsewhere; and the upshot of his labours was, briefly, that a comparison of dates and places showed irrefutably that his poor wife's assertion could not possibly have foundation in fact. The young Marquis of her tender passion—a highly moral and bright-minded nobleman—had gone abroad the year before Annetta's marriage, and had not returned until after her death. The young girl's love for him had been a delicate ideal dream—no more.

Timothy went home, and the boy ran out to meet him; whereupon a strangely dismal feeling of discontent took possession of his soul. After all, then, there was nothing but plebeian blood in the veins of the heir to his name and estates; he was not to be succeeded by a noble-natured line. To be sure, Rupert was his son; but that glory and halo he believed him to have inherited from the ages, outshining that of his brother's children, had departed from Rupert's brow forever; he could no longer read history in the boy's face and centuries of domination in his eyes.

His manner towards his son grew colder and colder from that day forward; and it was with bitterness of heart that he discerned the characteristic features of the Petricks unfolding themselves by degrees. Instead of the elegant knife-edged nose, so typical of the Dukes of Southwesterland, there began to appear on his face the broad nostril and hollow bridge of his grandfather Timothy. No illustrious line of politicians was promised a continuator in that graying blue eye, for it was acquiring the expression of the orb of a particularly objectionable cousin of his own; and, instead of the mouth-curves which had thrilled Parliamentary audiences in speeches now bound in calf in every well-ordered library, there was the bull-lip of that very uncle of his who had had the misfortune with the signature of a gentleman's will, and had been transported for life in consequence.

To think how he himself, too, had sinned in this same matter of a will for this mere fleshly reproduction of a wretched old uncle whose very name he wished to forget! The boy's Christian name, even, was an imposture and an irony, for it implied hereditary force and brilliancy to which he plainly would never attain. The consolation of real sonship was always left him certainly; but he could not help groaning to himself, "Why cannot a son be one's own and somebody else's likewise?"

The Marquis was shortly afterwards in the neighborhood of Stapleford, and Timothy Petrick met him, and eyed his noble countenance admiringly. The next day, when Petrick was in his study, somebody knocked at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Rupert."

"I'll Rupert thee, you young impostor! Say, only a poor commonplace Petrick!" his father grunted. "Why didn't you have a voice like the Marquis I saw yesterday!" he continued, as the lad came in. "Why haven't you his looks, and a way of commanding as if you'd done it for centuries—hey?"

"Why? How can you expect it, father, when I'm not related to him?"

"Ugh! Then you ought to be!" growled his father.

* * *

Beware of the man whose god is in the skies. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

* * *

I tell you no man has a right to enjoy until he has proved himself strong enough to abstain from all enjoyment. HENRIK IBSEN.

* * *

The whole life of a man may safely be referred to a few deep experiences. THOREAU.

* * *

"Darling, I know that you are very sensible. Oh! I am sure of it. You are as sensible as Mr. Sadler, the violinist, is musical. Sometimes he plays a little out of tune on purpose. And you, when you make a mistake indulge in the pleasure of a virtuoso."

ANATOLE FRANCE.

* * *

Love is more captivated by the qualities it confers than those it finds. Man views with complacency the superiority of his own nature; and like Pygmalion prostrates himself only before his own work." MME. DE STAËL.

* * *

Observe how fatefully he who has a scheme is the engine of it; he is no longer the man of his tastes or his principles; he is on a line of rails for a terminus; and he may cast languishing eyes across waysides to right and left, he has doomed himself to proceed, with a self-devouring hunger for the half desired; probably manhood gone at the embrace of it.

MEREDITH.

Mazeppa and His Ambassador

By VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

Verner von Heidenstam.

IN a splendidly decorated sleeping apartment stood a high bed with plumes at the corners. Behind the half-drawn bed-curtain lay an old man of sixty-three with the coverlet pulled up under his beard, his long white hair spread over the pillow. His whole forehead was hidden under a plaster. It was Mazeppa.

Beside the bed, among cups of medicine on the carpet, lay several books of Latin and French poetry, and at the door a little wizened priest carried on a whispered conversation with two green-clad messengers from Czar Peter.

"He scarcely comprehends your words," whispered the priest, giving a painfully searching look toward the sick man. "He even lies speechless for long periods. Who could have imagined that the old man with his joy of life would suddenly lie on his death-bed?"

"Ivan Stefanovitch," one of the strangers said with raised voice, approaching the bed, "our magnanimous czar, your lord, sends you greeting. Do you remember? Those three Cossacks of yours who stole off to him and related that you secretly planned a rebellion against his over-lordship, he has had them fettered and returned to you as gifts of friendship. Ivan Stefanovitch, he relies on your loyalty."

Mazeppa's eyes opened feebly and his lips moved, but he was only able to utter an unintelligible whisper.

"We understand you," cried the messengers, speaking all at once. "We understand you. You greet him and thank him for his favour, and we are to say to him that you are bowed under your years and that you have already turned all your thoughts to that which is not of this world."

"I fear," murmured the priest to them aside, "that here it will soon be over."

The messengers nodded sadly, and backed out of the sleeping apartment.

As soon as they were out, the priest bolted the door.

"They have gone," he said.

Mazeppa sat up and tore the plaster from his brow, throwing it far across the carpet. His dark wide-open eyes gleamed and twinkled. A flush rose and paled on his cheeks, and under the handsomely curving nose shone teeth as white and fresh as a youth's. He tossed away the coverlet and, fully clad from tip to toe in long-coat and boots with spurs, he sprang from the bed, and jestingly pinched the priest in the ribs.

"You little rascal priest, you! You vagabond! This time we didn't manage badly. In Moscow they will believe that old Mazeppa is lying helpless and harmless. God be gracious to his pious soul! Haha-hey! You little rascal priest, you! You arch-hypocrite!"

The priest laughed dryly. He was a deposed bishop from Bulgaria, and his round head with its short nose and deep-sunken eyes was like a skull.

Mazeppa grew still livelier.

"Mazeppa dying! Ay, ask his mistresses! Only ask them! No, my great Muscovite czar, you, now I am going to live and be quits with you."

"The czar suspects you, my lord, but he wishes to disarm you with magnanimity. He can be like that."

"And I should have been conquered by it, if one night at table, when we were drunk, he had not struck me on the ear. I value my ear as he does his, and an insult I can never forgive. It sticks in the soul and frets and gnaws. If I am not a king by birth, I am one in soul. And what does he want with his German coats on my splendid Cossacks? Now to business! Relate your adventures, you liar!"

"My lord, dressed as a mendicant monk, I went forth on my way to the Swedish headquarters. Sometimes I set a tavern lass on my knee and a can on the table corner, but when I peeped down and saw the toes sticking out of my ragged shoes, I thought to myself: This is Mazeppa's ambassador!"

"Very good, but how did you find the dandy?"

"The dandy?"

"To be sure. His Swedish Majesty, King Carolus. Don't you believe he dandifies as much with his grimy rags as any French prince of scented water with his silk stockings? And he possesses that wonderful Northern recklessness which continually snaps a riding-whip and cries: 'Rubbish! that's nothing! It's no matter!'—He has never been able to grieve for a misfortune longer than overnight. That has been the secret of his power. Woe to him and his fate when he sits up night after night without sleep! I am curious to see him. I long for it. But tell on!"

"First I found him in wig and armour on the tavern lass's neckcloth or pinafore, and on the glass from which I drank, and on the icing I ate, and on table-cloths and chest-lids and tobacco-boxes and market-booths. No one spoke of anything else than of him, and the children arranged themselves and played at Swedish divine service. The old peasants called him the sword-pope of the Protestants chosen by God Himself, and took off their hats in speaking of him."

"Ah yes, but how did you find him himself, when you came to headquarters?"

"I warn you. I predict misfortunes. I saw an omen. I found him puffed up and haughty of spirit."

"As a great personality of whom the world begins to disapprove."

"Marlborough, after an audience in Saxony, left his camp with a shrug of the shoulders, and sovereigns begin to laugh at him behind his back. His own generals have grown weary."

"He has become a hero of the rabble, you think. Well, even then, that's the sort of man I need to gather the wild hordes. If you do not assure me that you have seen him eat and drink, I cannot believe that he is a living human being. Then I should have to say: The young prince of the Swedes fell in the tumult of victory at Narva, but his shade rides ever on before his troops. Snow falls and falls, and drums rattle and rumble, and the thinning battalions do not know and do not understand whither he leads them. When the enemy recognize him in the powder-smoke, they lower their muskets in superstitious awe and dare not shoot, and he does not notice that sometimes he cuts down men who are making ready to fall on their knees. Hired assassins throw down their weapons at sight of him and give themselves up—and he lets them go unpunished. Don't talk to him about states and treaties! He does not fight for possessions as men do; he wields the sword of God to revenge and reward. What did he require just now as the reward of victory at the conclusion of peace? Money? Land? Of Austria he required a councillor who had slandered him at table and a swarm of Russian soldiers who had fled in over the border—and freedom of conscience for the Protestants. Of Prussia he demanded the imprisonment of a colonel who had given counsel to the czar, and banishment for a writer who had cavilled at his stipulations against the Pietists. Of Saxony he demanded Patkull and all Swedish renegades, but freedom for the Princes Sobieski and all Saxons who had gone over to the Swedes. King August himself he compelled to pack up the old Polish regalia in a velvet trunk and send them to King Stanislaus. And now, since he has deposed King August in Poland, he wants to depose the czar or challenge him to a duel, but their crowns and governments he would not even take as a gift. Since antiquity no stranger man has held a sword or a sceptre."

Mazeppa, while he was speaking, grasped one of the bedposts so hard that the plumes of the silken canopy shook.

But the other lifted three fingers and replied: "I have warned you. Everything that he touches he dedicates to misery and death. Yet he is the patron saint of adventurers. He has raised adventure to stability and greatness. You too, my lord, are an adventurer, and I myself am the worst adventurer of you all. Therefore I will be compliant."

He lowered his hand and drew near with disrespectful familiarity. "You, Ivan Stefanovitch! Have you never wondered that I directed my steps to your particular door?"

"You were driven from your episcopal see because of your unfaith and your pranks."

"It really amounted to a little pilfering of small import. There were on the ikon-stand a couple of emeralds—"

"Which you replaced with bits of glass and in all secrecy sold, so that you might live more bountifully and in a manner more worthy a servant of the church."

"Let us say no more about it!—So I heard of Mazeppa, the former page at Johann Casimir's court, who in his powdered wig was attentive to the wayward sex so long that a jealous husband at last bound him naked on a horse's back and drove him forth into the wilderness. And there he built up a kingdom of adventurers. Saint Andrew guarded you, Mazeppa. I needed a little master who would be ashamed to strike off a good head, who would let me read my Greek and my Machiavelli in peace, and to whom I might say: 'Agreed, old fellow! It's all a shadow play, even this that you are lord and I servant.' Therefore I came to you. My adventurer's blood cannot bear to sit still, and I weary of your wine mixed with water, for you are a great miser, Mazeppa; but as you are now pondering a financial transaction in musket-balls, I follow you. And as the Swedish king no longer listens to his generals or to the beseeching letters from his grandmother and his people, and comes hither by the most perilous and impossible roads, he wishes to accept your offer of an alliance. With you and your Cossacks he will march against your lord. Here are the papers."

The priest shook off his cope and stood in Cossack dress with pistols in his girdle, and from his bosom he drew forth some folded papers.

Mazeppa grew pale, seized them, and held them pressed long to his mouth, while he sank his forehead and bowed as before the invisible image of a saint.

"Drums, drums!" he stammered in agitation.

But when the priest had got to the door, he checked him.

"No, don't let the drums strike up before to-morrow."

Thereupon he went to a plain wooden table in a little side-room, and sat down over his account books. He had his bailiffs summoned, and calculated and calculated, and prescribed greater economy in the milk department. Half a merry knight of the roads and half a learned but thrifty proprietor of lands, he finally superintended the packing of his many trunks and boxes. Sometimes he bent down and helped. Last of all, next morning he put on an old-fashioned and much-adorned Cossack costume. Impetuous and active, he sprang up from his chair as soon as he had sat down, but he remained standing before the mirror for some little time, now and then running his delicate, small white hand through his beard.

As soon as the music was heard, he mounted to the saddle and kept his charger constantly at a gallop.

. . . .

When, after a time, he had come to the Swedes and was riding one morning through a flurry of snow in the king's retinue, the priest, as if by accident, pulled up his horse alongside him. Round about the troops marched past, sprinkled with grime, their weapons and cannon covered to prevent rusting. Baggage wagons clattered along with their weight of provision sacks and sick men, and sometimes with a covered coffin. Last were driven massed herds of cattle. Drunken Zaporogeans, prancing Cossacks, and eagerly drumming Polish Wallachians rode in green and red cloaks and with high brass helmets on which bells were tinkling. Some were brandishing tufted spears and bows or long flint-locks inlaid with silver and ivory. Others played on a sort of wailing wooden pipe. It was a colourful, legendary sort of march, that went over untrodden and unknown forest paths, over frozen marshes, and under snowy fir trees toward the mysterious East.

"Mazeppa," the priest began in a low voice, "you promised to come to the Swedes with thirty thousand Cossacks, but hardly four thousand followed you."

Mazeppa kept his roan at a gallop, and nodded in silence, and the priest never wearied of his gibes.

"Day before yesterday half of these went off. Yesterday more still. Soon you will have barely a couple of hundred fellows, barely the servants who watch over your trunks and the two barrels with your money. Your uprising was betrayed, your cities are burned, your few faithful men nailed on boards and thrown into rivers. Soon you will be nothing but a gorgeous knight in the train of the Swedish king."

As Mazeppa was still, the priest continued: "To-day I too will abandon you, because the small beer of the Swedes tastes sour to me, and my toes stick out too far from my shoes. Your ambassador needs a richer lord. Farewell, Ivan Stefanovitch!"

Mazeppa replied, "As long as I have still my head and my philosophy, I remain

Mazeppa. While my Cossacks turned and broke away, I had the hetman staff and mace carried before me, and I rode on to the king as if I had come in front of Xerxes' millions. And he, with his impoverished realm, his discontented generals, and his sinking sun, came toward me like the most fortunate among princes. What does it trouble him and me how many ride behind us? He has had enough of kingly honor, and wishes also to be a chosen man of God. He thinks of history as a man in love does of his sweetheart: he would not win her favor by his birth but by his person. If we two, he and I, should one day be the last survivors and sit in an earthern hut on the steppe, we should still continue to talk philosophy and treat each other as at a coronation dinner."

"You speak of his sinking sun. You have seen the omen, even you! He can no longer talk without boasting like a baggage driver."

"It is easy to be modest as long as everybody praises."

Mazeppa threw back his white-haired head with lofty contempt, and galloped forward to the king, who raised his hat and bowed and bowed again in his saddle.

Round about several of the generals joked as loudly as possible so that the king might hear them.

"When I come to Moscow," said Anders Lagerkrona, "I shall mend the seat of my trousers with the czar's night-cap."

"Pshaw!" answered Axel Sparre. "There is an old prophecy that a Sparre will some day be governor at the Kremlin."

"This way!" cried the ensigns. "Shoot down any one who dares to hinder such a great and exalted prince from marching forward wherever he chooses."

The king smiled and hummed: "Russia must run, Russia must run." But when the speakers were no longer within his hearing, they were transformed and became absent and melancholy.

"Your Majesty!" cried Mazeppa in crisp Latin and with kindling eyes, "Your Majesty's conquering arms go on so far that one fine morning we shall have hardly eight miles more to Asia."

"As to that the authorities used to disagree," answered the king, moved, but hunting for the Latin words, his gaze fettered by Mazeppa's white and pleasingly mobile hands. "If the border is not far off, we must go there, so that we can say we were also in Asia."

The voices died away, and the priest reined in his horse.

"Asia!" he muttered, "Asia doesn't lie in the middle of Europe. But ride on, ride on with you, my adventurous lords! I have changed my name and dress so many times that none of you Swedes will ever notice what I was. But do not forget that it was the ragged monk, the vagabond, Mazeppa's ambassador, who by his cunning negotiations laid his blue-frozen finger on you and your demi-god's fate and directed you into the wildernesses. You are right, King Carolus, and you, Mazeppa. Everything depends at the last on individual men."

It snowed and snowed, and he sat motionless on his lean horse, while the battalions marched by, silent and impatient. When the last soldiers turned and looked back at the solitary, unknown rider, and saw his little compressed death-skull head, they were seized with fear and hastened their steps.

Mrs. Shandy

"MY BROTHER TOBY," quoth she, "is going to be married to Mrs. Wadman."

"Then he will never," quoth my father, "be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again as long as he lives."

It was a consuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of a thing she did not understand.

"That she is not a woman of science," my father would say, "is her misfortune—but she might ask a question."

My mother never did.—In short, she went out of the world at last without knowing whether it turned *round*, or stood *still*.

My father had officiously told her above a thousand times which way it was,—but she always forgot.

LAURENCE STERNE.

A Kiss

By
LUIGI CAPUANA

Roma, 1 dicembre 1888.

Luigi Capuana

THE forfeit assigned to the Marchesa Bellati was to *give satisfaction to the ear*.

Oh! No, no! She really must refuse! She would never, in the wide world, know how to redeem herself!

And she laughed, displaying a charming reluctance, like a spoiled child; but the director of the game was inexorable. He took her by the arm and led her around, waiting stiffly, solemn as a chamberlain, until the person over whose ear she bent declared himself satisfied with the fair penitent's proposal.

The ladies, and there were several present, were satisfied almost at once. The marchesa, no doubt, was able to make a shrewd guess at desires and aspirations which, in strict confidence, they were not afraid to acknowledge. The men, all but one, were even more indulgent: They declared themselves satisfied, merely with the privilege of resting their eyes upon her.

There remained only the Baron Paolo Foli, a young and handsome man, with an irrepressible wit, who made it a habit to repeat to her, once a week, invariably, in a tone of tragic seriousness:

"Marchesa, it is inexplicable why you have not already fallen madly in love with me. This fact, however, does not interfere with my having done so with you!"

And every week the marchesa, with affected sentimentality, invariably extended her widowed hand, small, white and velvety, for him to kiss, and replied:

"It is inexplicable! But still, the fact remains!"

Among those who frequented the marchesa's evenings at home, Baron Paolo Foli was known as *The Inexplicable*. Up to the present, the matter did not seem to have gone beyond the limits of a simple jest. In fact, among the guests at Borzano, Count Rampa's magnificent villa, the baron had on this particular day openly sung his customary song to her at luncheon and in the garden and while out walking, and again, just now, in the parlour, where everyone had gathered after dinner to wind up the evening blithely with a little music and, for want of something better, a round or so of hackneyed drawing-room games.

Seeing the marchesa approaching, the baron settled himself back in his arm-chair, with the haughty air of a man who is very difficult to please.

"Oh, come!" she told him, "if you are going to be disagreeable, I won't waste time on you!"

"By the grace of God, the majesty of the law is present!" replied the baron, indicating the Chevalier Vergati, who stood there, close at hand, erect, impassive, wholly absorbed with the solemnity of his office.

The Chevalier Vergati bowed profoundly:

"I will see that justice is done!"

Resigning herself, the marchesa took her seat beside the baron:

"Would you be satisfied if I were in love with you?"

"That is not enough. It is bound to happen, sooner or later."

"What impertinence!"

"Nevertheless, it is not enough. Try again."

"If I should find you a beautiful wife with a dower of ten millions?"

"That is too much. The wife would squander the millions."

"Then the millions alone?"

"I should not know what to do with them. I am a man of extraordinary virtue and modesty."

"My lord!" exclaimed the marchesa, losing patience and beginning to tap the floor with her foot.

"Were you addressing me?"

"Silly! What if I presented you with a cook?"

"I have one in reserve already, to marry her *in articulo mortis.*"

"You would deserve it!"

It was dragging on forever. The marchesa had already made some thirty propositions, but the baron remained unyielding, evasive, answering her with absurdities.

"Do you want me to tell you when I shall be satisfied?"

"By all means. It is sure to be something stupid."

"No, the simplest thing in the world."

"Well, when will you? Come, tell me!"

"But first we have to make a wager."

"A wager, by all means. What is to be the stake?"

"Your hand."

The marchesa examined most curiously the hand indicated by the baron, turning it over and back again, failing to understand.

"Your hand,—in marriage."

"Oh!" said the marchesa. "And it is to be the prize for what?"

"Listen," replied the baron, bending closer to her ear, "I shall never be satisfied until the day when I can give you—note this carefully,—without your consent, without your resistance, but tranquilly, and quite at my leisure, a kiss, fair and square upon your lips. Are you willing to wager?"

The marchesa, turning as brilliantly red as a cherry, suddenly sat up stiffly.

"I accept," she said after a moment with an air of smiling dignity. "Does it really seem to you such a very simple thing? Are you aware that you are—?"

"The handsomest young man and the most brilliant in all creation,—yes, that is my opinion, too."

The marchesa arose from her seat.

"Pardon me," said the Chevalier Vergati, checking her. "The baron has not as yet declared himself satisfied."

"Perfectly satisfied," replied the latter, and he arose in his turn, in order to bow, with his arms crossed upon his breast, like a Chinese mandarin.

"O—o—hh!" exclaimed everybody.

It was three months later, in the parlor of the Marchesa Bellati. At half-past eleven no one remained but the Baron Foli and his friend, Commander Venzetti, an ex-deputy recently side-tracked by his constituents, for reasons which they themselves could not have told.

The marchesa was plainly overcome by fatigue and by the strain of a stupid evening. There had been too many guests, her head felt heavy, she had a sense of confusion. Her mother, the old marchesa, had already withdrawn to her own apartments.

"Have those two gentlemen no intention whatever of taking their leave? If it were only the baron, I would soon put him out, telling him without ceremony that I am simply dropping with sleep. But as for the commander!"

The marchesa summoned her maid, and in a low tone ordered her to prepare her bed. "Right away! I shall want no supper. And there is the commander who doesn't even budge! It seems as if he was doing it on purpose!"

The commander was arguing about railways, private control, government control, trains that ran off the track, trains that never reached their terminus—

"Oh, his train, the train of his argument, really and truly, never was going to reach its terminus!" The marchesa concealed a yawn. She would gladly have risen from her chair, but she found herself barricaded, as it were, between the commander and the baron, and she felt that it would be rude to pass between them. If the baron would only once look at her, she could give him a signal! It really seemed incredible! For a clever man like him to discuss railway administration with such eagerness!

And still the trains of the commander continued to take their departure, one after another, without interruption. They collided, they slaughtered their passengers, they never once came to a halt! The marchesa longed desperately to scream aloud: "Five minutes for refreshments!"

But the commander gave her no breathing space. He gathered fire, he apostrophized the Higher Council of Transportation, he took issue with the Minister of Public Works and gave him a pretty thorough dressing down! Then came the turn of Parliament itself. All corruption centered there! There were no more deputies, they were all mountebanks! Sleight-of-hand men! And the country itself! Oh, the country! the country!

The marchesa had thrown herself back against the cushions of her easy-chair with eyes half closed, her face hidden by the shadow thrown by the lamp-shade in her direction. It seemed as though that word, "the country! the country!" repeated by the commander in the enthusiasm of his peroration, had been all that was needed to conquer the resistance she had striven to offer to the powers of sleep. It was just after this that her fan slipped from between her fingers.

The baron made a sign to the commander. "Keep on talking."

And he arose very, very softly from his chair.

The marchesa gave a cry and covered her face with her hands.

"I had need of a witness," said the baron. "If you have no objection, my dear commander, you can serve us again in the same capacity, before very long, when we sign our marriage contract."

The commander gazed, first at him, then at the marchesa, in sheer amazement.

After another three months the baron and the Marchesa Bellati, who had that very morning become the Baroness Foli, started about five in the afternoon upon their honeymoon. It was a clear, mild evening. The horizon was still glowing with the vivid tints of sunset in all their soft gradations.

Hand in hand, the wedded pair gazed at each other tenderly, deeply moved, as people truly happy will do, without uttering a single word. They had cared for each other for so long a time, in such a fantastic manner, almost as if they had been jesting! And now, it was not a dream, they were actually starting on their wedding journey!

Seen in the dubious light shed by the lamp in their compartment, the baroness seemed to have acquired a visionary beauty, her face exhibiting the evanescent delicacy of a pastelle, in the midst of which her large, dark eyes drooped with an oriental indolence. Completely enveloped as she was in her shawl, she had the appearance of a Turkish woman.

A little later the baron drew the little blue curtain beneath the lamp. A discreet darkness invaded the railway carriage. Then followed the sound of a kiss.

"Ah, my dear!" murmured the baron close to her ear, "if only you had shared the joy of the first one! That evening—"

"Oh, but, I wasn't asleep! I cared for you even then, and—"

"You were not asleep?"

The Baron Paolo Foli was at a loss for words.

Chinoiserie

By THEOPHILE GAUTIER

IT IS not you, Madame, not you I love,
No more yourself, fair Juliet, nor you
Ophelia, nor Beatrix, nor yet
Blonde Laura, with her great soft eyes.

The one I love at present is in China,
She lives there with a pair of fond old parents,
Within a slender tower of fine porcelain
Beside the Yellow River and its cormorants.

She has dark eyes that slant back toward the temples,
A tiny foot that fits into one's hand,
A skin more bright than shining brazen lamps,
And long slim nails touched with vermilion.

She thrusts her head without her lattice window
So that the flying swallow lilts down to her,
And in the dusk of evening, like a poet,
She sings of willows and the pink peach-blossoms.

Salome

By OSCAR WILDE

in memory of an
old and noble
friendship:

from the author

Oscar Wilde.

CHARACTERS

Herod Antipas, *Tetrarch of Judæa.*
Iokanaan, *the Prophet.*
The Young Syrian, *Captain of the Guard.*
Tigellinus, *a Young Roman.*
A Cappadocian.
A Nubian.
First Soldier.
Second Soldier.
The Page of Herodias.
Jews, Nazarenes, etc.
A Slave.
Naaman, *the Executioner.*
Herodias, *Wife of the Tetrarch.*
Salome, *Daughter of Herodias.*
The Slaves of Salome.

Scene—*A great terrace in the Palace of Herod, set above the banqueting-hall. Some soldiers are leaning over the balcony. To the right there is a gigantic staircase, to the left, at the back, an old cistern surrounded by a wall of green bronze. The moon is shining very brightly.*

The Young Syrian—How beautiful is the Princess Salome to-night!

The Page of Herodias—Look at the moon. How strange the moon seems! She is like a woman rising from a tomb. She is like a dead woman. One might fancy she was looking for dead things.

The Young Syrian—She has a strange look. She is like a little princess who wears a yellow veil, and whose feet are of silver. She is like a princess who has little white doves for feet. One might fancy she was dancing.

The Page of Herodias—She is like a woman who is dead. She moves very slowly. (*Noise in the banqueting-hall.*)

First Soldier—What an uproar! Who are those wild beasts howling?

Second Soldier—The Jews. They are always like that. They are disputing about their religion.

First Soldier—Why do they dispute about their religion?

Second Soldier—I cannot tell. They are always doing it. The Pharisees, for instance, say that there are angels, and the Sadducees declare that angels do not exist.

First Soldier—I think it is ridiculous to dispute about such things.

The Young Syrian—How beautiful is the Princess Salome to-night!

The Page of Herodias—You are always looking at her. You look at her too much. It is dangerous to look at people in such fashion. Something terrible may happen.

The Young Syrian—She is very beautiful to-night.

First Soldier—The Tetrarch has a sombre aspect.

Second Soldier—Yes; he has a sombre aspect.

First Soldier—He is looking at something.

Second Soldier—He is looking at some one.

First Soldier—At whom is he looking?

Second Soldier—I cannot tell.

The Young Syrian—How pale the Princess is! Never have I seen her so pale. She is like the shadow of a white rose in a mirror of silver.

The Page of Herodias—You must not look at her. You look too much at her.

First Soldier—Herodias has filled the cup of the Tetrarch.

The Cappadocian—Is that the Queen Herodias, she who wears a black mitre sewed with pearls, and whose hair is powdered with blue dust?

First Soldier—Yes; that is Herodias, the Tetrarch's wife.

Second Soldier—The Tetrarch is very fond of wine. He has wine of three sorts. One which is brought from the Island of Samothrace, and is pure like the cloak of Cæsar.

The Cappadocian—I have never seen Cæsar.

Second Soldier—Another that comes from a town called Cyprus, and is as yellow as gold.

The Cappadocian—I love gold.

Second Soldier—And the third is a wine of Sicily. That wine is as red as blood.

The Nubian—The gods of my country are very fond of blood. Twice in the year we sacrifice to them young men and maidens, fifty young men and a hundred maidens. But I am afraid that we never give them quite enough, for they are very harsh to us.

The Cappadocian—In my country there are no gods left. The Romans have driven them out. There are some who say that they have hidden themselves in the mountains, but I do not believe it. Three nights I have been on the mountains seeking them everywhere. I did not find them, and at last I called them by their names, and they did not come. I think they are dead.

First Soldier—The Jews worship a God that one cannot see.

The Cappadocian—I cannot understand that.

First Soldier—In fact they only believe in things that one cannot see.

The Cappadocian—That seems to me altogether ridiculous.

The Voice of Iokanaan—After me shall come another mightier than I. I am not worthy so much as to unloose the latchet of His shoes. When He cometh the solitary places shall be glad. They shall blossom like the rose. The eyes of the blind shall see the day, and the ears of the deaf shall be opened. The sucking child shall lead the lions by their manes.

Second Soldier—Make him be silent. He is always saying ridiculous things.

First Soldier—No, no. He is a holy man. He is very gentle, too. Every day when I give him to eat he thanks me.

The Cappadocian—Who is he?

First Soldier—A prophet.

The Cappadocian—What is his name?

First Soldier—Iokanaan.

The Cappadocian—Whence comes he?

First Soldier—From the desert, where he fed on locusts and wild honey. He was clothed in camel's hair, and round his loins he had a leathern belt. He was very terrible to look upon. A great multitude used to follow him. He even had disciples.

The Cappadocian—What is he talking of?

First Soldier—We can never tell. Sometimes he says things that affright one, but is is impossible to understand what he says.

The Cappadocian—May one see him?

First Soldier—No. The Tetrarch has forbidden it.

The Young Syrian—The Princess has hidden her face behind her fan! Her little white hands are fluttering like doves that fly to their dove-cots. They are like white butterflies. They are just like white butterflies.

The Page of Herodias—What is that to you? Why do you look at her? You must not look at her. Something terrible may happen.

The Cappadocian (*pointing to the cistern*)—What a strange prison!

Second Soldier—It is an old cistern.

The Cappadocian—An old cistern! That must be a poisonous place in which to dwell!

Second Soldier—Oh, no! For instance, the Tetrarch's brother, his elder brother, the first husband of Herodias, the Queen, was imprisoned there for twelve years. It did not kill him. At the end of the twelve years he had to be strangled.

The Cappadocian—Strangled? Who dared to do that?

Second Soldier (*pointing to the executioner, a huge negro*)—That man yonder, Naaman.

The Cappadocian—He was not afraid?

Second Soldier—Oh, no! The Tetrarch sent him the ring.

The Cappadocian—What ring?

Second Soldier—The death ring. So he was not afraid.

The Cappadocian—Yet it is a terrible thing to strangle a king.

First Soldier—Why? Kings have but one neck, like other folk.

The Cappadocian—I think it terrible.

The Young Syrian—The Princess is getting up! She is leaving the table! She looks very troubled. Ah, she is coming this way. Yes, she is coming towards us. How pale she is! Never have I seen her so pale.

The Page of Herodias—Do not look at her. I pray you not to look at her.

The Young Syrian—She is like a dove

that has strayed. She is like a narcissus trembling in the wind. She is like a silver flower. (*Enter Salome.*)

Salome—I will not stay. I cannot stay. Why does the Tetrarch look at me all the while with his mole's eyes under his shaking eyelids? It is strange that the husband of my mother looks at me like that. I know what it means. Of a truth, I know it too well.

The Young Syrian—You have left the feast, Princess?

Salome—How sweet is the air here! I can breathe here! Within there are Jews from Jerusalem who are tearing each other in pieces over their foolish ceremonies, and barbarians who drink and drink, and spill their wine on the pavement, and Greeks from Smyrna with painted eyes and painted cheeks, and frizzled hair curled in columns, and Egyptians silent and subtle, with long nails of jade and russet cloaks, and Romans brutal and coarse, with their uncouth jargon. Ah! how I loathe the Romans! They are rough and common, and they give themselves the airs of noble lords.

The Young Syrian—Will you be seated, Princess?

The Page of Herodias—Why do you speak to her? Oh! something terrible will happen. Why do you look at her?

Salome—How good to see the moon! She is like a little piece of money, a little silver flower. She is cold and chaste. I am sure she is a virgin. She has the beauty of a virgin. Yes, she is a virgin. She has never defiled herself. She has never abandoned herself to men, like the other goddesses.

The Voice of Iokanaan—Behold! the Lord hath come. The Son of Man is at hand. The centaurs have hidden themselves in the rivers and the nymphs have left the rivers, and are lying beneath the leaves in the forests.

Salome—Who was that who cried out?

Second Soldier—The prophet, Princess.

Salome—Ah, the prophet! He of whom the Tetrarch is afraid?

Second Soldier—We know nothing of that, Princess. It was the prophet Iokanaan who cried out.

The Young Syrian—Is it your pleasure that I bid them bring your litter, Princess? The night is fair in the garden.

Salome—He says terrible things about my mother, does he not?

Second Soldier—We never understand what he says, Princess.

Salome—Yes; he says terrible things about her. (*Enter a slave.*)

The Slave—Princess, the Tetrarch prays you to return to the feast.

Salome—I will not return.

The Young Syrian—Pardon me, Princess, but if you return not some misfortune may happen.

Salome—Is he an old man, this prophet?

The Young Syrian—Princess, it were better to return. Suffer me to lead you in.

Salome—This prophet, is he an old man?

First Soldier—No, Princess, he is quite young.

Second Soldier—One cannot be sure. There are those who say he is Elias.

Salome—Who is Elias?

Second Soldier—A prophet of this country in bygone days, Princess.

The Slave—What answer may I give the Tetrarch from the Princess?

The Voice of Iokanaan—Rejoice not, O land of Palestine, because the rod of him who smote thee is broken. For from the seed of the serpent shall come a basilisk, and that which is born of it shall devour the birds.

Salome—What a strange voice! I would speak with him.

First Soldier—I fear it may not be, Princess. The Tetrarch does not suffer any one to speak with him. He has even forbidden the high priest to speak with him.

Salome—I desire to speak with him.

First Soldier—It is impossible, Princess.

Salome—I will speak with him.

The Young Syrian—Would it not be better to return to the banquet?

Salome—Bring forth this prophet. (*Exit the slave.*)

First Soldier—We dare not, Princess.

Salome (*approaching the cistern and looking down into it*)—How black it is down there! It must be terrible to be in so black a hole! It is like a tomb. (*To the soldiers.*) Did you not hear me? Bring out the prophet. I would look on him.

Second Soldier—Princess, I beg of you, do not require this of us.

Salome—You are making me wait upon your pleasure.

First Soldier—Princess, our lives belong to you, but we cannot do what you have asked of us. And indeed, it is not of us that you should ask this thing.

Salome (*looking at the young Syrian*)—Ah!

The Page of Herodias—Oh, what is going to happen? I am sure that something terrible will happen.

Salome (*going up to the young Syrian*)—Thou wilt do this thing for me, wilt thou not, Narraboth? Thou wilt do this thing for me.

I have ever been kind towards thee. Thou wilt do it for me. I would but look at him, this strange prophet. Men have talked so much of him. Often I have heard the Tetrarch talk of him. I think he is afraid of him, the Tetrarch. Art thou, even thou, also afraid of him, Narraboth?

The Young Syrian—I fear him not, Princess; there is no man I fear. But the Tetrarch has formally forbidden that any man should raise the cover of this well.

Salome—Thou wilt do this thing for me, Narraboth, and to-morrow when I pass in my litter beneath the gateway of the idol-sellers I will let fall for thee a little flower, a little green flower.

The Young Syrian—Princess, I cannot, I cannot.

Salome (*smiling*)—Thou wilt do this thing for me, Narraboth. Thou knowest that thou wilt do this thing for me. And on the morrow when I shall pass in my litter by the bridge of the idol-buyers, I will look at thee through the muslin veils; I will look at thee, Narraboth; it may be I will smile at thee. Look at me, Narraboth; look at me. Ah! thou knowest that thou wilt do what I ask thee. Thou knowest it. I know that thou wilt do this thing.

The Young Syrian (*signing to the third soldier*)—Let the prophet come forth. The Princess Salome desires to see him.

Salome—Ah!

The Page of Herodias—Oh! How strange the moon looks! Like the hand of a dead woman who is seeking to cover herself with a shroud.

The Young Syrian—She has a strange aspect! She is like a little Princess, whose eyes are eyes of amber. Through the clouds of muslin she is smiling like a little Princess. (*The prophet comes out of the cistern.* Salome *looks at him and steps slowly back.*)

Iokanaan—Where is he whose cup of abominations is now full? Where is he, who in a robe of silver shall one day die in the face of all the people? Bid him come forth, that he may hear the voice of him who hath cried in the waste places and in the houses of kings.

Salome—Of whom is he speaking?

The Young Syrian—No one can tell, Princess.

Iokanaan—Where is she who saw the images of men painted on the walls, even the images of the Chaldæans painted with colors, and gave herself up unto the lust of her eyes, and sent ambassadors into the land of the Chaldæa?

Salome—It is of my mother that he is speaking.

The Young Syrian—Oh, no, Princess.

Salome—Yes; it is of my mother that he is speaking.

Iokanaan—Where is she who gave herself unto the Captains of Assyria, who have baldricks on their loins, and crowns of many colors on their heads? Where is she who hath given herself to the young men of the Egyptians, who are clothed in fine linen and hyacinth, whose shields are of gold, whose helmets are of silver, whose bodies are mighty? Go, bid her to rise up from the bed of her abominations, from the bed of her incestuousness, that she may hear the words of him who prepareth the way of the Lord, that she may repent of her iniquities. She will not repent, but will stick fast in her abominations, go bid her come, for the fan of the Lord is in His hand.

Salome—Ah, but he is terrible, he is terrible!

The Young Syrian—Do not stay here, Princess, I beseech you.

Salome—It is his eyes above all that are terrible. They are like black holes burned by torches in the tapestry of Tyre. They are like the black cavern where the dragons live, the black caverns of Egypt, in which the dragons make their lairs. They are like black lakes troubled by fantastic moons. Do you think he will speak again?

The Young Syrian—Do not stay here, Princess. I pray you do not stay here.

Salome—How wasted he is! He is like a thin ivory statue. He is like an image of silver. I am sure he is chaste, as the moon is. He is like a moonbeam, like a shaft of silver. His flesh must be very cold, cold as ivory. I would look closer at him.

The Young Syrian—No, no, Princess!

Salome—I must look at him closer.

The Young Syrian—Princess! Princess!

Iokanaan—Who is this woman who is looking at me? I will not have her look at me. Wherefore doth she look at me with her golden eyes under her gilded eyelids? I know not who she is. I do not desire to know who she is. Bid her begone. It is not to her that I would speak.

Salome—I am Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa.

Iokanaan—Back! daughter of Babylon! Come not near the chosen of the Lord. Thy mother hath filled the earth with the wine of her iniquities, and the cry of her sinning hath come up even to the ears of God.

Salome—Speak again, Iokanaan. Thy voice is as music to mine ear.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN—Princess! Princess! Princess!

SALOME—Speak again! Speak again, Iokanaan, and tell me what I must do.

IOKANAAN—Daughter of Sodom, come not near me! But cover thy face with a veil, and scatter ashes upon thine head, and get thee to the desert, and seek out the Son of Man.

SALOME—Who is he, the Son of Man? Is he as beautiful as thou art, Iokanaan?

IOKANAAN—Get thee behind me! I hear in the palace the beating of the wings of the angel of death.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN—Princess, I beseech thee to go within.

IOKANAAN—Angel of the Lord God, what dost thou here with thy sword? Whom seekest thou in the palace? The day of him who shall die in a robe of silver has not yet come.

SALOME—Iokanaan!

IOKANAAN—Who speaketh?

SALOME—I am amorous of thy body, Iokanaan! Thy body is white, like the lilies of the field that the mower hath never mowed. Thy body is white like the snows that lie on the mountains of Judæa, and come down into the valleys. The roses in the gardens of the Queen of Arabia are not so white as thy body. Neither the roses in the garden of the Queen of Arabia, the garden of spices of the Queen of Arabia, nor the feet of the dawn when they light on the leaves, nor the breast of the moon when she lies on the breast of the sea. There is nothing in this world so white as thy body. Suffer me to touch thy body.

IOKANAAN—Back! Daughter of Babylon! By woman came evil into the world. Speak not to me. I will not listen to thee. I listen but to the voice of the Lord God.

SALOME—Thy body is hideous. It is like the body of a leper. It is like a plastered wall, where vipers have crawled; like a plastered wall where the scorpions have made their nest. It is like a whited sepulchre, full of loathsome things. It is horrible; thy body is horrible. It is of thy hair I am enamoured, Iokanaan. Thy hair is like clusters of grapes, like the clusters of black grapes that hang from the vine-trees of Edom in the land of the Edomites. Thy hair is like the cedars of Lebanon, like the great cedars of Lebanon that give their shade to the lions and to the robbers who would hide them by day. The long black nights, when the moon hides her face, when the stars are afraid, are not so black as thy hair. The silence that dwells in the forest is not so black. There is nothing in the world that is so black as thy hair. Suffer me to touch thy hair.

IOKANAAN—Back, daughter of Sodom. Touch me not. Profane not the temple of the Lord God.

SALOME—Thy hair is horrible. It is covered with mire and dust. It is like a crown of thorns placed on thy head. It is like a knot of serpents coiled round thy neck. I love not thy hair. It is thy mouth that I desire, Iokanaan. Thy mouth is like a band of scarlet on a tower of ivory. It is like a pomegranate cut in twain with a knife of ivory. The pomegranate flowers that blossom in the gardens of Tyre, and are redder than roses, are not so red. The red blasts of trumpets that herald the approach of kings, and make afraid the enemy, are not so red. Thy mouth is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press. It is redder than the feet of the doves who inhabit the temples and are fed by the priests. It is redder than the feet of him who cometh from a forest where he hath slain a lion, and seen gilded tigers. Thy mouth is like a branch of coral that fishers have found in the twilight of the sea, the coral that they keep for the kings! It is like the vermilion that the Moabites find in the mines of Moab, the vermilion that the kings take from them. It is like the bow of the King of the Persians, that is tinted with vermilion, and is tipped with coral. There is nothing in the world so red as thy mouth. Suffer me to kiss thy mouth!

IOKANAAN—Never! daughter of Babylon! Daughter of Sodom! never!

SALOME—I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. I will kiss thy mouth.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN—Princess, Princess, thou who art like a garden of myrrh, thou who art the dove of all doves, look not at this man, look not at him! Do not speak such words to him. I cannot endure it. Princess, do not speak these things.

SALOME—I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

THE YOUNG SYRIAN—Ah! (*He kills himself, and falls between* SALOME *and* IOKANAAN.)

THE PAGE OF HERODIAS—The young Syrian has slain himself! The young captain has slain himself! He has slain himself who was my friend! I gave him a little box of perfumes and ear-rings wrought in silver, and now he has killed himself! Ah, did he not say that some misfortune would happen? I, too, said it, and it has come to pass. Well I knew that the moon was seeking a dead thing, but I knew not that it was he whom she sought. Ah! why did I not hide him from the moon? If I had hidden him in a cavern she would not have seen him.

First Soldier—Princess, the young captain has just slain himself.

Salome—Suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

Iokanaan—Art thou not afraid, daughter of Herodias? Did I not tell thee that I heard in the palace the beating of the wings of the angel of death, and hath he not come, the angel of death?

Salome—Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

Iokanaan—Daughter of adultery, there is but one who can save thee. It is He of whom I spake. Go seek Him. He is in a boat on the sea of Galilee, and He talketh with His disciples. Kneel down on the shore of the sea, and call unto Him by His name. When He cometh to thee, and to all who call on Him He cometh, bow thyself at His feet and ask of Him the remission of thy sins.

Salome—Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.

Iokanaan—Cursed be thou! Daughter of an incestuous mother, be thou accursed!

Salome—I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan.

Iokanaan—I will not look at thee. Thou art accursed, Salome; thou art accursed. (*He goes down into the cistern.*)

Salome—I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. I will kiss thy mouth.

First Solider—We must bear away the body to another place. The Tetrarch does not care to see dead bodies, save the bodies of those whom he himself has slain.

The Page of Herodias—He was my brother, and nearer to me than a brother. I gave him a little box of perfumes, and a ring of agate that he wore always on his hand. In the evening we were wont to walk by the river, and among the almond-trees, and he used to tell me of the things of his country. He spake ever very low. The sound of his voice was like the sound of the flute, of one who playeth upon the flute. Also he had much joy to gaze at himself in the river. I used to reproach him for that.

Second Soldier—You are right; we must hide the body. The Tetrarch must not see it.

First Soldier—The Tetrarch will not come to this place. He never comes on the terrace. He is too much afraid of the prophet. (*Enter* Herod, Herodias, *and all the Court.*)

Herod—Where is Salome? Where is the Princess? Why did she not return to the banquet as I commanded her? Ah! there she is!

Herodias—You must not look at her! You are always looking at her!

Herod—The moon has a strange look to-night. Has she not a strange look? She is like a mad woman, and a mad woman who is seeking everywhere for lovers. She is naked, too. She is quite naked. The clouds are seeking to clothe her nakedness, but she will not let them. She shows herself naked in the sky. She reels through the clouds like a drunken woman. I am sure she is looking for lovers. Does she not reel like a drunken woman? She is like a mad woman, is she not?

Herodias—No; the moon is like the moon, that is all. Let us go within. We have nothing to do here.

Herod—I will stay here! Manasseh, lay carpets there. Light torches. Bring forth the ivory tables, and the tables of jasper. The air here is sweet. I will drink more wine with my guests. We must show all honor to the ambassadors of Cæsar.

Herodias—It is not because of them that you remain.

Herod—Yes, the air is very sweet. Come, Herodias, our guests await us. Ah! I have slipped! I have slipped in blood! It is an ill omen. It is a very ill omen. Wherefore is there blood here? And this body, what does this body here? Think you I am like the King of Egypt, who gives no feast to his guests, but that he shows them a corpse? Whose is it? I will not look on it.

First Soldier—It is our captain, sire. It is the young Syrian whom you made captain of the guard but three days gone.

Herod—I issued no order that he should be slain.

Second Soldier—He slew himself, sire.

Herod—For what reason? I had made him captain of my guard!

Second Soldier—We do not know, sire. But with his own hand he slew himself.

Herod—That seems strange to me. I had thought it was but the Roman philosophers who slew themselves. Is it not true, Tigellinus, that the philosophers at Rome slay themselves?

Tigellinus—There be some who slay themselves, sire. They are the Stoics. The Stoics are people of no cultivation. They are ridiculous people. I myself regard them as being perfectly ridiculous.

Herod—I also. It is ridiculous to kill one's self.

Tigellinus—Everybody at Rome laughs at them. The Emperor has written a satire against them. It is recited everywhere.

Herod—Ah! he has written a satire

against them? Cæsar is wonderful. He can do everything. It is strange that the young Syrian has slain himself. I am sorry he has slain himself. I am very sorry. For he was fair to look upon. He was even very fair. He had very languorous eyes. I remember that I saw that he looked languorously at Salome. Truly, I thought he looked too much at her.

Herodias—There are others who look too much at her.

Herod—His father was a king. I drove him from his kingdom. And his mother, who was a queen, you made a slave, Herodias. So he was here as my guest, as it were, and for that reason I made him my captain. I am sorry he is dead. Ho! why have you left the body here? It must be taken to some other place. I will not look at it—away with it! (*They take away the body.*) It is cold here. There is a wind blowing. Is there not a wind blowing?

Herodias—No; there is no wind.

Herod—I tell you there is a wind that blows. And I hear in the air something that is like the beating of wings, like the beating of vast wings. Do you not hear it?

Herodias—I hear nothing.

Herod—I hear it no longer. But I heard it. It was the blowing of the wind. It has passed away. But no, I hear it again. Do you not hear it? It is just like a beating of wings.

Herodias—I tell you there is nothing. You are ill. Let us go within.

Herod—I am not ill. It is your daughter who is sick to death. Never have I seen her so pale.

Herodias—I have told you not to look at her.

Herod—Pour me forth wine. (*Wine is brought.*) Salome, come drink a little wine with me. I have here a wine that is exquisite. Cæsar himself sent it me. Dip into it thy red lips, that I may drain the cup.

Salome—I am not thirsty, Tetrarch.

Herod—You hear how she answers me, this daughter of yours?

Herodias—She does right. Why are you always gazing at her?

Herod—Bring me ripe fruits. (*Fruits are brought.*) Salome, come and eat fruits with me. I love to see in a fruit the mark of thy little teeth. Bite but a little of this fruit, that I may eat what is left.

Salome—I am not hungry, Tetrarch.

Herod (*to Herodias*)—You see how you have brought up this daughter of yours.

Herodias—My daughter and I come of a royal race. As for thee, thy father was a camel driver! He was a thief and a robber to boot!

Herod—Thou liest!

Herodias—Thou knowest well that it is true.

Herod—Salome, come and sit next to me. I will give thee the throne of thy mother.

Salome—I am not tired, Tetrarch.

Herodias—You see in what regard she holds you.

Herod—Bring me—What is it that I desire? I forget. Ah! ah! I remember.

The Voice of Iokanaan—Behold, the time is come! That which I foretold has come to pass. The day I spake of is at hand.

Herodias—Bid him be silent. I will not listen to his voice. This man is forever hurling insults against me.

Herod—He has said nothing against you. Besides, he is a very great prophet.

Herodias—I do not believe in prophets. Can a man tell what will come to pass? No man knows it. Also, he is forever insulting me. But I think you are afraid of him. I know well that you are afraid of him.

Herod—I am not afraid of him. I am afraid of no man.

Herodias—I tell you you are afraid of him. If you are not afraid of him, why do you not deliver him to the Jews, who for these six months past have been clamoring for him?

A Jew—Truly, my lord, it were better to deliver him into our hands.

Herod—Enough on this subject. I have already given you my answer. I will not deliver him into your hands. He is a holy man. He is a man who has seen God.

A Jew—That cannot be. There is no man who hath seen God since the prophet Elias. He is the last man who saw God face to face. In these days God doth not show Himself. God hideth Himself. Therefore great evils have come upon the land.

Another Jew—Verily, no man knoweth if Elias the prophet did indeed see God. Peradventure it was but the shadow of God that he saw.

A Third Jew—God is at no time hidden. He showeth Himself at all times and in all places. God is in what is evil even as He is in what is good.

A Fourth Jew—Thou shouldst not say that. It is a very dangerous doctrine. It is a doctrine that cometh from Alexandria, where men teach the philosophy of the Greeks. And the Greeks are Gentiles. They are not even circumcised.

A Fifth Jew—No man can tell how God worketh. His ways are very dark. It may be that the things which we call evil are good, and the things which we call good are evil. There is no knowledge of anything. We can but bow our heads to His will, for God is very strong. He breaketh in pieces the strong together with the weak, for He regardeth not any man.

First Jew—Thou speakest truly. Verily, God is terrible. He breaketh in pieces the strong and the weak as men break corn in a mortar. But as for this man, he hath never seen God. No man hath seen God since the prophet Elias.

Herodias—Make them be silent. They worry me.

Herod—But I have heard it said that Iokanaan is in very truth your prophet Elias.

The Jew—That cannot be. It is more than three hundred years since the days of the prophet Elias.

Herod—There are some who say that this man is Elias the prophet.

A Nazarene—I am sure that he is Elias the prophet.

The Jew—Nay, but he is not Elias the prophet.

The Voice of Iokanaan—Behold the day is at hand, the day of the Lord, and I hear upon the mountains the feet of Him who shall be the Saviour of the world.

Herod—What does that mean? The Saviour of the world?

Tigellinus—It is a title that Cæsar adopts.

Herod—But Cæsar is not coming into Judæa. Only yesterday I received letters from Rome. They contained nothing concerning this matter. And you, Tigellinus, who were at Rome during the winter, you heard nothing concerning this matter, did you?

Tigellinus—Sire, I heard nothing concerning the matter. I was but explaining the title. It is one of Cæsar's titles.

Herod—But Cæsar cannot come. He is too gouty. They say that his feet are like the feet of an elephant. Also there are reasons of state. He who leaves Rome loses Rome. He will not come. Howbeit, Cæsar is lord, he will come if such be his pleasure. Nevertheless, I think he will not come.

First Nazarene—It was not concerning Cæsar that the prophet spake these words, sire.

Herod—How?—it was not concerning Cæsar?

First Nazarene—No, my lord.

Herod—Concerning whom then did he speak?

First Nazarene—Concerning Messias, who hath come.

A Jew—Messias hath not come.

First Nazarene—He hath come, and everywhere He worketh miracles!

Herodias—Ho! ho! miracles! I do not believe in miracles. I have seen too many. (*To the Page.*) My fan.

First Nazarene—This Man worketh true miracles. Thus, at a marriage which took place in a little town of Galilee, a town of some importance, He changed water into wine. Certain persons who were present related it to me. Also He healed two lepers that were seated before the Gate of Capernaum simply by touching them.

Second Nazarene—Nay; it was two blind men that He healed at Capernaum.

First Nazarene—Nay; they were lepers. But He hath healed blind people also, and He was seen on a mountain talking with angels.

A Sadducee—Angels do not exist.

A Pharisee—Angels exist, but I do not believe that this Man talked with them.

First Nazarene—He was seen by a great multitude of people talking with angels.

Herodias—How these men worry me! They are ridiculous! They are altogether ridiculous! (*To the Page.*) Well! my fan? (*The Page gives her the fan.*) You have a dreamer's look. You must not dream. It is only sick people who dream. (*She strikes the Page with her fan.*)

Second Nazarene—There is also the miracle of the daughter of Jairus.

First Nazarene—Yea, that is sure. No man can gainsay it.

Herodias—These men are mad. They have looked too long on the moon. Command them to be silent.

Herod—What is this miracle of the daughter of Jairus?

First Nazarene—The daughter of Jairus was dead. This Man raised her from the dead.

Herod—How! He raises people from the dead?

First Nazarene—Yea, sire; He raiseth the dead.

Herod—I do not wish Him to do that. I forbid Him to do that. I suffer no man to raise the dead. This Man must be found and told that I forbid Him to raise the dead. Where is this Man at present?

Second Nazarene—He is in every place, my lord, but it is hard to find Him.

First Nazarene—It is said that He is now in Samaria.

A Jew—It is easy to see that this is not Messias, if He is in Samaria. It is not to the

Samaritans that Messias shall come. The Samaritans are accursed. They bring no offerings to the Temple.

SECOND NAZARENE—He left Samaria a few days since. I think that at the present moment He is in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

FIRST NAZARENE—No; He is not there. I have just come from Jerusalem. For two months they have had no tidings of Him.

HEROD—No matter! But let them find Him, and tell Him, thus saith Herod the King, "I will not suffer Thee to raise the dead." To change water into wine, to heal the lepers and the blind—He may do these things if He will. I say nothing against these things. In truth I hold it a kindly deed to heal a leper. But no man shall raise the dead. It would be terrible if the dead came back.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN—Ah! The wanton one! The harlot! Ah! the daughter of Babylon with her golden eyes and her gilded eyelids! Thus saith the Lord God, Let there come up against her a multitude of men. Let the people take stones and stone her.

HERODIAS—Command him to be silent.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN—Let the captains of the hosts pierce her with their swords, let them crush her beneath their shields.

HERODIAS—Nay, but it is infamous.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN—It is thus that I will wipe out all wickedness from the earth, and that all women shall learn not to imitate her abominations.

HERODIAS—You hear what he says against me? You suffer him to revile her who is your wife!

HEROD—He did not speak your name.

HERODIAS—What does that matter? You know well that it is I whom he seeks to revile. And I am your wife, am I not?

HEROD—Of a truth, dear and noble Herodias, you are my wife, and before that you were the wife of my brother.

HERODIAS—It was thou didst snatch me from his arms.

HEROD—Of a truth I was stronger than he was. But let us not talk of that matter. I do not desire to talk of it. It is the cause of the terrible words that the prophet has spoken. Peradventure on account of it a misfortune will come. Let us not speak of this matter. Noble Herodias, we are not mindful of our guests. Fill thou my cup, my well-beloved. Ho! fill with wine the great goblets of silver, and the great goblets of glass. I will drink to Cæsar. There are Romans here, we must drink to Cæsar.

ALL—Cæsar! Cæsar!

HEROD—Do you not see your daughter how pale she is?

HERODIAS—What is it to you if she be pale or not?

HEROD—Never have I seen her so pale.

HERODIAS—You must not look at her.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN—In that day the sun shall become black like sackcloth of hair, and the moon shall become like blood, and the stars of the heaven shall fall upon the earth like unripe figs that fall from the fig-tree, and the kings of the earth shall be afraid.

HERODIAS—Ah! ah! I should like to see that day of which he speaks, when the moon shall become like blood, and when the stars shall fall on earth like unripe figs. This prophet talks like a drunken man, but I cannot suffer the sound of his voice. I hate his voice. Command him to be silent.

HEROD—I will not. I cannot understand what it is that he saith, but it may be an omen.

HERODIAS—I do not believe in omens. He speaks like a drunken man.

HEROD—It may be he is drunk with the wine of God.

HERODIAS—What wine is that, the wine of God? From what vineyard is it gathered? In what winepress may one find it?

HEROD (*From this point he looks all the while at Salome*)—Tigellinus, when you were at Rome of late, did the Emperor speak with you on the subject of—?

TIGELLINUS—On what subject, my lord?

HEROD—On what subject? Ah! I asked you a question, did I not? I have forgotten what I would have asked you.

HERODIAS—You are looking again at my daughter. You must not look at her. I have already said so.

HEROD—You say nothing else.

HERODIAS—I say it again.

HEROD—And that restoration of the Temple about which they have talked so much, will anything be done? They say that the veil of the Sanctuary has disappeared, do they not?

HERODIAS—It was thyself didst steal it. Thou speakest at random and without wit. I will not stay here. Let us go within.

HEROD—Dance for me, Salome.

HERODIAS—I will not have her dance.

SALOME—I have no desire to dance, Tetrarch.

HEROD—Salome, daughter of Herodias, dance for me.

HERODIAS—Peace. Let her alone.

HEROD—I command thee to dance, Salome.

Salome—I will not dance, Tetrarch.

Herodias (*laughing*)—You see how she obeys you.

Herod—What is it to me whether she dance or not? It is nought to me. Tonight I am happy. I am exceeding happy. Never have I been so happy.

First Soldier—The Tetrarch has a sombre look. Has he not a sombre look?

Second Soldier—Yes, he has a sombre look.

Herod—Wherefore should I not be happy? Cæsar, who is lord of the world, Cæsar, who is lord of all things, loves me well. He has just sent me most precious gifts. Also, he has promised me to summon to Rome the King of Cappadocia, who is mine enemy. It may be that at Rome he will crucify him, for he is able to do all things that he has a mind to do. Verily Cæsar is lord. Therefore I do well to be happy. I am very happy; never have I been so happy. There is nothing in the world that can mar my happiness.

The Voice of Iokanaan—He shall be seated on his throne. He shall be clothed in scarlet and purple. In his hand he shall bear a golden cup full of his blasphemies. And the angel of the Lord shall smite him. He shall be eaten of worms.

Herodias—You hear what he says about you. He says that you shall be eaten of worms.

Herod—It is not of me that he speaks. He speaks never against me. It is of the King of Cappadocia that he speaks; the King of Cappadocia, who is mine enemy. It is he who shall be eaten of worms. It is not I. Never has he spoken word against me, this prophet, save that I sinned in taking to wife the wife of my brother. It may be he is right. For, of truth, you are sterile.

Herodias—I am sterile, I? You say that, you that are ever looking at my daughter, you that would have her dance for your pleasure? You speak as a fool. I have borne a child. You have gotten no child, no, not on one of your slaves. It is you who are sterile, not I.

Herod—Peace! woman! I say that you are sterile. You have borne me no child, and the prophet says that our marriage is not a true marriage. He says that it is a marriage of incest, a marriage that will bring evils. I fear he is right. I am sure that he is right. But it is not the hour to speak of these things. I would be happy at this moment. Of a truth, I am happy. There is nothing I lack.

Herodias—I am glad you are of so fair a humor tonight. It is not your custom. But it is late. Let us go within. Do not forget that we hunt at sunrise. All honors must be shown to Cæsar's ambassadors, must they not?

Second Soldier—The Tetrarch has a sombre look

First Soldier—Yes, he has a sombre look.

Herod—Salome, Salome, dance for me. I pray thee dance for me. I am sad tonight. Yes, I am passing sad tonight. When I came hither I slipped in blood, which is an ill omen; also I heard in the air a beating of wings, a beating of giant wings. I cannot tell what that may mean. I am sad tonight. Therefore dance for me. Dance for me, Salome, I beseech thee. If thou dancest for me thou mayest ask of me what thou wilt, and I will give it thee. Yes, dance for me, Salome, and whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, even unto the half of my kingdom.

Salome (*rising*)—Will you indeed give me whatsoever I shall ask of you, Tetrarch?

Herodias—Do not dance, daughter.

Herod—Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, even unto the half of my kingdom.

Salome—You swear it, Tetrarch?

Herod—I swear it, Salome.

Herodias—Do not dance, my daughter.

Salome—By what will you swear this thing, Tetrarch?

Herod—By my life, by my crown, by my gods. Whatsoever thou shalt desire I will give it thee, even to the half of my kingdom, if thou wilt but dance for me. O Salome, Salome, dance for me!

Salome—You have sworn an oath, Tetrarch.

Herod—I have sworn an oath.

Herodias—My daughter, do not dance.

Herod—Even to the half of my kingdom. Thou wilt be passing fair as a queen, Salome, if it please thee to ask for the half of my kingdom. Will she not be fair as a queen? Ah! it is cold here! There is an icy wind, and I hear—wherefore do I hear in the air this beating of wings? Ah! one might fancy a huge black bird that hovers over the terrace. Why can I not see it, this bird? The beat of its wings are terrible. It is a chill wind. Nay, but it is not cold, it is hot. I am choking. Pour water on my hands. Give me snow to eat. Loosen my mantle. Quick! quick! loosen my mantle. Nay, but leave it. It is my garland that hurts me, my garland of roses. The flowers are like fire. They have burned my forehead. (*He tears the wreath from his head, and throws it on the table.*) Ah! I can breathe now. How red those petals are! They are like stains of blood on the cloth. That does not matter. It is not wise to find symbols in everything that one sees. It makes life too full of terrors. It were better to say that stains of blood are as lovely as rose-petals. It were better far to say that—But we will not speak of this. Now I am happy; I am passing happy. Have I not the right to be happy? Your daughter is going to dance for me. Wilt thou not dance for me, Salome? Thou hast promised to dance for me.

HERODIAS—I will not have her dance.

SALOME—I will dance for you, Tetrarch.

HEROD—You hear what your daughter says. She is going to dance for me. Thou doest well to dance for me, Salome. And when thou hast danced for me, forget not to ask of me whatsoever thou hast a mind to ask. Whatsoever thou shalt desire I will give it thee, even to the half of my kingdom. I have sworn it, have I not?

SALOME—Thou hast sworn it, Tetrarch.

HEROD—And I have never failed of my word. I am not of those who break their oaths. I know not how to lie. I am the slave of my word, and my word is the word of a king. The King of Cappadocia has ever a lying tongue, but he is no true king. He is a coward. Also he owes me money that he will not repay. He has ever insulted my ambassadors. He has spoken words that are wounding. But Cæsar will crucify him when he comes to Rome. I know that Cæsar will crucify him. And if he crucify him not, yet will he die, being eaten of worms. The prophet has prophesied it. Well! Wherefore dost thou tarry, Salome?

SALOME—I am waiting until my slaves bring perfumes to me and the seven veils, and take from off my feet my sandals. (SLAVES *bring perfumes and the seven veils, and take off the sandals of* SALOME.)

HEROD—Ah, thou art to dance with naked feet! 'Tis well! 'Tis well! Thy little feet will be like white doves. They will be little white flowers that dance upon the trees. No, no, she is going to dance on blood! There is blood spilt on the ground. She must not dance on blood. It were an evil omen.

HERODIAS—What is it to thee if she dance on blood? Thou hast waded deep enough in it.

HEROD—What is it to me? Ah! look at the moon! She has become red. She has become red as blood. Ah! the prophet prophesied truly. He prophesied that the moon would become as blood. Did he not prophesy it? All of ye heard him prophesying it. And now the moon has become as blood. Do ye not see it?

HERODIAS—Oh, yes, I see it well, and the stars are falling like unripe figs, are they not? And the sun is becoming black like sackcloth of hair, and the kings of the earth are afraid. That, at least, one can see. The prophet is justified of his words in that at least, for truly the kings of the earth are afraid. Let us go within. You are sick. They will say at Rome that you are mad. Let us go within, I tell you.

THE VOICE OF IOKANAAN—Who is this who cometh from Edom, who is this who cometh from Bozra, whose raiment is dyed with purple, who shineth in the beauty of his garments, who walketh mighty in his greatness? Wherefore is thy raiment stained with scarlet?

HERODIAS—Let us go within. The voice of that man maddens me. I will not have my daughter dance while he is continually crying out. I will not have her dance while you look at her in this fashion. In a word, I will not have her dance.

HEROD—Do not rise, my wife, my queen; it will avail thee nothing. I will not go within till she hath danced. Dance, Salome, dance for me.

HERODIAS—Do not dance, my daughter.

SALOME—I am ready, Tetrarch. (SALOME *dances the dance of the seven veils.*)

HEROD—Ah! wonderful! wonderful! You see that she has danced for me, your daughter. Come near, Salome, come near, that I may give thee thy fee. Ah! I pay a royal price to those who dance for my pleasure. I will pay thee royally. I will give thee whatsoever thy soul desireth. What wouldst thou have? Speak.

SALOME (*kneeling*)—I would that they presently bring me in a silver charger—

HEROD (*laughing*)—In a silver charger? Surely yes, in a silver charger. She is charming, is she not? What is it that thou wouldst have in a silver charger, O sweet and fair Salome, thou that are fairer than all the daughters of Judæa? What wouldst thou have them bring thee in a silver charger? Tell me. Whatsoever it may be, thou shalt receive it. My treasures belong to thee. What is that thou wouldst have, Salome?

SALOME (*rising*)—The head of Iokanaan.

HERODIAS—Ah! that is well said, my daughter.

HEROD—No, no!

HERODIAS—That is well said, my daughter.

Herod—No, no, Salome. It is not that thou desirest. Do not listen to thy mother's voice. She is ever giving thee evil counsel. Do not heed her.

Salome—It is not my mother's voice that I heed. It is for mine own pleasure that I ask the head of Iokanaan in a silver charger. You have sworn an oath, Herod. Forget not that you have sworn an oath.

Herod—I know it. I have sworn an oath by my gods. I know it well. But I pray thee, Salome, ask for something else. Ask of me the half of my kingdom, and I will give it thee. But ask not of me what thy lips have asked.

Salome—I ask of you the head of Iokanaan.

Herod—No, no; I will not give it thee.

Salome—You have sworn an oath, Herod.

Herodias—Yes, you have sworn an oath. Everybody heard you. You swore it before everybody.

Herod—Peace, woman! It is not to you I speak.

Herodias—My daughter has done well to ask the head of Iokanaan. He has covered me with insults. He has said unspeakable things against me. One can see that she loves her mother well. Do not yield, my daughter. He has sworn an oath; he has sworn an oath.

Herod—Peace! Speak not to me! Salome, I pray thee be not stubborn. I have ever been kind toward thee. I have ever loved thee. It may be that I have loved thee too much. Therefore ask not this thing of me. This is a terrible thing, an awful thing to ask of me. Surely, I think thou art jesting. The head of a man that is cut from his body is ill to look upon, is it not? It is not meet that the eyes of a virgin should look upon such a thing. What pleasure couldst thou have in it? There is no pleasure that thou couldst have in it. No, no! it is not that thou desirest. Hearken to me. I have an emerald, a great emerald and round, that the minion of Cæsar has sent unto me. When thou lookest through this emerald thou canst see that which passeth afar off. Cæsar himself carries such an emerald when he goes to the circus. But my emerald is the larger. I know well that it is the larger. It is the largest emerald in the whole world. Thou wilt take that, wilt thou not? Ask it of me and I will give it thee.

Salome—I demand the head of Iokanaan.

Herod—Thou art not listening. Thou art not listening. Suffer me to speak, Salome.

Salome—The head of Iokanaan!

Herod—No, no, thou wouldst not have that. Thou sayest that but to trouble me, because that I have looked at thee and ceased not this night. It is true, I have looked at thee and ceased not this night. Thy beauty has troubled me. Thy beauty has grievously troubled me, and I have looked at thee overmuch. Nay, but I will look at thee no more. One should not look at anything. Neither at things, nor at people should one look. Only in mirrors is it well to look, for mirrors do but show us masks. Oh! oh! bring wine! I thirst! Salome, Salome, let us be friends. Bethink thee— Ah! what would I say? What was't? Ah! I remember it! Salome—nay, but come nearer to me; I fear thou wilt not hear my words—Salome, thou knowest my white peacocks, my beautiful white peacocks that walk in the garden between the myrtles and the tall cypress-trees. Their beaks are golden with gold, and the grains that they eat are smeared with gold, and their feet are stained with purple. When they cry out the rain comes, and the moon shows herself in the heavens when they spread their tails. Two by two, they walk between the cypress-trees and the black myrtles, and each has a slave to tend it. Sometimes they fly across the trees, and anon they couch in the grass, and around the pools of the water. There are not in all the world birds so wonderful. I know that Cæsar himself has no birds so fair as my birds. I will give thee fifty of my peacocks. They will follow thee whithersoever thou goest, and in the midst of them thou wilt be like unto the moon in the midst of a great white cloud. I will give them to thee, all. I have but a hundred, and in the whole world there is no king who has peacocks like unto my peacocks. But I will give them all to thee. Only thou must loose me from my oath, and must not ask of me that which thy lips have asked of me. (*He empties the cup of wine.*)

Salome—Give me the head of Iokanaan.

Herodias—Well said, my daughter. As for you, you are ridiculous with your peacocks.

Herod—Peace! you are always crying out. You cry out like a beast of prey. You must not cry in such fashion. Your voice wearies me. Peace, I tell you! Salome, think on what thou art doing. It may be that this man comes from God. He is a holy man. The finger of God has touched him. God has put terrible words into his mouth. In the palace, as in the desert, God is ever with him. It may be that He is, at least. One cannot tell, but it is possible that God is with him and for him. If he die also, peradventure some evil may befall me. Verily, he has said that evil will befall someone on the day whereon he dies. On whom should it fall if it fall not on me? Remember, I slipped in blood when I came hither. Also did I not hear the beating of wings in the air, a beating of vast wings? These are ill omens. And there were other things. I am sure there were other things, though I saw them not. Thou wouldst not that some evil should befall me, Salome? Listen to me again.

SALOME—Give me the head of Iokanaan!

HEROD—Ah! thou art not listening to me. Be calm. As for me, am I not calm? I am altogether calm. Listen. I have jewels hidden in this place—jewels that thy mother even has not seen; jewels that are marvelous to look at. I have a collar of pearls, set in four rows. They are like unto moons chained with rays of silver. They are even as half a hundred moons caught in a golden net. On the ivory breast of a queen they have rested. Thou shalt be as fair as a queen when thou wearest them. I have amethysts of two kinds; one that is black like wine, and one that is red like wine that one has coloured with water. I have topazes that are pink as the eyes of a wood pigeon, and green topazes that are as the eyes of cats. I have opals that burn always, with a flame that is cold as ice, opals that make sad men's minds, and are afraid of the shadows. I have onyxes like the eyeballs of a dead woman. I have moonstones that change when the moon changes, and are wan when they see the sun. I have sapphires big like eggs, and as blue as blue flowers. The sea wanders within them, and the moon comes never to trouble the blue of their waves. I have chrysolites and beryls, and chrysoprases and rubies; I have sardonyx and hyacinth stones, and stones of chalcedony, and I will give them all unto thee, all, and other things will I add to them. The king of the Indies has but even now sent me four fans fashioned from the feathers of parrots, and the King of Numidia a garment of ostrich feathers. I have a crystal, into which it is not lawful for a woman to look, nor may men behold it until they have been beaten with rods. In a coffer of nacre I have three wondrous turquoises. He who wears them on his forehead can imagine things which are not, and he who carries them in his hand can turn the fruitful woman into a woman that is barren. These are great treasures. They are treasures above all price. But this is not all. In an ebony coffer I have two cups of amber that are like apples of pure gold. If an enemy pour poison into these cups they become like apples of silver. In a coffer incrusted with amber I have sandals incrusted with glass. I have mantles that have been brought from the land of the Seres, and bracelets flecked about with carbuncles and with jade that come from the city of Euphrates. What desirest thou more than this, Salome? Tell me the thing that thou desirest, and I will give it thee. All that thou askest I will give thee, save one thing only. I will give thee all that is mine, save only the life of one man. I will give thee the mantle of the high priest. I will give thee the veil of the sanctuary.

THE JEWS—Oh! oh!

SALOME—Give me the head of Iokanaan!

HEROD (*sinking back in his chair*)—Let her be given what she asks! Of a truth she is her mother's child! (*The* FIRST SOLDIER *approaches.* HERODIAS *draws from the hand of the* TETRARCH *the ring of death, and gives it to the soldier, who straightway bears it to the executioner. The executioner looks scared.*) Who has taken my ring? There was a ring on my right hand. Who has drunk my wine? There was wine in my cup. It was full of wine. Some one has drunk it! Oh! surely some evil will befall some one. (*The executioner goes down into the cistern.*) Ah! wherefore did I give my oath? Hereafter let no king swear an oath. If he keep it not, it is terrible, and if he keep it, it is terrible also.

HERODIAS—My daughter has done well.

HEROD—I am sure that some misfortune will happen.

SALOME (*she leans over the cistern and listens*)—There is no sound. I hear nothing. Why does he not cry out, this man? Ah! if any man sought to kill me, I would cry out, I would struggle, I would not suffer. Strike, strike, Naaman, strike, I tell you! No, I hear nothing. There is a silence, a terrible silence. Ah! something has fallen upon the ground. I heard something fall. It was the sword of the executioner. He is afraid, this slave. He has dropped his sword. He dares not kill him. He is a coward, this slave! Let soldiers be sent. (*She sees the Page of* HERODIAS *and addresses him.*) Come hither. Thou wert the friend of him who is dead, wert thou not? Well, I tell thee, there are not dead men enough. Go to the soldiers and bid them go down and bring me the thing I ask, the thing the Tetrarch has promised me, the thing that is mine. (*The Page recoils. She turns to the soldiers.*)

Hither, ye soldiers. Get ye down into this cistern and bring me the head of this man. Tetrarch, Tetrarch, command your soldiers that they bring me the head of Iokanaan. (*A huge black arm, the arm of the executioner, comes forth from the cistern, bearing on a silver shield the head of* IOKANAAN. SALOME *seizes it.* HEROD *hides his face with his cloak.* HERODIAS *smiles and fans herself. The* NAZARENES *fall on their knees and begin to pray.*) Ah; thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. Well! I will kiss it now. I will bite it with my teeth as one bites a ripe fruit. Yes, I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan. I said it; did I not say it? I said it. Ah; I will kiss it now. But wherefore dost thou not look at me, Iokanaan? Thine eyes that were so terrible, so full of rage and scorn, are shut now. Wherefore are they shut? Open thine eyes! Lift up thine eyelids, Iokanaan. Wherefore dost thou not look at me? Art thou afraid of me, Iokanaan, that thou wilt not look at me? And thy tongue, that was like a red snake darting poison, it moves no more, it speaks no words, Iokanaan, that scarlet viper that spat its venom upon me. It is strange, is it not? How is it that the red viper stirs no longer? Thou wouldst have none of me, Iokanaan. Thou rejectedest me. Thou didst speak evil words against me. Thou didst bear thyself towards me as to a harlot, as to a woman that is a wanton, to me, Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa! Well, I still live, but thou art dead, and thy head belongs to me. I can do with it what I will. I can throw it to the dogs and to the birds of the air. That which the dogs leave, the birds of the air shall devour. Ah, Iokanaan, Iokanaan, thou wert the man that I loved alone among men! All other men were hateful to me. But thou wert beautiful! Thy body was a column of ivory set upon feet of silver. It was a tower of silver decked with shields of ivory. There was nothing in the world so white as thy body. There was nothing in the world so black as thy hair. In the whole world there was nothing so red as thy mouth. Thy voice was a censer that scattered strange perfumes, and when I looked on thee I heard a strange music. Ah! wherefore didst thou not look at me, Iokanaan? With the cloak of thine hands, and with the cloak of thy blasphemies thou didst hide thy face. Thou didst put upon thine eyes the covering of him who would see God. Well, thou hast seen thy God, Iokanaan, but me, me, thou didst never see. If thou hadst seen me thou hadst loved me. I saw thee, and I loved thee. Oh, how I loved thee! I love thee yet, Iokanaan. I love only thee. I am thirsty for thy beauty; I am hungry for thy body; and neither wine nor apples can appease my desire. What shall I do now, Iokanaan? Neither the floods nor the great waters can quench my passion. I was a princess, and thou didst scorn me. I was a virgin, and thou didst take my virginity from me. I was chaste, and thou didst fill my veins with fire. Ah! ah! wherefore didst thou not look at me? If thou hadst looked at me thou hadst loved me. Well I know that thou wouldst have loved me, and the mystery of Love is greater than the mystery of Death.

HEROD—She is monstrous, thy daughter; I tell thee she is monstrous. In truth, what she has done is a great crime. I am sure that it is a crime against some unknown God.

HERODIAS—I am well pleased with my daughter. She has done well. And I would stay here now.

HEROD (*rising*)—Ah! There speaks my brother's wife! Come! I will not stay in this place. Come, I tell thee. Surely some terrible thing will befall. Manasseh, Issachar, Ozias, put out the torches. I will not look at things, I will not suffer things to look at me. Put out the torches! Hide the moon! Hide the stars! Let us hide ourselves in our palace, Herodias. I begin to be afraid. (*The slaves put out the torches. The stars disappear. A great cloud crosses the moon and conceals it completely. The stage becomes quite dark. The* TETRARCH *begins to climb the staircase.*)

THE VOICE OF SALOME—Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth. There was a bitter taste on thy lips. Was it the taste of blood? Nay; but perchance it was the taste of love. They say that love hath a bitter taste. But what matter? what matter? I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth. (*A ray of moonlight falls on* SALOME *and illumines her.*)

HEROD (*turning round and seeing* SALOME) —Kill that woman! (*The soldiers rush forward and crush beneath their shields,* SALOME, *daughter of* HERODIAS, *Princess of Judæa.*)

CURTAIN.

The Debt-Collector

By MAURICE LEVEL

RAVENOT, debt-collector to the same bank for ten years, was a model employee. Never had there been the least cause to find fault with him. Never had the slightest error been detected in his books.

Living alone, carefully avoiding new acquaintances, keeping out of cafés and without love-affairs, he seemed happy, quite content with his lot. If it were sometimes said in his hearing: "It must be a temptation to handle such large sums!" he would quietly reply: "Why? Money that doesn't belong to you is not money."

In the locality in which he lived he was looked upon as a paragon, his advice sought after and taken.

On the evening of one collecting-day he did not return to his home. The idea of dishonesty never even suggested itself to those who knew him. Possibly a crime had been committed. The police traced his movements during the day. He had presented his bills punctually, and had colected his last sum near the Montrouge Gate about seven o'clock, when he had over two hundred thousand francs in his possession. Further than that all trace of him was lost. They scoured the waste ground that lies near the fortifications; the hovels that are found here and there in the military zone were ransacked: all with no result. As a matter of form they telegraphed n every direction, to every frontier station. But the directors of the bank, as well as the police, had little doubt that he had been aid in wait for, robbed, and thrown into the river. Basing their deductions on certain clues, they were able to state almost positively that the coup had been planned or some time by professional thieves.

Only one man in Paris shrugged his shoulders when he read about it in the papers: that man was Ravenot.

Just at the time when the keenest sleuthhounds of the police were losing his scent, he had reached the Seine by the Boulevards Extérieurs. He had dressed himself under the arch of a bridge in some everyday clothes he had left there the night before, had put the two hundred thousand francs in his pocket, and, making a bundle of his uniform and satchel, he had weighted it with a large stone and dropped it into the river; then, unperturbed, he had returned to Paris. He slept at an hotel, and slept well. In a few hours he had become a consummate thief.

Profiting by his start, he might have taken a train across the frontier. He was too wise to suppose that a few hundred kilometers would put him beyond the reach of the gendarmes, and he had no illusions as to the fate that awaited him. He would most assuredly be arrested. Besides, his plan was a very different one.

When daylight came, he enclosed the two hundred thousand francs in an envelope, sealed it with five seals, and went to a lawyer.

"Monsieur," said he, "this is why I have come to you. In this envelope I have some securities, papers that I want to leave in safety. I am going for a long journey, and I don't know when I shall return. I should like to leave this packet with you. I suppose you have no objection to my doing so?"

"None whatever. I'll give you a receipt."

He assented, then began to think. A receipt? Where could he put it? To whom entrust it? If he kept it on his person, he would certainly lose his deposit. He hesitated, not having foreseen this complication. Then he said easily:

"I am alone in the world, without relations and friends. The journey I intend making is not without danger. I should run the risk of losing the receipt, or it might be destroyed. Would it not be possible for you to take possession of the packet and place it in safety among your documents, and when I return, I should merely have to tell you, or your successor, my name?"

"But if I do that . . ."

"State on the receipt that it can only be claimed in this way. At any rate, if there is any risk, it is mine."

"Agreed! What is your name?"

He replied without hesitation:

"Duverger, Henri Duverger."

When he got back to the street, he breathed a sigh of relief. The first part of his program was over. They could clap the handcuffs on him now: the substance of his theft was beyond reach.

He had worked things out with cold deliberation on these lines: on the expiration of his sentence he would claim the deposit. No one would be able to dispute his right to it. Four or five unpleasant years to be gone through, and he would be a rich man! It was preferable to spending his life trudging from door to door collecting debts. He would go to live in the country. To every one he would be "Monsieur Duverger." He would grow old in peace and contentment, known as an honest, charitable man—for he would spend some of the money on others.

He waited twenty-four hours longer to make sure the numbers of the notes were not known, and reassured on this point, he gave himself up, a cigarette between his lips.

Another man in his place would have invented some story. He preferred to tell the truth, to admit the theft. Why waste time? But at his trial, as when he was first charged, it was impossible to drag from him a word about what he had done with the 200,000 francs. He confined himself to saying:

"I don't know. I fell asleep on a bench. . . . In my turn I was robbed."

Thanks to his irreproachable past he was condemned to only five years' penal servitude. He heard the sentence without moving a muscle. He was thirty-five. At forty, he would be free and rich. He considered the confinement a small, necessary sacrifice.

In the prison where he served his sentence he was a model for all the others, just as he had been a model employee. He watched the slow days pass without impatience or anxiety, concerned only about his health.

At last the day of his discharge came. They gave him back his little stock of personal effects, and he left with but one idea in his mind, that of getting to the lawyer. As he walked along, he imagined the coming scene.

He would arrive. He would be ushered into the impressive office. Would the lawyer recognize him? He would look in the glass: decidedly he had grown considerably older, and no doubt his face bore traces of his experience. No, certainly the lawyer would not recognize him. Ha! Ha! It would add to the humor of the situation.

"What can I do for you, Monsieur?"

"I have come for a deposit I made here five years ago."

"Which deposit? In what name?"

"In the name of Monsieur . . ."

Ravenot stopped, suddenly murmuring:

"How extraordinary. I can't remember the name I gave."

He racked his brains—a blank! He sat down on a bench, and feeling that he was growing unnerved, reasoned with himself.

"Come, come! Be calm! Monsieur . . . Monsieur . . . It began with . . . which letter?"

For an hour he sat lost in thought, straining his memory, groping after something that might suggest a clue. A waste of time. The name danced in front of him, round about him: he saw the letters jump, the syllables vanish. Every second he felt that he had it; that it was before his eyes, on his lips. No! At first this only worried him: then it became a sharp irritation that cut into him with a pain that was almost physical. Hot waves ran up and down his back. His muscles contracted: he found it impossible to sit still. His hands began to twitch. He bit his dry lips. He was divided between an impulse to weep and one to fight. But the more he focused his attention, the further the name seemed to recede. He struck the ground with his foot, rose, and said aloud:

"What's the good of worrying? It only makes things worse. If I leave off thinking about it, it will come of itself."

But an obsession cannot be shaken off in this way. In vain he turned his attention to the faces of the passers-by, stopped at the shop-windows, listened to the street noises: while he listened, unhearing, and looked, unseeing, the great question persisted:

"Monsieur? Monsieur?"

Night came. The streets were deserted. Worn out, he went to an hotel, asked for a room, and flung himself fully-dressed on the bed. For hours he went on racking his brain. At dawn he fell asleep. It was broad daylight when he awoke. He stretched himself luxuriously, his mind at ease; but in a flash the obsession gripped him again:

"Monsieur? Monsieur?"

A new sensation began to dominate his anguish of mind: fear. Fear that he might never remember the name, never. He got up, went out, walked for hours at random, hanging round the office of the lawyer. For the second time, night fell. He clutched his head in his hands and groaned:

"I shall go mad."

A terrible idea had now taken possession of his mind; he had 200,000 francs in notes, 200,000 francs, acquired by dishonesty, of course, but his, and they were out of his reach. To get them he had undergone five years in prison and now he could not touch them. The notes were there waiting for him, and one word, a mere word he could not remember, stood, an insuperable barrier, between him and them. He beat with clenched fists on his head, feeling his reason trembling in the balance; he stumbled against lamp-posts with the sway of a drunken man, tripped over curbstones. It was no longer an obsession or a torment. It had become a frenzy of his whole being, of his brain and of his flesh. He had now become convinced that he would never remember. His imagination conjured up a sardonic laugh that rang in his ear; people in the streets seemed to point at him as he passed. His steps quickened into a run that carried him straight ahead, knocking up against the passers-by, oblivious of the traffic. He wished to strike back, to be run over, crushed out of existence.

"Monsieur? Monsieur?"

At his feet the Seine flowed by, a muddy green spangled with the reflections of the bright stars. He sobbed out:

"Monsieur . . . ? Oh, that name! That name!"

He went down the steps that led to the river, and lying face downwards, worked himself towards it to cool his face and hands. He was panting; the water drew him . . . drew his hot eyes . . . his ears . . . his whole body. He felt himself slipping, and unable to cling to the steep bank, he fell. The shock of the cold water set every nerve a-tingle. He struggled . . . thrust out his arms . . . flung his head up . . . went under . . . rose to the surface again, and with a sudden mighty effort, his eyes staring from his head, he yelled:

"I've got it! . . . Help! Duverger! Du . . ."

The quay was deserted. The water rippled against the pillars of the bridge: the echo of the somber arch repeated the name lazily: lights danced on it, white and red. A wave a little stronger than the rest licked the bank near the mooring rings. . . . All was still . . .

Proud Maisie

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"—
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

'Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"—
"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

Sir Walter Scott.

Concerning Women

Some Masculine Ideas of the Opposite Sex

Women to me had been for several years a predetermined hallucination from which man was always in danger of being freed by marrying it. J. P. MOWBRAY.

I expect that women will be the last thing civilized by man. MEREDITH.

"It's not so easy for a man to understand a bad woman," says father. "No, father, Brita was not bad, but she was a proud one." "It comes to the same thing," says father. SELMA LAGERLÖF.

"Yes, there" (said Geoffrey), "wives be such a provoking class of society, because though they be never right, they be never more than half wrong." HARDY.

You see, however great may be the love that unites them, a man and a woman are always strangers in mind and intellect; they remain combatants, they belong to different races. DE MAUPASSANT.

"The Russian woman," a gifted Russian author has said, "weeps when she hears the words of the Gospel in church, but she weeps because she cannot understand them." ARTZYBASHEFF.

All women are good for something, or nothing. OLD SAYING.

There is a tide in the affairs of women
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where. BYRON.

"I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another." SHAKESPEARE.

I am a wooman, needès most I speke,
Or elles swellè til myn herté breke. CHAUCER.

Man has his will—but woman has her way. HOLMES.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that,
But clear the decks and—Here's the sex!
I like the jads for a' that. BURNS.

Women in their hearts believe that men are intended to earn money so that they may spend it—if possible during the husband's lifetime, but at any rate after his death. SCHOPENHAUER.

There are only two kinds of women, the plain and the coloured. OSCAR WILDE.

"You see, dear, it is not true that woman was made from man's rib; she was really made from his funny bone." BARRIE.

Most women have no characters at all. POPE.

O Woman, you are not merely the handiwork of God, but also of men; these are ever endowing you with beauty from their own hearts. . . . You are one-half women and one-half dream. TAGORE.

She hugg'd the offender and forgave the offence;
Sex to the last. DRYDEN.

"Tell me the cause: I know there is a woman in't." BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Mother, wives and maids,
These be the tools wherewith priests manage men. BROWNING.

When I say that I know women, I mean that I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. THACKERAY.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me. MOORE.

A woman's the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with. RICHTER.

The existence of a woman is the history of her affections. IRVING.

In the beginning, said a Persian poet—Allah took a rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, a Dead Sea apple, and a handful of clay; when he looked at the amalgam—it was a woman. WILLIAM SHARP.

Woman is more impressionable than man. Therefore in the Golden Age they were better than men. Now they are worse. TOLSTOY.

Feminine policy has a mysterious method; it is better to leave it to them. MONTAIGNE.

"Have you never noticed that women live much less in their imagination than men? We don't know how to taste pleasure in our fancy or escape from pain with a fanciful consolation. What is, is. Imagination—it is so innocuous. When we get as old as I am now, then sometimes we content ourselves with the poverty-stricken comedy of imagination But we ought never to do it—never!" J. P. JACOBSEN.

"Do not excite yourself, my child. Madame Doulce is sincere. She used to love men, now she loves God. One loves what one can, as one can, and with what one has." ANATOLE FRANCE.

The fickleness of the woman I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Man born of woman must of woman die. HOOD.

"When I was young," murmured Don Juan, "it was a little different . . . . I seem clearly to remember that there were—charming women. But now, whether it be they that are more stupid or I that have grown wiser, you can form no conception how identical they are." PER HALLSTRÖM.

Between ourselves, I do not believe you have ever known the luxury of that organ called the heart. You have troubles of the mind, pleasures of the mind, but the organ known as the heart is developed only about the twenty-fifth year of age, in the 46th degree of latitude. PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

Two Runaways

By HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Harry Stillwell Edwards

I HAVE little doubt but many people in middle Georgia yet remember Crawford Worthington, who, in ante-bellum days, kept open house in Baldwin County. Major Worthington, as he was called because of some fancied aid he had extended to his country during the difficulty with Mexico, was not a type—unless to be one of many singular characters in a region whose peculiar institutions admitted of the wildest eccentricities can constitute a type. He lived in the midst of peace and plenty upon his plantation not many miles from Milledgeville, surrounded by several hundred slaves, with whom he was upon singular but easy terms. His broad, rolling fields, his almost boundless pastures, his solemn-fronted and tall-columned house, his comfortable "quarters," where dwelt the negroes, all bespoke prosperity and independence. Independent he was; no prince ever ruled with sway more potent than this bachelor planter, surrounded by his blacks and acknowledging none other than his own will.

This marked character was a man below medium height. His figure inclined very decidedly to portliness, and beyond a long narrow mustache and thin imperial of black and gray, his face was clean-shaven. Iron-gray hair in abundance crept out from under the white felt hat he generally wore, and his mixed suit of gray was illumined by a ruffled shirt and broad-spreading cuffs of the finest linen.

Self-willed and eccentric are weak words with which to stamp this gentleman's actions. In the long days of his idleness, when the Legislature was not in session, the negro was an unfailing source of amusement and study to him, and his sole diversion, for he despised books from the day he left college, and beyond a sporting journal and a paper from a neighboring city, he had no periodical. Of course he was a Whig.

Upon the day which I have selected to open a page in the experience of Major Crawford Worthington he was sitting upon his broad veranda, which swept back from the front around to the shady eastern exposure and overlooked the spacious back yard. Two-score pickaninnies in short shirts had scrambled in front of him for small silver coins, as he scattered them upon the ground beneath. The tears wrung from him by their contortions and funny postures had dried upon his cheeks, and, weary of the sport, he had turned away the black athletes by means of a few gourds of cold water skillfully applied to their half-clad forms, had settled back to enjoy the afternoon, and fell a-dreaming.

He remembered, in that easy method common to dreams, how years before he had sat upon that same porch watching a favourite old negro catching chickens in the yard. "Isam!" he had said; and, moving with jerky little motions that seemed always to attune themselves to his master's moods as expressed in his tones, Isam had minced up the steps.

"Isam," he had continued, "you are fixing to run away!"

He remembered the startled look that swept over the funny little man's countenance, and his answer:

"Lord mussy, Mass' Craffud, whoev'r hyah de like er dat!"

"Yes, sir; and you are fixing to start right away."

There had been genuine grief in the negro's voice as he replied:

"Fo' Gawd, Mass' Craffud, you dun got de wrong nigger dis time. Isam is nigh onter fifty year ole, en' he ain' nev'r lef' de place on er run yet. No, sah!"

Isam, however, spurred on by the suggestion, had really run off, and the overseer had scoured the country for him in vain. The black was enjoying freedom beyond recall, but one morning while the Major was breakfasting alone, and his two servants who attended the table were busy with fly-brush and waffles, Isam suddenly stood in the doorway. His clothes were torn and soiled, and his face wore a hang-dog look that was in truth comical. Since that day old Isam had run away annually about the same time of the year, and this without any apparent cause.

Evidently this was what the Major was thinking of, for smiles came and went upon his face like shadows under the swaying mimosa. And when at last his eyes fell again upon the old negro:

"Isam!" he said, just as he had spoken years ago.

"Yes, sir," and the jerky little tones were the same.

"You are fixing to run away, Isam!"

"Me!" and again that reproachful, protesting voice.

"Yes, you; just as you have for years. You are getting ready to start. I have had my eye on you for a week. But," said the Major, fixing his lips after the Worthington fashion, "I am going to know this time where you go, and why you go."

There was silence a full minute; then the negro spoke:

"Mass' Craffud, 'deed en' I dunno 'zactly how et is. Hit jes' sorter strikes me, en' I'm gone 'fo' I know 't. En' dat's er sollum fac', sho'."

"Well," said the Major, "then go when it strikes you. It is a relief to get rid of you occasionally. But if you get off this time without letting me know when you start, I'll cut your ears off when you come back,—if I don't—"

And Isam believed him.

II

Isam's annual runaway freak had worried Major Worthington more than anything of like importance he had ever confronted. He cared not an iota for his lost time, nor for his bad example; but it galled him to think that there was anything in connection with a negro that he could not fathom. In this old negro he had at last found a cunning and a mystery that evaded his penetration. Study as he might, no satisfactory explanation could ever be secured. Year after year, about the first of July, his factotum failed to appear, and the place that had known him so long knew him no more for a fortnight.

It was seldom that the Major ever threatened a servant. Never before in his life had a threat been leveled at Isam, who was a privileged character about the house. It was not surprising, therefore, that just before daybreak next morning a knock was heard at the Major's window. That individual understood it, and quietly donning his clothes went outside, assured that he would find Isam on hand. He was not mistaken.

"Hit's dun struck me, Mass' Craffud, en' I's 'bliged ter go," said Isam.

"Ah!" said the Major; "then we'll talk it over first."

Isam sat upon the steps, the major in his old rocker, and talk it over they did, until a pale glimmer trembled in the east. What passed between them no one ever learned; but finally the Major rose, and preceded by Isam, who bore a pack that gave him the appearance of a sable Kris Kringle, struck out straight across the fence and the fields, disappearing in the woods beyond. Only the hounds knew when they left, and these tugged at their chains with noisy pleadings but in vain. When day finally rolled in with streaming banners, Woodhaven was without its master, and the overseer, too much accustomed to the eccentricities of that absent power to worry over his sudden departure, reigned in his stead.

The path of the runaways led first directly past a growth of plum-bushes, an acre in extent, that stood out in the open field, a small forest in itself. This was the burial ground, where without regard to order or system the graves of departed negroes, covered with bits of glass, broken cups, abandoned cans, and other treasures of the trash heap, dotted the shadowy depths. These glimmered faintly in the grey half-light, and Isam shivered slightly as he passed. The movement did not escape the notice of the Major, who smiled grimly as he said:

"You don't come this way, Isam, when you run off by yourself."

The sound of a human voice was reassuring, and the negro answered cheerily:

"Yessir. Ain' nuthin' go'n' ter tech ole Isam. All dem in dere is dun boun' en' sot."

"And what the deuce is 'bound and sot'?"

The Major's inquiry betrayed impatience rather than curiosity; he knew well how secretive is the negro of any class when interrogated in connection with his superstitions. Isam shook his head.

"Lor' sakes, Mass' Craffud, don' you know all 'bout dat?"

"No," said the Major testily; "if I did, I wouldn't be wasting breath asking a fool nigger."

"Well," said Isam, willing to compromise in the interest of peace, "w'en er sperrit gits out'n de flesh, de only way hit can be boun' en' sot es ter plug er tree." He stepped in front of a broken pine near the path, and examined it critically. "Dere 's er plug roun' hyah fur mi'ty nigh ev'y wun dem graves, ef yer knows where ter look."

"What do you mean by this nonsense, Isam? Do you expect me to swallow such stuff?"

"Hit's er fac', Mass' Craffud. Dere, now, dere's er plug, sho' nuff."

Years before—Major Worthington remembered it then—he had come across a split pine from which a half dozen of these plugs had fallen, and was surprised by the scare it had caused on the plantation. They were made up of old nails, bits of glass, red pepper, and tar, and sprinkled with the blood of a chicken. Each plug contained a few hairs from the head of the deceased and a piece of a garment that had been worn next the skin. Each ingredient had an important significance, but exactly what it was no one knew or knows to this day, unless some aged Voodoo lingers in the land and holds the secret.

The Major examined the signs pointed out. Only a practised eye in broad daylight would have been apt to discover them. He deliberately took out his knife and began to pick at a plug. The change that came over Isam was ludicrous. He clutched the Major's arm and chattered out:

"Don', Mass' Craffud! don' do it, honey; you mout let de meanes' nigg'r on de place git loose, en' dere ain' no tellin' w'at 'u'd happ'n. You git de chill 'n' fev'r 'n' cat'piller 'n' bad craps, sho' 's yer born. Oh, Lordy! Lordy! Lordy! Dere, now, t'ank de Lord!"

The Major had calmly persisted in his efforts to extract a plug until his knife-blade snapped. With a great pretense of rage he persisted with the broken blade until finally, sure enough, out fell the plug. In an instant the negro had seized it and thrust it in place again, and with his back to the tree was begging so piteously, the Major could not resist.

"All right, idiot," he said laughingly. "Lead the way; I won't trouble it."

Isam moved off without much ado, and the Major, who was not built for running races and climbing fences, had as much as he could do to keep up. The negro wagged his head ominously as he hurried along.

"Dere ain' no tellin' but w'at dat nigg'r dun got loos' en' 'gun his curvortin' roun' 'fo' now. One time, lightnin' busted er tree ov'r dere, en' seben er dem plugs drap out; en' dat summer de typhoid fev'r struck seben nigg'rs, en' de las' one uv 'm died spang dead. Ain' nev'r had dat fev'r 'fo' er sence on de place. But dey do say," continued Isam, now anxious to communicate his extensive knowledge of the subject, "ef dem folks hadn' burn de light'ud fum dat tree, nuthin' 'd happ'n. Bet you can't git er nigg'r 'n Baldwin County ter burn eny mo' uv de lightnin's light'ud, en' mi'ty few go'n' ter rake pine straw 'bout dere."

III

THE human race has certainly been evolved from a barbaric into a partly civilized state. At odd seasons the old instinct crops out and regains control of us. Major Worthington had entered upon his brief lapse into savagery, though he did not realize it. Ill-adapted as he was for foot-journeys of considerable length, the flush of new freedom sustained him.

But the unwonted exercise told at last. A halt must, perforce, soon have been ordered, when Isam plunged over a sharp decline, and indicating a long line of paler green and a denser growth in front exclaimed:

"'Mos' dere now!"

The Major knew the place. It was the line of the Oconee River mapped in verdure. Reaching the welcome shade, he dropped down where Isam had already pitched his bundle.

Mumbling after the fashion of old darkies, a meaning smile upon his lips, which, after all, is but merely thinking aloud, Isam brought from the well-filled depths of his kit a small stone jug. Soon, after certain rites and ceremonies appropriate to the occasion, he approached the Major, and with a triumphant flourish extended a large tumbler of red liquid from which gracefully arose a small forest of mint.

"Dun foun' er noo spring," he said; but the man propped against the cypress was motionless, and his hands were folded peacefully in his lap. Stooping down, Isam peered cautiously under the broad hat-brim, with the whispered ejaculation: "Lor' bless my soul, ef he ain' dun gone ter sleep. I reckon dat las' ten-railer war pow'ful wurrin' ter 'r man 'r his fat. Mass' Craffud! Mass' Craffud!" No answer came.

Getting down on his knees, he carefully inserted with a spoon a few drops of the beverage between the lips of the sleeper and allowed them to percolate downward. As the "apple" of the tightened throat darted up and glided down again into place, he whispered:

"Mass' Craffud, es yer dun fainted?"

The eyes opened, and the Major sat bolt upright. The next minute he drained off the drink, and sat contemplating the honest face, in whose eyes was a peculiar look.

"T'ank de goodness!" exclaimed Isam. "I bin er-hold'n' dis hyah julup hyah fur half er hour. Ain' nev'r known you ter balk at er julup 'fo' en forty yeaurs!"

"That came in the right time, Isam, and it's good whisky," said the Major heartily. "Where did you get it?"

"Yessir," chuckled the negro, "hit's good; but hit ain' good ter ask er stray hen w'at 's layen' en your orchud whar she belong, er how many teef she got."

The Major realized that he had become a guest. He laughed, sank back against the tree, and soon again was lost in slumber. When he awoke there had been a decided change in his surroundings. A low fire burned a few yards away, and sundry flips of bacon were browning in a frying-pan set jauntily thereon, while from the ashes beneath the brown ends of hoe-cakes protruded.

"'T ain' but er bite," said Isam apologetically, "but des' wait tell de fish git mixed up wid dem sum er dese days, en' den you see w'at hit es ter be loos' en' free."

To be loose and free! The Major fixed his eyes upon the old negro as he produced tin platters from his kit and transferred the smoking viands, humble but savory, from the frying-pan. The words haunted him, and as the smoke arose there floated upon his vision pictures of boyhood's escapades. Isam had belonged to him from his own infancy, though for the first fifteen years the question of ownership seemed altogether unsettled, for the negro was five or six years the senior. How they had hunted and strayed off, and set gums for rabbits and snares for birds, and robbed nests! Loose and free! Old Isam surveyed with proud satisfaction the Major's fierce attack upon the morning meal.

"Dere ain' no spring chick'n en der pan," he said sententiously, "but er fuss-rate app'tite kin git des' es good er grip on er flip er bacon es hit kin on er yaller-leg' chick'n."

"There is something in that," said the Major. "Get your flip, you black rascal, and go to eating." But Isam shook his head.

"No, sah. W'en er nigg'r feeds he don' wan' no w'ite folks roun'. He wan' ter git off en' mop de pan 'thout 'tract'n' 'tention ter hisse'f."

"It seems to me," said the Major, as he transferred another flip of bacon to his platter, "that it must be mighty hard for an honest nigger to live comfortably out here."

Isam's face took on a look of personal injury.

"Er hones' nigg'r," he said, stirring up the ashes and inserting fresh cake, "don' eat no mo' out hyah den he do at home; not a bit. Rashuns es rashuns ennywhar you fine 'em. En' I hear say," he continued significantly, "w'en folks goes ervis'tin' dey don' 'quire es ter de year-marks uv de pig, w'en back-bone en' spar'-ribs en' chine es sot out."

"Your idea of etiquette is perfectly sound, Isam."

"En' der only time w'en folks w'at 's vis'tin' got er right ter git der backs up es w'en de gem'man feed 'esse'f high en' feed t' others low."

With an air of dignity the old negro gathered up the remnants of the spread, the Major having finished, and retired to allay the pangs of an increased appetite; but he was doomed to further delay. A most profane ejaculation fell from the Major's lips and came to his ears.

"Des' es I said, dere 't is ergin—terbacker, now." He put aside the repast, and grumblingly investigated the kit once more. "En' I reck'n w'en he see dis yer bag er terbacker he go'n' ter want hits ped'gree all way back."

Nevertheless he produced it with a handful of corncob pipes, and cutting a reed stem handed to the Major the finest smoking outfit in the world. As Isam skilfully balanced a glowing coal upon the little heap of tobacco, he concluded:

"Somehow nuther sump'n said 'bout time de runaway noshun struck in, 'Isam, you go'n' ter see com'ny ter-day, en' hit 's go'n' ter be Mass' Craffud'; so I des' laid in er extrer bag spesh'ly fur 'm."

The Major merely drew in and expelled a cloud of smoke. He contented himself with saying, "You are very thoughtful";

and laughing softly to himself, Isam retired to his meal. As he finished, and stuffed his own cob-pipe full of "natural leaf" and perique—brought along especially for his master—Isam cast his eye skyward.

"Mos' ten er'clock. Mus' be movin' out er hyah. Bimeby overseer en' houn' be 'long in er hurry. Got ter git whar meat es thicker too. Dat bacon en' hoe-cake hard ter beat, but dey don' half fill de bill wid er run'way nigg'r. Des' wait twell we git er mess er red-belly en' brim, en' I reck'n sho' nuff de fun go'n' ter b'gin ter start. Time we uz go'n', Mass' Craffud."

The Major rose and followed cheerily. Skirting the swamp, Isam soon found a hog-path, and presently the runaways came in sight of the river. A bateau was tied up in a little branch near by, and in it lay an axe and a paddle.

"Isam," said the Major as he clambered in, "how does it happen that you find a boat and axe all ready here, and the runaway notion only struck you just before day this morning?"

Isam shook his head as he chuckled:

"Hit ain' de rite time er day ter 'splain t'ings, Mass' Craffud. Dere ain' no tellin' w'at time dem houn' 's go'n' ter strike er hot trail, en' de tree dat you kin clime ain' go'n' ter lif' you out'n de reach uv a dog."

The little boat, propelled by vigorous strokes, shot out into the river, and gliding under the willows bore its passengers swiftly downstream.

IV

Shut out from sight of the stream stretched a Bermuda sward hemmed in by gigantic trees, in whose boughs the cicadas were singing. The old boyish enthusiasm rose strong within the Major.

"This is the camp," he said, "and there," pointing to the log-jammed creek behind him, slowly mingling its clear waters with the river's mud, "is the place for bream and red-bellies." Isam fairly shouted.

"Dere, now, dey ain' nev'r no use tellin' er man wot knows how ter fish whar ter drap er line. De two go 'long tergether. Des' you tek dese hyar lines, Mass' Craffud, en' git reddy fer supper, w'ile I 'ten' ter de res'."

Throwing open his pack, Isam displayed his simple tackle, hurried around and cut a pole from a neighboring brake, and, peeling the bark from a fallen tree, picked out a handful of flatheads. Adjusting himself to a log, the Major cast his line and began to draw in the bream.

"Dere, now," chuckled Isam, "I ain' seen you do dat sence you was er-court'n Miss 'Mandy Bullard en' we all wuz down ter Sykes's fish-pond."

But the Major was landing fish, and did not have time to listen to Isam; observing which, that individual, casting an inquiring glance at the sun, seized his axe and went to work in the canebrake. In an incredibly short space of time he had cut down and dragged up enough poles to construct a rude hut, and soon after completed the shanty. Then, with one happy glance at the fugitive perched upon the log contentedly warring with the bream, he glided off into the woods and disappeared from view.

Despite the popular notion concerning the runaway negro, he never got very far from civilization in his wanderings. The swamp was to him merely a retreat. His smoke-house was elsewhere. When Isam glided away leaving the Major pleasantly engaged, he followed hog-paths with unerring instinct and recalled landmarks with surprising accuracy. But where he was going and for what are matters that can wait. The Major must not be left alone.

Isam had not been long gone before the fisherman began to suffer from the perversity of the piscatorial god. The bream and red-belly ceased to bite. The colony had been exhausted or driven away; and in its place settled a tribe of shining cats. These began to give the Major occupation. His float would go under handsomely; there would be a strong pull, and, resisting steadily, a cat-fish would break into view.

The Major stood this persecution, it may be, for fifteen minutes; then the patience of the fisherman was exhausted. As the hour wore away, I regret to say that the swearing became almost continuous, and the Major reached what is generally termed a "state of mind."

Isam was approaching the camp when the language of the fisher attracted his attention.

"Oomhoo," he said, stopping to listen. "Sum'n' dun gone wron' wid Mass' Craffud."

Creeping to the edge of the brake, he beheld his companion engaged in his unequal conflict with the fate that at times overtakes all fishers. Isam ducked back and held his sides.

"Ef dere 's anyt'n' go'n' ter upsot dat

kind er man quick, hit 's cats. Des' liss'n now!"

The negro peeped out again. The Major was lashing the water with an unfortunate victim; then he saw the irate fisherman drop a huge cat upon the bank, and with the paddle dash him to pieces, and again grind another beneath his heel, and end by kicking the remains far out into the stream.

Isam reveled in this display of passion until wearied out, and then prepared to make his presence known. Going back a hundred yards into the canebrake, he shouldered his well-stuffed sack, and lifted his voice in song:

"Sum folks say nigg'r won' steal;
I caught one in my co'n-fiel'."

He was cheerfully giving expression to this suggestive refrain, when he broke in upon the scene and pretended to stumble over a gasping cat. Down came his bag.

"Dere, now. Ef I cood pick'd de ve'y fish I wanted fur ter mek dat chowd'r, hit 'u'd er been dis same cat." Isam's teeth shone and his eyes glistened. As he looked about and saw the other unwelcome captives he threw up his hands.

"Where you catch 'm, Mass' Craffud?"

"Right here," said the Major, regarding him suspiciously; "and I haven't been catching anything else for an hour."

"Den don' yer stop now; you des' go rite 'long ketchin' 'em, en' we go'n' ter hav' er chowder fum 'way back. 'Spec' we'll want 'bout six more big ones. How long es hit bin sence you had a cat-fish chowd'r, Mass' Craffud?"

The Major's passion was vanishing.

"About twenty years, I reckon, Isam."

"Well, den, hit ain' go'n' ter be twenty years 'fo' you git ernuther. I'm go'n' to git ev'n wi' dese hyah bigmoufs en'bout er minit. Lor'! Lor'! Es I wuz cummin' 'long back I kep' a-say'n', 'Now Mass' Craffud ain' go'n' ter ketch nuthin' but brim er yaller-belly w'at ain' good fer chowd'r meat, en' all dis co'n en' yinguns gotter be eat des' dry so'; en' bless goodness, hyah 's de chowd'r dun ha'f made en' lyin' reddy." And Isam began to shake his own prizes from the bag.

"Where did you get that corn?" The Major fixed his eye sternly upon the nonchalant babbler.

"Dis co'n," said Isam, shucking an ear, "es w'at dey calls 'vol'nterry co'n.' Hit es co'n w'at cum up fum las' year seed w'at de river en' de hog scatter. En' dese yinguns es uv de wil' kine w'at es always up en' er-doin'." The Major made no reply but fixing a new flathead on his hook cast it far into the stream.

Above a blazing fire Isam soon had his kettle swinging, and within its depths sputtered great chunks of fish as they rose and sank in a lake of green corn and onions. With the earnestness of a wizard preparing his strange concoctions, he hung over the boiling mixture, adding here a pinch of pepper and there a dash of salt. As he stirred the savory mess he sang a cheerful plantation ditty. The dusk of evening had fallen, and the red light of the flames brought out his figure in bold relief. He seemed a veritable genius of the swamp, and, lured from his sport by the cheerful picture and the odor of the meal, the Major cast his line down and strode into the lighted circle.

V

To other pens must be left the record of the runaways' every-day life. These pages would not hold the true chronicle of this novel expedition. Here only is space enough to deal with the prominent features and string them upon a particolored thread. Day after day the fishermen plied their rods. Day after day the kettle and the skillet and the coals gave forth their dainties. Fish-fries decked the table one day; a split rabbit, snared in the canebrake, broiled to a turn, served for the next; even a tender shote yielded up his innocent young life, and chowders came thick and fast.

But Isam was no longer the chief factor in the daily sins committed. Painful as the truth may seem, it must be told. The portly Major became accessory before the fact as well as after. And worse, he became actively *particeps criminis.* He learned to creep into the spreading field of "voluntary corn"—which, by the way, invaded the swamp lands, and rose in columns of surprising regularity—and to load a bag with the juicy ears. He renewed his early skill, and crawled behind snake-fences to abstract dew-christened watermelons. In short, he gave way to savagery; for the time being civilization knew him not.

No especial time for breaking camp had been set, but the time was approaching, and the signs were evident. The whisky had long since vanished, and the tobacco was threatening to follow the whisky, when an event occurred which left a tradition that old folks in middle Georgia yet tell with tear-dimmed eyes and straining sides.

The worthy pair had been foraging for dinner, and were returning heavily laden. The Major bore a sack of corn, and Isam led the way with three watermelons. Unless the reader has attempted to carry three watermelons, he will never know the labor that Isam had imposed upon himself. The two had just reached the edge of the canebrake, beyond which lay the camp, and were entering the narrow path, when a magnificent buck came sweeping through, and collided with Isam with such force and suddenness as to crush and spatter his watermelons into a pitiful ruin, and throw the negro violently to the ground. Instantly the frightened man seized the threatening antlers, and held on, yelling lustily for help. The deer made several ineffectual efforts to free himself, during which he dragged the negro right and left without difficulty, but, finding escape impossible, turned fiercely upon his unwilling captor, and tried to drive the terrible horns through his writhing body.

"O Lord, O Lord!" screamed Isam; "O Lord, Mass' Craffud, cum holp me tu'n dis buck loos'."

The laugh died away from Major Worthington's lips. None knew better than he the danger into which Isam had plunged. Not a stick, brush, stone, or weapon of any description was at hand, except his small pocket-knife. Hastily opening that, he rushed upon the deer. Isam's eyes were bursting from their sockets, and appealed piteously for the help his stentorian voice was frantically imploring until the woods rang with his agony. Major Worthington caught the nearest antler with his left hand, and made a fierce lunge at the animal's throat. But the knife's point was missing, and only a trifling wound was inflicted. The next instant the deer met the new attack with a rush that carried Isam with it, and thrust the Major to the ground, the knife falling out of reach. Seeing this, the negro let go his hold, rolled out of the way, and with a mighty effort literally ran upon the top of a branching haw-bush, where he lay spread out like a bat, and moaning piteously.

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im! Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud!"

And the Major stuck. Retaining his presence of mind, he threw his left arm over the deer's neck, and, still holding with his right the antler, looked about for Isam, who had so mysteriously disappeared. Something like the hold he had had more than once in boyhood served him well in school combats. But he had never tried to hold a full-grown buck, and so he somewhat anxiously searched the scene for the valiant negro. The first words he heard distinctly were:

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Hit 's better fur one ter die den bofe! Hole 'im, Mass' Craffud, hole 'im! Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud. Steddy! Look out fur es ho'n! Wo' deer! Steddy, Mass' Craffud!"

By this time the struggles of the beast had again ceased, and, wearied from his double encounter, he stood with his head pulled down to the ground half astride the desperate man, who was holding on for life. Whether Major Worthington was frightened or not it is hard to say; probably he was; but there was no doubt about his being angry when he saw Isam spread out in the haw-bush, and heard his address. His face was livid with rage, and foam and sweat mingled upon it. As soon as he caught his breath, he burst forth with:

"You infernal black rascal! why don't you come—down out of that—bush and help—me?" Isam's face was pitiful in its expression. His teeth chattered, and he fairly shook the bush with his trembling.

"Don', Mass' Craffud, don'; you ain' got no time ter cuss now. Lif' up yo' voice en' pray! Lord, Lord, ef ev'r er man had er call ter pray, you dun got it now."

For one instant it looked as if the Major would abandon his attempt to hold the deer and turn his attention to the bush; but he did not have an opportunity to carry out such a resolution. Revived by his moment's rest, the buck made another effort for freedom and revenge. He dragged his corpulent captor in a circle, he rolled him on the sod, he fell over him, pounded him, and stamped, but without relief. The desperate man clung to his hold with a grip that could not be broken. It was the grip of death; indeed, it was now a question of life or death.

Wearied down at last, the deer gave himself and victim another breathing-spell, and the Major continued:

"If ever—I get loose from this—brute,—you infernal scoundrel,—I'll not leave a—whole bone in your body!"

"Don' say dat, Mass' Craffud, don'! You mustn't let de sun go down on yo' wraf! O Lord!" he continued, getting on his all-fours and as near a reverent posture as the circumstances would admit of, "don' you mine nuth'n' he es er-sayin' now, cos he ain' 'spons'bl'. Lord, ef de bes' aingil you got wuz down dere in his fix, en' er fool deer wuz er-straddl'n' 'im, dey ain' no tell'n' w'at'u'd happ'n, er w'at sorter langwidge he 'd let loos'. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Steddy, deer! Steddy, Mass' Craffud!"

The Major got another resting-spell. By this time his breath was almost gone, and his anger had given way to unmistakable apprehension. He realized that he was in a most desperate plight, and that the only hope of rescue lay in the frightened negro up in the haw-bush. He changed his tactics when the deer rested again.

"Isam," he said gently.

"Yes, honey."

"Isam, come and help me, old fellow."

"Good Gawd, Mass' Craffud," said the negro earnestly, "dere ain' nuthin' I wood n' do fur you, but hit's better fur one ter die 'n two. Hit 's a long sight better."

"But there is no danger, Isam; none whatever. Just you come down and with your knife hamstring the brute. I'll hold him."

"No, sah! no, sah! no, sah!" said Isam loudly and with growing earnestness. "No, sah! it won' wuk. No, sah! You er in fur hit now, Mass' Craffud, en' et can't be holped. Dere ain' nuthin' kin save yer but de good Lord, en' he ain' go'n' ter, less'n you ax 'im 'umble like, en' er-b'liev'n' en es mussy. I prayed w'en I wuz down dere, Mass' Craffud, dat I did, en' look w'at happ'n. Did n' he sen' you like er aingil, en' did n' he git me up hyah safe en' wholesum? Dat he did, en' he nev'r 'spec' dis nigg'r war go'n' ter fling 'esse'f und'r dat deer arter he trouble hisse'f to show 'im up hyah. Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Look out fur es ho'n! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud. Dere, now—t'ank de Lord!"

Again the Major got a breathing-spell. The deer in his struggles had gotten under the haw-bush, and the Major renewed his earnest negotiations.

"Isam," he said, as soon as his condition would allow of conversation, "if you will get down—and cut this brute's legs—I will give you your freedom."

Isam's only answer was a groan.

"And fifty acres—of land." Again that pitiful moan.

"And—a mule and a—year's rations." The Major paused from force of circumstances. After a while the answer came:

"Mass' Craffud!"

"Well?"

"You know dis nigg'r b'en hard-work'n' en' hones' en' look atter you en' yo'n all es life."

"Yes, Isam," said the Major, "you have been—a faithful, honest—nigger." There was another pause. Perhaps this was too much for Isam. But he continued after a little while:

"Well, lemme tell you, honey, dere ain' nuthin' you got er kin git w'at'll tem' dis nigg'r ter git down dere. W'y," and his voice assumed a most earnest and argumentative tone, "'deed 'n' hit 'u'd be 'sultin' de Lord. Ain' he dun got me up hyah out'n de way, en' don' he 'spec' me fur ter stay? You reck'n he got nuth'n' 't all ter do but keep puttin' Isum back up er tree? No, sah! he dun 'ten' ter me, en' ef you got enny dif'culty down dere, you en' de deer kin fight it out. Hit 's my bizness des' ter keep er-prayin'. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Steddy, Mass' Craffud. Dere, now—t'ank de Lord!"

Again the Major defeated the beast's struggles, and there came a truce. But the man was well-nigh exhausted, and saw that unless something was done in his behalf he must soon yield up the fight. Something like a spasm of fear flashed over his face, and in the glance he cast about him there was the one panic-stricken appeal that all men yield to at some time. It was hard to die there by the terrible horns of the beast astride him, whose eyes glared into his, and whose hot breath was in his face. What a death!

But the next instant he was calm and cautious. There came to his assistance his fine knowledge of the negro character.

"Isam," he said, slowly and impressively. But Isam was praying. The Major could hardly trust his ears when he heard the words.

"But, Lord, don' let 'm peer'sh 'fo' yo' eyes. He's b'en er bad man. He cuss' n' sware, 'n' play keerds, 'n' bet on horse-race, 'n' drink whisky—"

"Isam—"

"En' he steal—good*ness*, he tek ter steal'n like er duck ter water. Roast'n' yers, watermilluns, chick'n—nuthin' too bad fur 'im—"

"Isam—"

"'T ain' like er nigg'r steal'n', Lord; dey dun know no better, en' can't git t'ings enny er-way, while he got money; but don' let 'im peer'sh rite 'fo' yo' eyes. Tek him by de slack er es briches en' shek 'm ov'r de flames, but don' let 'im drap—"

"Isam!"

The word came upward in tones of thunder. Even Isam was obliged to regard it. He did so from force of habit.

"Yessir."

Then he sobbed forth: "Oh, Lordy, Lordy, I t'ot we wuz dun home ag'in."

"No, sir," said the Major sternly, "we are not at home, and I'll never get there. I am going to die."

Isam gave a yell that ought to have been heard a mile away.

"Oh, don' let 'im die! Skeer 'im, skeer 'im, Lord, but don' let 'im die!"

"Yes," continued the Major, "I am going to die; but let me tell you something, Isam. I have been looking into this beast's eyes until I recognize him." A sound came from the haw-bush like the hiss of a snake, as the negro with ashen face and beaded brow gasped out an unintelligible word. The right chord had been touched at last. "You remember Dr. Sam?" Isam's only reply was a moan that betrayed an agony too deep for expression. "Well, this is Dr. Sam; he got loose the other day when the plug fell out, and he and I will never give you another hour of peace as long as you live—"

The sentence was never finished. With a shriek that was blood-curdling in its intensity of fear and horror, the negro came crashing down through the bush with his hands full of leaves, straight upon the deer.

This was the crisis.

The frightened animal made one desperate plunge, taking the startled Major by surprise, and the next instant found himself free. He did not remain upon the scene, or he would have beheld the terrified negro get upon his feet, run round in a frenzy of terror, and close his last circle at the foot of the bush, up which he scurried again like a squirrel, old as he was. The Major lay flat upon his back, after trying in vain to rise. Then the reaction came. He fixed his eye upon the negro above and laughed until the tears washed the dirt from his face; and Isam, holding his head up so that his vision could encompass the narrow horizon, said slowly and impressively:

"Mass' Craffud, ef de Lord hadn't 'sist'd on Isum cum'n' down ter run dat deer off, 'spec' by dis time you'd been erflopp'n' yo' wings up yander, er else sput'n' on er grindi'on down yander." And from his elevated perch Isam indicated the two extremes of eternity with an eloquent sweep of his hand.

But the Major had small time for laughter or recrimination. In the distance there rang out faintly the full-mouthed cry of a hound. Isam heard it. For him it was at once a welcome and a stimulating sound. Gliding to the ground, he helped the wearied Major to his feet, and started on the run for the boat, crying:

"Run, Mass' Craffud! wors' 'n er deer 's cummin'. Hit 's dem folks w'at know about dat corn en' water-milluns, en' yer can't 'splain nuthin' ter er houn' dog."

Broken down as he was, the Major realized that there was wisdom in the negro's words, and followed as best he could. The camp traps were thrown into the boat, and the little bark was launched. A minute later the form of a great thirsty-looking hound, the runaways' *bête noire*, appeared on the scene. But the hunters who came after found naught beyond the signs of a camp, if they found anything, and soon followed the hound, which had regained the trail of the buck, and yelping passed into the distance. The boat had long since passed the bend.

How Isam ever settled his difficulty needs no explanation. But it may interest the reader to know that one day he bore a message and a check that settled the corn and melon debt; and they tell it in middle Georgia that every year thereafter, until the war-cloud broke over the land, whenever the catalpa worm crept upon the leaf, two runaways fled from Woodhaven and dwelt in the swamps, "loos' en free."

* * *

Love and the gods know themselves at a glance. GAUTIER.

*

To tell the truth is in the long run less dangerous than to lie. VON HEIDENSTAM.

*

The only way to look queenly without realms or hearts to queen it over is to look as if you had lost them; and Eustacia did that to a triumph. THOMAS HARDY.

Carter

By
DON MARQUIS

CARTER was not exactly a negro, but he was a "nigger." Seven drops of his blood out of every eight were Caucasian. The eighth, being African, classified him. The white part of him despised and pitied the black part. The black part hated the white part. Consequently, wherever Carter went he carried his own hell along inside of him.

Carter began to learn that he was a nigger very early in life. Nigger children are not left long in doubt anywhere, and especially in the South. Carter first saw the light—and the shadows—of day in Atlanta. The colour line itself, about which one hears so much talk, seemed to run along one end of the alley in which he was born. It was an alley with a gutter and a great deal of mud in it. At the corner, where it gave into a little narrow street not much better than an alley itself, the mud was the thickest, deepest, and best adapted to sculptural purposes. But in the little street lived a number of white families. They were most of them mill hands, and a numerous spawn of skinny children, little "crackers," with faces white and sad even from babyhood, disputed the mud with the nigger children. Nigger babies of five, four, three, and even two, understood quite well that this most desirable mud, even though it was in the nigger alley, was claimed by the white babies as *their* mud. It was in every way a more attractive sort of mud than any in the little street proper; and juvenile race riots were of almost hourly occurrence—skirmishes in which the very dogs took part. For the dogs grasped the situation as clearly as did the children; a "nigger" dog, even though he may have started in life as a white man's dog, soon gets a certain look about him.

So there was no chance for Carter to escape the knowledge that he was a nigger. But it was with a thrill that he perceived in his youthful excursions from the home alley, that he was sometimes mistaken for a white child. He was so white in colour that one could not tell he was a nigger at a casual glance.

As he grew up, he made another discovery that elated and embittered him still more. He found out who his father was—or rather, who his father had been, since he never saw that gentleman. The white blood in Carter's veins was no common ichor. Because white people seldom speak of these things it does not follow that they are not known pretty generally among the negroes. They are, in fact, discussed.

Carter went to school; he made the further discovery that he had brains—"white man's brains" is the way he put it to himself. Given the opportunity, he told himself, he could go as far as the average white man—perhaps further than the average. The white man's standard, nigger though he was, was still the standard by which he must measure himself. But the opportunity! Even as the youth prepared himself for it he perceived, hopelessly, that it would be denied him.

As he matured he began to feel a strange, secret pride in that white family whose blood he shared. He familiarized himself with its genealogy. There is many a courtier who cannot trace his ancestry as far back as Carter could. One of his forebears had signed Magna Charta; several had fought in the Revolutionary War. There had been a United States Senator in the family, and a Confederate General. At times, feeling the vigorous impulse of hereditary instinct and ambitions, Carter looked upon himself as all white man, but never for long, nor to any purpose. The consciousness of his negro blood pulled him down again.

But, as he grew up, he ceased to herd with black negroes; he scorned them. He crept about the world cursing it and himself—an unfortunate and bitter creature that had no place; unfortunate and bitter, cursed with an intellect, denied that mitigation that might have come with a full share of the negro jovialty of disposition, forever unreconciled.

There was one member of that white family from which he drew so much of his blood whom Carter particularly admired. Willoughby Howard was about Carter's own age, and he was Carter's half-brother. Howard did not distinguish Carter from any other mulatto; probably did not know of his existence. But as Howard reached manhood, and, through virtue of his wealth and standing and parts, began to attain an excellent place in the world, his rise was watched by Carter with a strange intensity of emotion. Carter in some occult way identified himself with the career of Willoughby Howard—sometimes he almost worshiped Willoughby Howard, and then he hated him; he envied him and raged over him with the same breath.

But mostly, as the isolation of his own condition ate into his soul, he raged over himself; he pitied himself; he hated himself. Out of the turmoil of his spirit arose the one despairing cry, Oh, to be white, white, *white!*

Many a night he lay awake until daybreak, measuring the slow minutes with the ceaseless iteration of that useless prayer: Only to be white! O God, for one *little year of being white!*

Fruitless hours of prayers and curses!

Carter went North. He went to New York. But the North, which affects to promise so much to the negro, in a large, loose, general way, does not perform in the same degree. There was only one thing which Carter would have thanked any one for performing; it was the one thing that could never be performed—he wanted to be made white. Sometimes, indeed, from the depths of his despair, he cried out that he wanted to be altogether black; but in his soul he did not really want that.

Nevertheless, at several different periods he yielded to temptation and "went over to the whites." In the South he could not have done this without discovery, in spite of the colour of his skin. But in the Northern cities, with their enormous numbers of aliens, all more or less strange to the American eye, Carter found no great difficulty in passing as white. He "looked a little foreign" to the casual glance; that was all.

But if there was no great difficulty in it, there was no great satisfaction in it, either. In fact, it only made him the more bitter. Others might think him a white man, but he knew that he was a nigger.

The incident which sent him back South, resolved to be a nigger, and to live and die among the niggers, might not have affected another in his condition just as it did Carter. But to him it showed conclusively that his destiny was not a matter of environment so much as a question of himself.

He fell in love. The girl was a waitress in a cheap restaurant near the barber shop where Carter worked. She was herself a product of the East Side, struggling upward from the slums; partly Italian, with some Oriental strain in her that had given the least perceptible obliqueness to her eyes—one of those rare hybrid products which give the thinker pause and make him wonder what the word "American" will signify a century from now; a creature with very red lips and very black eyebrows; she seemed to know more than she really did; she had a kind of naïve charm, a sort of allurement, without actual beauty; and her name had been anglicized into Mary.

And she loved Carter. This being, doomed from the cradle to despair, had his moment of romance. But even in his intoxication there was no hope; his elation was embittered and perplexed. He was tempted not to tell the girl that he was a nigger. But if he married her, and did not tell her, perhaps the first child would tell her. It might look more of a nigger than he did.

But if he told her, would she marry a nigger? He decided he would tell her. Perhaps his conscience had less to do with this decision than the fatalism of his temperament.

So he made his revelation one Sunday evening, as they walked along the boardwalk from Coney Island to Brighton. To him, it was a tremendous moment. For days he had been revolving in his mind the phrases he would use; he had been rehearsing his plea; in his imagination he saw something spectacular, something histrionic, in his confession.

"Mary," he said, as they sat down on a bench on the beach, "there is something I think I ought to tell you before we get married."

The girl turned toward him her big, sleepy, dark eyes, which always seemed to see and understand so much more than they really did, and looked away again.

"I ought to tell you," he said—and as he said it, staring out to sea, he was so imposed upon by the importance of the moment to himself that he almost felt as if the sea listened and the waves paused—"I ought to tell you that I have negro blood in my veins."

She was silent. There was a moment before he dared look at her; he could not bear to read his doom in her eyes. But finally he did muster up courage enough to turn his head.

The girl was placidly chewing gum and gazing at an excursion vessel that was making a landing at one of the piers.

He thought she had not heard. "Mary,"

he repeated, "I have negro blood in my veins."

"Uh-huh," said she. "I gotcha the first time, Steve! Say, I wonder if we couldn't take the boat back to town? Huh? Watcha say?"

He looked at her almost incredulous. She had understood, and yet she had not shrunk away from him! He examined her with a new interest; his personal drama, in which she, perforce, must share, seemed to have made no impression upon her whatsoever.

"Do you mean," he said, hesitatingly, "that it will—that it won't make any difference to you? That you can marry me, that you *will* marry me, in spite of—of—in spite of what I am?"

"Gee! but ain't you the solemn one!" said the girl, taking hold of her gum and "stringing" it out from her lips. "Whatcha s'pose I care for a little thing like that?"

He had looked for a sort of dramatic "situation"; and, behold, there was none! There was none simply because the girl had no vantage point from which to look at his life and hers. He had negro blood in his veins—and she simply did not care one way or the other!

He felt no elation, no exultation; he believed that she *should* have cared; whether her love was great enough to pardon that in him or not, she should have felt it as a thing that *needed* pardon.

As he stared at the girl, and she continued to chew her gum, he swiftly and subtly revised his estimate of her; and in his new appraisement there was more than a tinge of disgust. And for a moment he became altogether a white man in his judgment of the thing that was happening; he looked at the situation as a patrician of the South might have looked at it; the seven-eighths of his blood which was white spoke:

"By God!" he said, suddenly leaping to his feet and flinging aside the startled hand which the girl put out toward him, "I can't have anything to do with a woman who'd marry a nigger!"

So Carter went back to Atlanta. And, curiously enough, he stepped from the train almost into the midst of a strange and terrible conflict of which the struggle in his individual breast was, in a sense, the type and the symbol.

It was a Saturday night in September, an evening on which there began a memorable and sanguinary massacre of negroes; an event which has been variously explained and analyzed, but of which, perhaps, the underlying causes will never be completely understood.

There was riot in the streets, a whirlwind of passion which lashed the town and lifted up the trivial souls of men and spun them round and round, and passed and left the stains of blood behind. White men were making innocent negroes suffer for the brutal crimes of guilty negroes. It had been a hot summer; scarcely a day had passed during July and August without bringing to the newspapers from somewhere in Georgia a report of a negro assault upon some white woman. A blind, undiscriminating anger against the whole negro race had been growing and growing. And when, on that Saturday afternoon, the newspapers reported four more crimes, in rapid succession, all in or near Atlanta, the cumulative rage burst into a storm.

There was no danger for Carter in the streets; more than a hasty glance was necessary to spy out his negro taint. He stood in a doorway, in the heart of the business district of the town, and watched the wild work that went on in a large, irregular plaza, where five streets come together and all the car lines in the place converge. From this roughly triangular plaza leads Decatur Street, at one time notorious throughout the South for its negro dives and gambling-dens.

Now and then Carter could hear the crack of a pistol, close at hand or far away; and again some fleeing negro would start from a place of temporary concealment, at the approach of a mob that beat its way along a street, and make a wild dash for safety, as a rabbit startled from the sedgegrass scurries to the brush There was not one mob, but several; the different bands united, split up, and reunited, as the shifting winds of madness blew. The plaza, with arc lights all about it, was the brilliantly illuminated stage on which more than one scene of that disgusting melodrama was played out; from some dim hell of gloom and clamor to the north or east would rush a shouting group that whirled and swayed beneath the lights, dancing like flecks of soot in their brightness, to disappear in the gloom again, shouting, cursing, and gesticulating, down one of the thoroughfares to the west or south. And to Carter, in whose heart there waxed a fearful turmoil of emotions, even as the two races clashed along the echoing streets, there was a strange element of unreality about it all; or, rather, the night was dreadful with that superior reality which makes so much more vivid than waking life the intense experience of dreams. Carter thrilled; he shook; he was torn with terror and pity and horror and hatred.

No white man felt all that Carter felt that night; nor yet any negro. For he was both, and he was neither; and he beheld that conflict which was forever active in his own nature dramatized by fate and staged with a thousand actors in the lighted proscenium at his feet.

This thought struck Carter himself, and he turned toward another man who had paused in the doorway, with no clear intention, but perhaps with the vague impulse of addressing him, as a point of solid contact and relief from the sense of hurrying nightmare that possessed both the streets and his own spirit.

Startled, he saw that the other man was Willoughby Howard. Carter hesitated, and then advanced a step. But whatever he had to say was interrupted by a crowd that swept past them from Decatur Street in pursuit of a panting negro. The fleeing colored man was struck a dozen times; he fell at the street corner near them, and the mob surged on again into the darkness beyond, already in full chase of another quarry—all but one man, who left the mob and ran back as if to assure himself that the prostrate negro was really dead.

This was a short man, a very short man, a dwarf with a big head too heavy for him, and little bandy legs—legs so inadequate that he wabbled like an overfed poodle when he ran. Carter had seen him twice before that night, dodging in and out among the feet of the rioters like an excited cur, stumbling, falling, trodden upon; a being with bloodshot eyes and matted hair, hoarse voice and menacing fist, drunken and staggering with blood lust; the very Gnome of Riot himself come up from some foul cave and howling in the streets. "Kill them! Kill them!" he would cry, and then shake with cackling laughter. But he was only valiant when there was no danger. As he approached the negro who lay upon the ground, and bent over him, Willoughby Howard stepped down from the doorway and aimed a blow at the creature with a cane. The blow missed, but the dwarf ran shrieking down Decatur Street.

Howard bent over the negro. The negro stirred; he was not dead. Howard turned toward Carter and said:

"He's alive! Help me get him out of the street."

Together they lifted the wounded man, moving him toward the curbstone. He groaned and twisted, and they laid him down. Howard poured whisky into him from a pocket flask, and a little later he managed to struggle to a sitting posture on the curb, looking up at them with dazed eyes and a bloody face.

Howard took his slow gaze from the negro and covered his face with his hands.

Carter watched him.

Of all men in the world this was the one whom Carter most honored and most loved—honored and loved, while he envied; he was the only man, perhaps, that could have touched Carter through his crust of bitterness. Carter listened with strained attention for what Howard would say, as if with some premonition that the words would be the cue for the most vital action of his life.

"My God! My God!" said Willoughby Howard, "will this thing never stop?" And then he straightened himself and turned toward the shadow into which Carter had retired, and there was the glow and glory of a large idea on his face; the thought of a line of men never lacking, when once aroused, in the courage to do and die for a principle or a human need. "There is one way," he cried, stretching out his hands impulsively to Carter, and not knowing to whom or to what manner of man he spoke—"there is one way to make them pause and think! If two of us white men of the better class offer our lives for these poor devils—die in their defense!—the mob will halt; the crowd will think; we can end it! Will you do it, with me? Will you do it?"

Two of us white men of the better class! Willoughby Howard had taken him for a white man!

It was like an accolade. A light blazed through the haunted caverns of his soul; he swelled with a vast exultation.

Willoughby Howard had taken him for a white man! Then, by God, he would be one! Since he was nothing in this life, he could at least die—and in his death he would be a white man! Nay, more:—he would die shoulder to shoulder with one of that family whose blood he shared. He would show that he, too, could shed that blood for an idea or a principle! For humanity! At the thought he could feel it singing in his veins. Oh, to be white, white, white! The dreams and the despairs of all his miserable and hampered life passed before him in a whirl, and now the cry was answered!

"Yes," he said, lifting his head, and rising at that instant into a larger thing than he had ever been, "I will stand by you. I will die with you." And under his breath he added—"my brother."

They had not long to wait. In the confused horror of that night things happened quickly. Even as Carter spoke the wounded negro struggled to his feet with a scarce articulate cry of alarm, for around the corner swept a mob, and the dwarf with matted hair was in the lead. He had come back with help to make sure of his job.

With the negro cowering behind them, the white man and the mulatto stepped forth to face the mob. Their attitude made their intention obvious.

"Don't be a damned fool, Willoughby Howard," said a voice from the crowd, "or you may get hurt yourself." And with the words there was a rush, and the three were in the midst of the clamoring madness, the mob dragging the negro from his two defenders.

"Be careful—don't hurt Willoughby Howard!" said the same voice again. Willoughby turned, and, recognizing the speaker as an acquaintance, with a sudden access of scorn and fury and disgust, struck him across the mouth. The next moment his arms were pinioned, and he was lifted and flung away from the negro he had been fighting to protect by half a dozen men.

"You fools! You fools!" he raged, struggling toward the center of the crowd again, "you're killing a white man there. An innocent white man— Do you stop at nothing? You're killing a *white man*, I say!"

"White man?" said the person whom he had struck, and who appeared to bear him little resentment for the blow. "Who's a white man? Not Jerry Carter here! *He* wasn't any white man. I've know him since he was a kid—he was just one of those yaller niggers."

And Carter heard it as he died.

* * *

The Sands of Dee

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

"OH, MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

Prince Otto

A Romance

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson

CHAPTER IX

THE PRICE OF THE RIVER FARM; IN WHICH VAINGLORY GOES BEFORE A FALL

THE pistol had been practically fired. Under ordinary circumstances the scene at the council table would have entirely exhausted Otto's store both of energy and anger; he would have begun to examine and condemn his conduct, have remembered all that was true, forgotten all that was unjust in Seraphina's onslaught; and by half an hour after, would have fallen into that state of mind in which a Catholic flees to the confessional and a sot takes refuge with the bottle. Two matters of detail preserved his spirits. For, first, he had still an infinity of business to transact; and to transact business, for a man of Otto's neglectful and procrastinating habits, is the best anodyne for conscience. All afternoon he was hard at it with the Chancellor, reading, dictating, signing, and despatching papers; and this kept him in a glow of self-approval. But, secondly, his vanity was still alarmed; he had failed to get the money; to-morrow before noon he would have to disappoint old Killian; and in the eyes of that family which counted him so little, and to which he had sought to play the part of the heroic comforter, he must sink lower than at first. To a man of Otto's temper, this was death. He could not accept the situation. And even as he worked, and worked wisely and well, over the hated details of his principality, he was secretly maturing a plan by which to turn the situation. It was a scheme as pleasing to the man as it was dishonourable in the prince; in which his frivolous nature found and took vengeance for the gravity and burthen of the afternoon. He chuckled as he thought of it: and Greisengesang heard him with wonder, and attributed his lively spirits to the skirmish of the morning.

Led by this idea, the antique courtier ventured to compliment his sovereign on his bearing. It reminded him, he said, of Otto's father.

"What?" asked the Prince, whose thoughts were miles away.

"Your Highness's authority at the board," explained the flatterer.

"O, that! O yes," returned Otto; but for all his carelessness, his vanity was delicately tickled, and his mind returned and dwelt approvingly over the details of his victory. "I quelled them all," he thought.

When the more pressing matters had been dismissed, it was already late, and Otto kept the Chancellor to dinner, and was entertained with a leash of ancient histories and modern compliments. The Chancellor's career had been based, from the first off-put, on entire subserviency; he had crawled into honours and employments; and his mind was prostitute. The instinct of the creature served him well with Otto. First, he let fall a sneering word or two upon the female intellect; thence he proceeded to a closer engagement; and before the third course he was artfully dissecting Seraphina's character to her approving husband. Of course no names were used; and of course the identity of that abstract or ideal man, with whom she was currently contrasted, remained an open secret. But this stiff old gentleman had a wonderful instinct for evil, thus to wind his way into man's citadel; thus to harp by the hour on the virtues of his hearer and not once alarm his self-respect. Otto was all roseate, in and out, with flattery and Tokay and an approving conscience. He saw himself in the most attractive colours. If even Greisengesang, he thought, could thus espy the loose stitches in Seraphina's character, and thus disloyally impart them to the opposite camp, he, the discarded husband—the dispossessed Prince—could scarce have erred on the side of severity.

In this excellent frame he bade adieu to the old gentleman, whose voice had proved so musical, and set forth for the drawing-room. Already on the stair, he was seized with some compunction; but when he entered the great gallery and beheld his wife, the Chancellor's abstract flatteries fell from him like rain, and he re-awoke to the poetic facts of life. She stood a good way off below a shining lustre, her back turned. The bend of her waist overcame him with a physical weakness. This was the girl-wife who had lain in his arms and whom he had sworn to cherish; there was she, who was better than success.

It was Seraphina who restored him from the blow. She swam forward and smiled upon her husband with a sweetness that was insultingly artificial. "Frédéric," she lisped, "you are late." It was a scene of high comedy, such as is proper to unhappy marriages; and her aplomb disgusted him.

There was no etiquette at these small drawing-rooms. People came and went at pleasure. The window embrasures became the roost of happy couples; at the great chimney, the talkers mostly congregated, each full-charged with scandal; and down at the farther end the gamblers gambled. It was towards this point that Otto moved, not ostentatiously, but with a gentle insistence, and scattering attentions as he went. Once abreast of the card-table, he placed himself opposite to Madame von Rosen, and, as soon as he had caught her eye, withdrew to the embrasure of a window. There she had speedily joined him.

"You did well to call me," she said, a little wildly. "These cards will be my ruin."

"Leave them," said Otto.

"I!" she cried, and laughed; "they are my destiny. My only chance was to die of a consumption; now I must die in a garret."

"You are bitter to-night," said Otto.

"I have been losing," she replied. "You do not know what greed is."

"I have come, then, in an evil hour," said he.

"Ah, you wish a favour!" she cried, brightening beautifully.

"Madam," said he, "I am about to found my party, and I come to you for a recruit."

"Done," said the Countess. "I am a man again."

"I may be wrong," continued Otto, "but I believe upon my heart you wish me no ill."

"I wish you so well," she said, "that I dare not tell it you."

"Then if I ask my favour?" quoth the Prince.

"Ask it, *mon Prince*," she answered. "Whatever it is, it is granted."

"I wish you," he returned, "this very night to make the farmer of our talk."

"Heaven knows your meaning!" she exclaimed. "I know not, neither care; there are no bounds to my desire to please you. Call him made."

"I will put it in another way," returned Otto. "Did you ever steal?"

"Often!" cried the Countess. "I have broken all the ten commandments; and if there were more to-morrow I should not sleep till I had broken these."

"This is a case of burglary: to say truth, I thought it would amuse you," said the Prince.

"I have no practical experience," she replied, "but O! the good-will! I have broken a work-box in my time, and several hearts, my own included. Never a house! But it cannot be difficult; sins are so unromantically easy! What are we to break?"

"Madam, we are to break the treasury," said Otto; and he sketched to her briefly, wittily, with here and there a touch of pathos, the story of his visit to the farm, of his promise to buy it, and of the refusal with which his demand for money had been met that morning at the council; concluding with a few practical words as to the treasury windows, and the helps and hindrances of the proposed exploit.

"They refused you the money," she said, when he had done. "And you accepted the refusal? Well!"

"They gave their reasons," replied Otto, colouring. "They were not such as I could combat; and I am driven to dilapidate the funds of my own country by a theft. It is not dignified; but it is fun."

"Fun," she said: "yes." And then she remained silently plunged in thought for an appreciable time. "How much do you require?" she asked at length.

"Three thousand crowns will do," he answered, "for I have still some money of my own."

"Excellent," she said, regaining her levity. "I am your true accomplice. And where are we to meet?"

"You know the Flying Mercury," he answered, "in the Park? Three pathways intersect; there they have made a seat and raised the statue. The spot is handy, and the deity congenial."

"Child," she said, and tapped him with her fan. "But do you know, my Prince, you are an egoist—your handy trysting-place is miles from me. You must give me ample time; I cannot, I think, possibly be there before two. But as the bell beats two, your helper shall arrive: welcome, I trust. Stay—do you bring any one?" she added. "O, it is not for a chaperone—I am not a prude!"

"I shall bring a groom of mine," said Otto. "I caught him stealing corn."

"His name?" she asked.

"I profess I know not. I am not yet intimate with my corn-stealer," returned the Prince. "It was in a professional capacity——"

"Like me! Flatterer!" she cried. "But oblige me in one thing. Let me find you waiting at the seat—yes, you shall await me; for on this expedition it shall be no longer Prince and Countess, it shall be the lady and the squire—and your friend the thief shall be no nearer than the fountain. Do you promise?"

"Madam, in everything you are to command; you shall be captain, I am but supercargo," answered Otto.

"Well, Heaven bring all safe to port!" she said. "It is not Friday!"

Something in her manner had puzzled Otto, had possibly touched him with suspicion.

"Is it not strange," he remarked, "that I should choose my accomplice from the other camp?"

"Fool!" she said. "But it is your only wisdom that you know your friends." And suddenly, in the vantage of the deep window, she caught up his hand and kissed it with a sort of passion. "Now, go," she added, "go at once."

He went, somewhat staggered, doubting in his heart that he was over-bold. For in that moment she had flashed upon him like a jewel; and even through the strong panoply of a previous love he had been conscious of a shock. Next moment he had dismissed the fear.

Both Otto and the Countess retired early from the drawing-room; and the Prince, after an elaborate feint, dismissed his valet and went forth by the private passage and the back postern in quest of the groom.

Once more the stable was in darkness, once more Otto employed the talismanic knock, and once more the groom appeared and sickened with terror.

"Good-evening, friend," said Otto, pleasantly. "I want you to bring a corn sack—empty this time—and to accompany me. We shall be gone all night."

"You Highness," groaned the man, "I have the charge of the small stables. I am here alone."

"Come," said the Prince, "you are no such martinet in duty." And then seeing that the man was shaking from head to foot, Otto laid a hand upon his shoulder. "If I meant you harm," he said, "should I be here?"

The fellow became instantly reassured. He got the sack; and Otto led him round by several paths and avenues, conversing pleasantly by the way, and left him at last planted by a certain fountain where a goggle-eyed Triton spouted intermittently into a rippling laver. Thence he proceeded alone to where, in a round clearing, a copy of Gian Bologna's Mercury stood tiptoe in the twilight of the stars. The night was warm and windless. A shaving of new moon had lately arisen; but it was still too small and too low down in heaven to contend with the immense host of lesser luminaries; and the rough face of the earth was drenched with starlight. Down one of the alleys, which widened as it receded, he could see a part of the lamplit terrace where a sentry silently paced, and beyond that a corner of the town with interlacing street-lights. But all around him the young trees stood mystically blurred in the dim shine; and in the stock-still quietness the up-leaping god appeared alive.

In this dimness and silence of the night, Otto's conscience became suddenly and staringly luminous like the dial of a city clock. He averted the eyes of his mind, but the finger, rapidly travelling, pointed to a series of misdeeds that took his breath away. What was he doing in that place? The money had been wrongly squandered, but that was largely by his own neglect. And he now proposed to embarrass the finances of this country which he had been too idle to govern. And he now proposed to squander the money once again, and this time for a private, if a generous end. And the man whom he had reproved for stealing corn, he was now to set stealing treasure. And then there was Madame von Rosen, upon whom he looked down with some of that ill-favoured contempt of the chaste male for the imperfect woman. Because he thought of her as one degraded below scruples, he had picked her out to be still more degraded, and to risk her whole irregular establishment in life by complicity in this dishonourable act. It was uglier than a seduction.

Otto had to walk very briskly and whistle very busily; and when at last he heard steps in the narrowest and darkest of the alleys, it was with a gush of relief that he sprang to meet the Countess. To wrestle alone with one's good angel is so hard! and so precious, at the proper time, is a companion certain to be less virtuous than oneself!

It was a young man who came towards him—a young man of small stature and a peculiar gait, wearing a wide flapping hat, and carrying, with great weariness, a heavy bag. Otto recoiled; but the young man held up his hand by way of signal, and coming up with a panting run, as if with the last of his endurance, laid the bag upon the ground, threw himself upon the bench, and disclosed the features of Madame von Rosen.

"You, Countess!" cried the Prince.

"No, no," she panted, "the Count von Rosen—my young brother. A capital fellow. Let him get his breath."

"Ah, madam . . . " said he.

"Call me Count," she returned, "respect my incognito."

"Count be it, then," he replied. "And let me implore that gallant gentleman to set forth at once on our enterprise."

"Sit down beside me here," she returned, patting the further corner of the bench. "I will follow you in a moment. O, I am so tired—feel how my heart leaps! Where is your thief?"

"At his post," replied Otto. "Shall I introduce him? He seems an excellent companion."

"No," she said, "do not hurry me yet. I must speak to you. Not but I adore your thief; I adore any one who has the spirit to do wrong. I never cared for virtue till I fell in love with my Prince." She laughed musically. "And even so, it is not for your virtues," she added.

Otto was embarrassed. "And now," he asked, "if you are anyway rested?"

"Presently, presently. Let me breathe," she said, panting a little harder than before.

"And what has so wearied you?" he asked. "This bag? And why, in the name of eccentricity, a bag? For an empty one, you might have relied on my own foresight; and this one is very far from being empty. My dear Count, with what trash have you come laden? But the shortest method is to see for myself." And he put down his hand.

She stopped him at once. "Otto," she said, "no—not that way. I will tell, I will make a clean breast. It is done already. I have robbed the treasury single-handed. There are three thousand two hundred crowns. O, I trust it is enough!"

Her embarrassment was so obvious that the Prince was struck into a muse, gazing in her face, with his hand still outstretched, and she still holding him by the wrist. "You!" he said, at last. "How?" And then drawing himself up, "O madam," he cried, "I understand. You must indeed think meanly of the Prince."

"Well then, it was a lie!" she cried. "The money is mine, honestly my own—now yours. This was an unworthy act that you proposed. But I love your honour, and I swore to myself that I should save it in your teeth. I beg of you to let me save it"—with a sudden lovely change of tone. "Otto, I beseech you let me save it. Take this dross from your poor friend who loves you!"

"Madam, madam," babbled Otto, in the extreme of misery, "I cannot—I must go."

And he half rose; but she was on the ground before him in an instant, clasping his knees. "No," she gasped, "you shall not go. Do you despise me so entirely? It is dross; I hate it; I should squander it at play and be no richer; it is an investment; it is to save me from ruin. Otto," she cried, as he again feebly tried to put her from him, "if you leave me alone in this disgrace, I will die here!" He groaned aloud. "O," she said, "think what I suffer! If you suffer from a piece of delicacy, think what I suffer in my shame! To have my trash refused! You would rather steal, you think of me so basely! You would rather tread my heart in pieces! O, unkind! O my Prince! O Otto! O pity me!" She was still clasping him; then she found his hand and covered it with kisses, and at this his head began to turn. "O," she cried again, "I see it! O what a horror! It is because I am old, because I am no longer beautiful." And she burst into a storm of sobs.

This was the *coup de grâce*. Otto had now to comfort and compose her as he could, and before many words, the money was accepted. Between the woman and the weak man such was the inevitable end. Madame von Rosen instantly composed her sobs. She thanked him with a fluttering voice, and resumed her place upon the bench at the far end from Otto. "Now you see," she said, "why I bade you keep the thief at distance, and why I came alone. How I trembled for my treasure!"

"Madam," said Otto, with a tearful

whimper in his voice, "spare me! You are too good, too noble!"

"I wonder to hear you," she returned. "You have avoided a great folly. You will be able to meet your good old peasant. You have found an excellent investment for a friend's money. You have preferred essential kindness to an empty scruple; and now you are ashamed of it! You have made your friend happy; and now you mourn as the dove! Come, cheer up. I know it is depressing to have done exactly right; but you need not make a practice of it. Forgive yourself this virtue; come now, look me in the face and smile!"

He did look at her. When a man has been embraced by a woman, he sees her in a glamour; and at such a time, in the baffling glimmer of the stars, she will look wildly well. The hair is touched with light; the eyes are constellations; the face sketched in shadows—a sketch, you might say, by passion. Otto became consoled for his defeat; he began to take an interest. "No," he said, "I am no ingrate."

"You promised me fun," she returned, with a laugh. "I have given you as good. We have had a stormy scene."

He laughed in his turn, and the sound of the laughter, in either case, was hardly reassuring.

"Come, what are you going to give me in exchange," she continued, "for my excellent declamation?"

"What you will," he said.

"Whatever I will? Upon your honour? Suppose I asked the crown?" She was flashing upon him, beautiful in triumph.

"Upon my honour," he replied.

"Shall I ask the crown?" she continued. "Nay; what should I do with it? Grünewald is but a petty state; my ambition swells above it. I shall ask—I find I want nothing," she concluded. "I will give you something instead. I will give you leave to kiss me—once."

Otto drew near, and she put up her face; they were both smiling, both on the brink of laughter, all was so innocent and playful; and the Prince, when their lips encountered, was dumbfounded by the sudden convulsion of his being. Both drew instantly apart, and for an appreciable time sat tongue-tied. Otto was indistinctly conscious of a peril in the silence, but could find no words to utter. Suddenly the Countess seemed to awake. "As for your wife—" she began in a clear and steady voice.

The word recalled Otto, with a shudder, from his trance. "I will hear nothing against my wife," he cried wildly; and then, recovering himself and in a kindlier tone, "I will tell you my one secret," he added. "I love my wife."

"You should have let me finish," she returned, smiling. "Do you suppose I did not mention her on purpose? You know you had lost your head. Well, so had I. Come now, do not be abashed by words," she added, somewhat sharply. "It is the one thing I despise. If you are not a fool, you will see that I am building fortresses about your virtue. And at any rate, I choose that you shall understand that I am not dying of love for you. It is a very smiling business; no tragedy for me! And now here is what I have to say about your wife: She is not and she never has been Gondremark's mistress. Be sure he would have boasted if she had. Good-night!"

And in a moment she was gone down the alley, and Otto was alone with the bag of money and the flying god.

CHAPTER X

GOTTHOLD'S REVISED OPINION; AND THE FALL COMPLETED

The Countess left poor Otto with a caress and buffet simultaneously administered. The welcome word about his wife and the virtuous ending of his interview should doubtless have delighted him. But for all that, as he shouldered the bag of money and set forward to rejoin his groom, he was conscious of many aching sensibilities. To have gone wrong and to have been set right, makes but a double trial for man's vanity. The discovery of his own weakness and possible unfaith had staggered him to the heart; and to hear, in the same hour, of his wife's fidelity from one who loved her not, increased the bitterness of the surprise.

He was about half-way between the fountain and the Flying Mercury before his thoughts began to be clear; and he was surprised to find them resentful. He paused in a kind of temper, and struck with his hand a little shrub. Thence there arose instantly a cloud of awakened sparrows, which as instantly dispersed and disappeared into the thicket. He looked at them stupidly, and when they were gone continued staring at the stars. "I am angry. By what right? By none!" he thought; but he was still angry. He cursed Madame von Rosen and instantly repented. Heavy was the money on his shoulders.

When he reached the fountain, he did, out of ill humour and parade, an unpardonable act. He gave the money bodily to the dishonest groom. "Keep this for me," he said, "until I call for it to-morrow. It is a great sum, and by that you will judge that I have not condemned you." And he strode away ruffling, as if he had done something generous. It was a desperate stroke to re-enter at the point of the bayonet into his self-esteem; and, like all such, it was fruitless in the end. He got to bed with the devil, it appeared: kicked and tumbled till the gray of the morning; and then fell inopportunely into a leaden slumber, and awoke to find it ten. To miss the appointment with old Killian after all, had been too tragic a miscarriage: and he hurried with all his might, found the groom (for a wonder) faithful to his trust, and arrived only a few minutes before noon in the guest-chamber of the Morning Star. Killian was there in his Sunday's best and looking very gaunt and rigid; a lawyer from Brandenau stood sentinel over his outspread papers; and the groom and the landlord of the inn were called to serve as witnesses. The obvious deference of that great man, the innkeeper, plainly affected the old farmer with surprise; but it was not until Otto had taken the pen and signed that the truth flashed upon him fully. Then, indeed, he was beside himself.

"His Highness!" he cried, "His Highness!" and repeated the exclamation till his mind had grappled fairly with the facts. Then he turned to the witnesses. "Gentlemen," he said, "you dwell in a country highly favoured by God; for of all generous gentlemen, I will say it on my conscience, this one is the king. I am an old man, and I have seen good and bad, and the year of the great famine; but a more excellent gentleman, no, never."

"We know that," cried the landlord, "we know that well in Grünewald. If we saw more of his Highness we should be the better pleased."

"It is the kindest Prince," began the groom, and suddenly closed his mouth upon a sob, so that every one turned to gaze upon his emotion. Otto not last; Otto struck with remorse, to see the man so grateful.

Then it was the lawyer's turn to pay a compliment. "I do not know what Providence may hold in store," he said, "but this day should be a bright one in the annals of your reign. The shouts of armies could not be more eloquent than the emotion on these honest faces." And the Brandenau lawyer bowed, skipped, stepped back and took snuff, with the air of a man who has found and seized an opportunity.

"Well, young gentleman," said Killian, "if you will pardon me the plainness of calling you a gentleman, many a good day's work you have done, I doubt not, but never a better, or one that will be better blessed; and whatever, sir, may be your happiness and triumph in that high sphere to which you have been called, it will be none the worse, sir, for an old man's blessing!"

The scene had almost assumed the proportions of an ovation; and when the Prince escaped he had but one thought: to go wherever he was most sure of praise. His conduct at the board of council occurred to him as a fair chapter; and this evoked the memory of Gotthold. To Gotthold he would go.

Gotthold was in the library as usual, and laid down his pen, a little angrily, on Otto's entrance. "Well," he said, "here you are."

"Well," returned Otto, "we made a revolution, I believe."

"It is what I fear," returned the Doctor.

"How?" said Otto. "Fear? Fear is the burnt child. I have learned my strength and the weakness of the others; and I now mean to govern."

Gotthold said nothing, but he looked down and smoothed his chin.

"You disapprove?" cried Otto. "You are a weathercock."

"On the contrary," replied the Doctor. "My observation has confirmed my fears. It will not do, Otto, not do."

"What will not do?" demanded the Prince, with a sickening stab of pain.

"None of it," answered Gotthold. "You are unfitted for a life of action; you lack the stamina, the habit, the restraint, the patience. Your wife is greatly better, vastly better; and though she is in bad hands, displays a very different aptitude. She is a woman of affairs; you are—dear boy, you are yourself. I bid you back to your amusements; like a smiling dominie, I give you holidays for life. Yes," he continued, "there is a day appointed for all when they shall turn again upon their own philosophy. I had grown to disbelieve impartially in all; and if in the atlas of the sciences there were two charts I disbelieved in more than all the rest, they were politics and morals. I had a sneaking kindness for your vices; as they were negative, they flattered my philosophy; and I called them almost virtues. Well, Otto, I was wrong; I have forsworn my sceptical philosophy; and I perceive your faults to be unpardonable. You are unfit to be a Prince, unfit to be a husband. And I give you my word, I would rather see a man capably doing evil, than blundering about good."

Otto was still silent, in extreme dudgeon.

Presently the Doctor resumed: "I will take the smaller matter first: your conduct to your wife. You went, I hear, and had an explanation. That may have been right or wrong; I know not; at least, you had stirred her temper. At the council she insults you; well, you insult her back—a man to a woman, a husband to his wife, in public! Next upon the back of this, you propose—the story runs like wildfire—to recall the power of signature. Can she ever forgive that? a woman—a young woman—ambitious, conscious of talents beyond yours? Never, Otto. And to sum all, at such a crisis in your married life, you get into a window corner with that ogling dame Von Rosen. I do not dream that there was any harm; but I do say it was an idle disrespect to your wife. Why, man, the woman is not decent."

"Gotthold," said Otto, "I will hear no evil of the Countess."

"You will certainly hear no good of her," returned Gotthold; "and if you wish your wife to be the pink of nicety, you should clear your Court of demi-reputations."

"The commonplace injustice of a byword," Otto cried. "The partiality of sex. She is a demi-rep; what then is Gondremark? Were she a man—"

"It would be all one," retorted Gotthold, roughly. "When I see a man, come to years of wisdom, who speaks in double-meanings and is the braggart of his vices, I spit on the other side. 'You, my friend,' say I, 'are not even a gentleman.' Well, she's not even a lady."

"She is the best friend I have, and I choose that she shall be respected," Otto said.

"If she is your friend, so much the worse," replied the Doctor. "It will not stop there."

"Ah!" cried Otto, "there is the charity of virtue! All evil in the spotted fruit. But I can tell you, sir, that you do Madame von Rosen prodigal injustice."

"You can tell me!" said the Doctor, shrewdly. "Have you tried? have you been riding the marches?"

The blood came into Otto's face.

"Ah!" cried Gotthold, "look at your wife and blush! There's a wife for a man to marry and then lose! She's a carnation, Otto. The soul is in her eyes."

"You have changed your note for Seraphina, I perceive," said Otto.

"Changed it!" cried the Doctor, with a flush. "Why, when was it different? But I own I admired her at the council. When she sat there silent, tapping with her foot, I admired her as I might a hurricane. Were I one of those who venture upon matrimony, there had been the prize to tempt me! She invites, as Mexico invited Cortez; the enterprise is hard, the natives are unfriendly—I believe them cruel too—but the metropolis is paved with gold and the breeze blows out of paradise. Yes, I could desire to be that conqueror. But to philander with Von Rosen; never! Senses? I discard them; what are they?—pruritus! Curiosity? Reach me my Anatomy!"

"To whom do you address yourself?" cried Otto. "Surely, you, of all men, know that I love my wife!"

"O, love!" cried Gotthold; "love is a great word; it is in all the dictionaries. If you had loved, she would have paid you back. What does she ask? A little ardour!"

"It is hard to love for two," replied the Prince.

"Hard? Why, there's the touchstone! O, I know my poets!" cried the Doctor. "We are but dust and fire, too arid to endure life's scorching; and love, like the shadow of a great rock, should lend shelter and refreshment, not to the lover only, but to his mistress and to the children that reward them; and their very friends should seek repose in the fringes of that peace. Love is not love that cannot build a home. And you call it love to grudge and quarrel and pick faults? You call it love to thwart her to her face, and bandy insults? Love!"

"Gotthold, you are unjust. I was then fighting for my country," said the Prince.

"Ay, and there's the worst of all," returned the Doctor. "You could not even see that you were wrong; that being where they were, retreat was ruin."

"Why, you supported me!" cried Otto.

"I did. I was a fool like you," replied Gotthold. "But now my eyes are open. If you go on as you have started, disgrace this fellow Gondremark, and publish the scandal of your divided house, there will befall a most abominable thing in Grünewald. A revolution, friend—a revolution."

"You speak strangely for a red," said Otto.

"A red republican, but not a revolutionary," returned the Doctor. "An ugly thing is a Grünewalder drunk! One man alone can save the country from this pass, and that is the double-dealer Gondremark, with whom I conjure you to make peace. It will not be you; it never can be you:—you, who can do nothing, as your wife said, but trade upon your station—you, who spent the hours in begging money! And in God's name, what for? Why money? What mystery of idiocy was this?"

"It was to no ill end. It was to buy a farm," quoth Otto, sulkily.

"To buy a farm!" cried Gotthold. "Buy a farm!"

"Well, what then?" returned Otto. "I have bought it, if you come to that."

Gotthold fairly bounded on his seat. "And how that?" he cried.

"How?" repeated Otto, startled.

"Ay, verily, how!" returned the Doctor. "How came you by the money?"

The Prince's countenance darkened. "That is my affair," said he.

"You see you are ashamed," retorted Gotthold. "And so you bought a farm in the hour of your country's need—doubtless to be ready for the abdication; and I put it that you stole the funds. There are not three ways of getting money: there are but two: to earn and steal. And now, when you have combined Charles the Fifth and Long-fingered Tom, you come to me to fortify your vanity! But I will clear my mind upon this matter: until I know the right and wrong of the transaction, I put my hand behind my back. A man may be the pitifullest prince, he must be a spotless gentleman."

The Prince had gotten to his feet, as pale as paper. "Gotthold," he said, "you drive me beyond bounds. Beware, sir, beware!"

"Do you threaten me, friend Otto?" asked the Doctor, grimly. "That would be a strange conclusion."

"When have you ever known me use my power in any private animosity?" cried Otto. "To any private man, your words were an unpardonable insult, but at me you shoot in full security, and I must turn aside to compliment you on your plainness. I must do more than pardon, I must admire, because you have faced this—this formidable monarch, like a Nathan before David. You have uprooted an old kindness, sir, with an unsparing hand. You leave me very bare. My last bond is broken; and though I take Heaven to witness that I sought to do the right, I have this reward: to find myself alone. You say I am no gentleman; yet the sneers have been upon your side; and though I can very well perceive where you have lodged your sympathies, I will forbear the taunt."

"Otto, are you insane?" cried Gotthold, leaping up. "Because I ask you how you came by certain moneys, and because you refuse—"

"Her von Hohenstockwitz, I have ceased to invite your aid in my affairs," said Otto. "I have heard all that I desire, and you have sufficiently trampled on my vanity. It may be that I cannot govern, it may be that I cannot love—you tell me so with every mark of honesty; but God has granted me one virtue, and I can still forgive. I forgive you; even in this hour of passion, I can perceive my faults and your excuses; and if I desire that in future I may be spared your conversation, it is not, sir, from resentment—not resentment—but, by Heaven, because no man on earth could endure to be so rated. You have the satisfaction to see your sovereign weep; and that person whom you have so often taunted with his happiness reduced to the last pitch of solitude and misery. No,—I will hear nothing; I claim the last word, sir, as your Prince; and that last word shall be—forgiveness."

And with that Otto was gone from the apartment, and Doctor Gotthold was left alone with the most conflicting sentiments of sorrow, remorse, and merriment; walking to and fro before his table, and asking himself, with hands uplifted, which of the pair of them was most to blame for this unhappy rupture. Presently, he took from a cupboard a bottle of Rhine wine and a goblet of the deep Bohemian ruby. The first glass a little warmed and comforted his bosom; with the second he began to look down upon these troubles from a sunny mountain; yet awhile, and filled with this false comfort and contemplating life throughout a golden medium, he owned to himself, with a flush, a smile, and a half-pleasurable sigh, that he had been somewhat over-plain in dealing with his cousin. "He said the truth, too," added the penitent librarian, "for in my monkish fashion I adore the Princess." And then, with a still deepening flush and a certain stealth, although he sat all alone in that great gallery, he toasted Seraphina to the dregs.

CHAPTER XI

PROVIDENCE VON ROSEN: ACT THE FIRST: SHE BEGUILES THE BARON

At a sufficiently late hour, or, to be more exact, at three in the afternoon, Madame von Rosen issued on the world. She swept down-stairs and out across the garden, a black mantilla thrown over her head, and the long train of her black velvet dress ruthlessly sweeping in the dirt.

At the other end of that long garden, and back to back with the villa of the Countess, stood the large mansion where the Prime Minister transacted his affairs and pleasures. This distance, which was enough for decency by the easy canons of Mittwalden, the Countess swiftly traversed, opened a little door with a key, mounted a flight of stairs, and entered unceremoniously into Gondremark's study. It was a large and very high apartment; books all about the walls, papers on the table, papers on the floor; here and there a picture, somewhat scant of drapery; a great fire glowing and flaming in the blue tiled hearth; and the daylight streaming through a cupola above. In the midst of this sat the great Baron Gondremark in his shirt-sleeves, his business for that day fairly at an end, and the hour arrived for relaxation. His expression, his very nature, seemed to have undergone a fundamental change. Gondremark at home appeared the very antipode of Gondremark on duty. He had an air of massive jollity that well became him; grossness and geniality sat upon his features; and along with his manners, he had laid aside his sly and sinister expression. He lolled there, sunning his bulk before the fire, a noble animal.

"Hey!" he cried. "At last!"

The Countess stepped into the room in silence, threw herself on a chair, and crossed her legs. In her lace and velvet, with a good display of smooth black stocking and of snowy petticoat, and with the refined profile of her face and slender plumpness of her body, she showed in singular contrast to the big, black, intellectual satyr by the fire.

"How often do you send for me?" she cried. "It is compromising."

Gondremark laughed. "Speaking of that," said he, "what in the devil's name were you about? You were not home till morning."

"I was giving alms," she said.

The Baron again laughed loud and long, for in his shirt-sleeves he was a very mirthful creature. "It is fortunate I am not jealous," he remarked. "But you know my way: pleasure and liberty go hand in hand. I believe what I believe; it is not much, but I believe it. But now, to business. Have you not read my letter?"

"No," she said; "my head ached."

"Ah, well! then I have news indeed!" cried Gondremark. "I was mad to see you all last night and all this morning: for yesterday afternoon I brought my long business to a head; the ship has come home; one more dead lift, and I shall cease to etch and carry for the Princess Ratafia. Yes, 'tis done. I have the order all in Ratafia's hand; I carry it on my heart. At the hour of twelve to-night, Prince Featherhead is to be taken in his bed and, like the bambino, whipped into a chariot; and by next morning he will command a most romantic prospect from the donjon of the Felsenburg. Farewell, Featherhead! The war goes on, the girl is in my hand; I have long been indispensable, but now I shall be sole. I have long," he added exultingly, "long carried this intrigue upon my shoulders, like Samson with the gates of Gaza; now I discharge that burthen."

She had sprung to her feet a little paler. "Is this true?" she cried.

"I tell you a fact," he asseverated. "The trick is played."

"I will never believe it," she said. "An order? In her own hand? I will never believe it, Heinrich."

"I swear to you," said he.

"O, what do you care for oaths—or I either? What would you swear by? Wine, women, and song? It is not binding," she said. She had come quite close up to him and laid her hand upon his arm. "As for the other—no, Heinrich, never! I will never believe it. I will die ere I believe it. You have some secret purpose—what, I cannot guess—but not one word of it is true."

"Shall I show it you?" he asked.

"You cannot," she answered. "There is no such thing."

"Incorrigible Sadducee!" he cried. "Well, I will convert you; you shall see the order." He moved to a chair where he had thrown his coat, and then drawing forth and holding out a paper, "Read," said he.

She took it greedily, and her eye flashed as she perused it.

"Hey!" cried the Baron, "there falls a dynasty, and it was I that felled it; and I and you inherit!" He seemed to swell in stature; and next moment, with a laugh, he put his hand forward. "Give me the dagger," said he.

But she whisked the paper suddenly behind her back and faced him, lowering. "No, no," she said. "You and I have first a point to settle. Do you suppose me blind? She could never have given that paper but to one man, and that man her lover. Here you stand—her lover, her accomplice, her master—O, I well believe it, for I know your power. But what am I?" she cried; "I, whom you deceive?"

"Jealousy!" cried Gondremark. "Anna, I would never have believed it! But I declare to you by all that's credible, that I am not her lover. I might be, I suppose; but I never yet durst risk the declaration. The chit is so unreal; a mincing doll; she will and she will not; there is no counting on her, by God! And hitherto I have had my own way without, and keep the lover in reserve. And I say, Anna," he added with severity, "you must break yourself of this new fit, my girl; there must be no combustion. I keep the creature under the belief that I adore her; and if she caught a breath of you and me, she is such a fool, prude, and dog in the manger, that she is capable of spoiling all."

"All very fine," returned the lady. "With whom do you pass your days? and which am I to believe, your words or your actions?"

"Anna, the devil take you, are you blind?" cried Gondremark. "You know me. Am I likely to care for such a preciosa? 'Tis hard that we should have been together for so long, and you should still take me for a troubadour. But if there is one thing that I despise and deprecate, it is all such figures in Berlin wool. Give me a human woman—like myself. You are my mate; you were made for me; you amuse me like the play. And what have I to gain that I should pretend to you? If I do not love you, what use are you to me? Why, none. It is as clear as noonday."

"Do you love me, Heinrich?" she asked, languishing. "Do you truly?"

"I tell you," he cried, "I love you next after myself. I should be all abroad if I had lost you."

"Well, then," said she, folding up the paper and putting it calmly in her pocket, "I will believe you, and I join the plot. Count upon me. At midnight, did you say? It is Gordon, I see, that you have charged with it. Excellent; he will stick at nothing."

Gondremark watched her suspiciously. "Why do you take the paper?" he demanded. "Give it here."

"No," she returned; "I mean to keep it. It is I who must prepare the stroke; you cannot manage it without me; and to do my best I must possess the paper. Where shall I find Gordon? In his rooms?" She spoke with a rather feverish self-possession.

"Anna," he said sternly, the black, bilious countenance of his palace rôle taking the place of the more open favour of his hours at home, "I ask you for that paper. Once, twice, and thrice."

"Heinrich," she returned, looking him in the face, "take care. I will put up with no dictation."

Both looked dangerous; and the silence lasted for a measurable interval of time. Then she made haste to have the first word; and with a laugh that rang clear and honest, "Do not be a child," she said. "I wonder at you. If your assurances are true, you can have no reason to mistrust me, nor I to play you false. The difficulty is to get the Prince out of the palace without scandal. His valets are devoted; his chamberlain a slave; and yet one cry might ruin all."

"They must be overpowered," he said, following her to the new ground, "and disappear along with him."

"And your whole scheme along with them!" she cried. "He does not take his servants when he goes a-hunting; a child could read the truth. No, no; the plan is idiotic; it must be Ratafia's. But hear me. You know the Prince worships me?"

"I know," he said. "Poor Featherhead, I cross his destiny!"

"Well now," she continued, "what if I bring him alone out of the palace, to some quiet corner of the Park—the Flying Mercury, for instance? Gordon can be posted in the thicket; the carriage wait behind the temple; not a cry, not a scuffle, not a footfall; simply, the Prince vanishes!—What do you say? Am I an able ally? Are my *beaux yeux* of service? Ah, Heinrich, do not lose your Anna!—she has power!"

He struck with his open hand upon the chimney. "Witch!" he said, "there is not your match for devilry in Europe. Service! the thing runs on wheels."

"Kiss me, then, and let me go. I must not miss my Featherhead," she said.

"Stay, stay," said the Baron; "not so fast. I wish, upon my soul, that I could trust you; but you are, out and in, so whimsical a devil that I dare not. Hang it, Anna, no; it's not possible!"

"You doubt me, Heinrich?" she cried.

"Doubt is not the word," said he. "I know you. Once you were clear of me with that paper in your pocket, who knows what you would do with it?—not you, at least—nor I. You see," he added, shaking his head paternally upon the Countess, "you are as vicious as a monkey."

"I swear to you," she cried, "by my salvation . . . "

"I have no curiosity to hear you swearing," said the Baron.

"You think that I have no religion? You suppose me destitute of honour. Well," she said, "see here: I will not argue, but I tell you once for all: leave me this order, and the Prince shall be arrested—take it from me, and, as certain as I speak, I will upset the coach. Trust me, or fear me: take your choice." And she offered him the paper.

The Baron, in a great contention of mind, stood irresolute, weighing the two dangers. Once his hand advanced, then dropped. "Well," he said, "since trust is what you call it. . . ."

"No more," she interrupted. "Do not spoil your attitude. And now since you have behaved like a good sort of fellow in the dark, I will condescend to tell you why. I go to the palace to arrange with Gordon; but how is Gordon to obey me? And how can I foresee the hours? It may be midnight; ay, and it may be night-fall; all's a chance; and to act, I must be free and hold the strings of the adventure. And now," she cried, "your Vivien goes. Dub me your knight!" And she held out her arms and smiled upon him radiant.

"Well," he said, when he had kissed her, "every man must have his folly; I thank God mine is no worse. Off with you! I have given a child a squib."

CHAPTER XII

PROVIDENCE VON ROSEN: ACT THE SECOND: SHE INFORMS THE PRINCE

It was the first impulse of Madame von Rosen to return to her own villa and revise her toilette. Whatever else should come of this adventure, it was her firm design to pay a visit to the Princess. And before that woman, so little beloved, the Countess would appear at no disadvantage. It was the work of minutes. Von Rosen had the captain's eye in matters of the toilette; she was none of those who hang in Fabian helplessness among their finery and, after hours, come forth upon the world as dowdies. A glance, a loosened curl, a studied and admired disorder in the hair, a bit of lace, a touch of colour, a yellow rose in the bosom; and the instant picture was complete.

"That will do," she said. "Bid my carriage follow me to the palace. In half an hour it should be there in waiting."

The night was beginning to fall and the shops to shine with lamps along the tree-beshadowed thoroughfares of Otto's capital, when the Countess started on her high emprise. She was jocund at heart; pleasure and interest had winged her beauty, and she knew it. She paused before the glowing jeweller's; she remarked and praised a costume in the milliner's window; and when she reached the lime-tree walk, with its high, umbrageous arches and stir of passers-by in the dim alleys, she took her place upon a bench and began to dally with the pleasures of the hour. It was cold, but she did not feel it, being warm within; her thoughts, in that dark corner, shone like the gold and rubies at the jeweller's; her ears, which heard the brushing of so many footfalls, transposed it into music.

What was she to do? She held the paper by which all depended. Otto and Gondremark and Ratafia, and the state itself, hung light in her balances, as light as dust; her little finger laid in either scale would set all flying; and she hugged herself upon her huge preponderance, and then laughed aloud to think how giddily it might be used. The vertigo of omnipotence, the disease of Cæsars, shook her reason. "O the mad world!" she thought, and laughed aloud in exultation.

A child, finger in mouth, had paused a little way from where she sat, and stared with cloudy interest upon this laughing lady. She called it nearer; but the child hung back. Instantly, with that curious passion which you may see any woman in the world display, on the most odd occasions, for a similar end, the Countess bent herself with singleness of mind to overcome this diffidence; and presently, sure enough, the child was setted on her knee, thumbing and glowering at her watch.

"If you had a clay bear and a china monkey," asked Von Rosen, "which would you prefer to break?"

"But I have neither," said the child.

"Well," she said, "here is a bright florin, with which you may purchase both the one and the other; and I shall give it you at once, if you will answer my question. The clay bear or the china monkey—come?"

But the unbreeched soothsayer only stared upon the florin with big eyes; the oracle could not be persuaded to reply; and the Countess kissed him lightly, gave him the florin, set him down upon the path, and resumed her way with swinging and elastic gait.

"Which shall I break?" she wondered; and she passed her hand with delight among the careful disarrangement of her locks.

"Which?" and she consulted heaven with her bright eyes. "Do I love both or neither? A little—passionately—not at all? Both or neither—both, I believe; but at least I will make hay of Ratafia."

By the time she had passed the iron gates, mounted the drive, and set her foot upon the broad flagged terrace, the night had come completely; the palace front was thick with lighted windows; and along the balustrade, the lamp on every twentieth baluster shone clear. A few withered tracks of sunset, amber and glow-worm green, still lingered in the western sky; and she paused once again to watch them fading.

"And to think," she said, "that here am I—destiny embodied, a norn, a fate, a providence—and have no guess upon which side I shall declare myself! What other woman in my place would not be prejudiced, and think herself committed? But, thank Heaven! I was born just!" Otto's windows were bright among the rest, and she looked on them with rising tenderness. "How does it feel to be deserted?" she thought. "Poor dear fool! The girl deserves that he should see this order."

Without more delay, she passed into the palace and asked for an audience of Prince Otto. The Prince, she was told, was in his own apartment, and desired to be private. She sent her name. A man presently returned with word that the Prince tendered his apologies, but could see no one. "Then I will write," she said, and scribbled a few lines alleging urgency of life and death. "Help me, my Prince," she added; "none but you can help me." This time the messenger returned more speedily and begged the Countess to follow him: the Prince was graciously pleased to receive the Frau Gräfin von Rosen.

Otto sat by the fire in his large armoury, weapons faintly glittering all about him in the changeful light. His face was disfigured by the marks of weeping; he looked sour and sad; nor did he rise to greet his visitor, but bowed, and bade the man begone. That kind of general tenderness which served the Countess for both heart and conscience, sharply smote her at this spectacle of grief and weakness; she began immediately to enter into the spirit of her part; and as soon as they were alone, taking one step forward and with a magnificent gesture—"Up!" she cried.

"Madame von Rosen," replied Otto, dully, "you have used strong words. You speak of life and death. Pray, madam, who is threatened? Who is there," he added bitterly, "so destitute that even Otto of Grünewald can assist him?"

"First learn," said she, "the names of the conspirators: the Princess and the Baron Gondremark. Can you not guess the rest?" And then as he maintained his silence— "You!" she cried, pointing at him with her finger. "'T is you they threaten! Your rascal and mine have laid their heads together and condemned you. But they reckoned without you and me. We make a *partie carrê*, Prince, in love and politics. They lead an ace, but we shall trump it. Come, partner, shall I draw my card?"

"Madam," he said, "explain yourself. Indeed I fail to comprehend."

"See, then," said she; and handed him the order.

He took it, looked upon it with a start; and then, still without speech, he put his hand before his face. She waited for a word in vain.

"What!" she cried, "do you take the thing down-heartedly? As well seek wine in a milk-pail as love in that girl's heart! Be done with this, and be a man. After the league of the lions, let us have a conspiracy of mice, and pull this piece of machinery to ground. You were brisk enough last night when nothing was at stake and all was frolic. Well, here is better sport; here is life indeed."

He got to his feet with some alacrity, and his face, which was a little flushed, bore the marks of resolution.

"Madame von Rosen," said he, "I am neither unconscious nor ungrateful; this is the true continuation of your friendship; but I see that I must disappoint your expectations. You seem to expect from me some effort of resistance; but why should I resist? I have not much to gain; and now that I have read this paper, and the last of a fool's paradise is shattered, it would be hyperbolical to speak of loss in the same breath with Otto of Grünewald. I have no party; no policy; no pride, nor anything to be proud of. For what benefit or principle under Heaven do you expect me to contend? Or would you have me bite and scratch like a trapped weasel? No, madam; signify to those who sent you my readiness to go. I would at least avoid a scandal."

"You go?—of your own will, you go?" she cried.

"I cannot say so much, perhaps," he answered; "but I go with good alacrity. I have desired a change some time; behold one offered me! Shall I refuse? Thank God, I am not so destitute of humour as to make a tragedy of such a farce." He flicked the order on the table. "You may signify my readiness," he added, grandly.

"Ah," she said, "you are more angry than you own."

"I, madam? angry?" he cried. "You rave. I have no cause for anger. In every way I have been taught my weakness, my instability, and my unfitness for the world. I am a plexus of weaknesses, an impotent Prince, a doubtful gentleman; and you yourself, indulgent as you are, have twice reproved my levity. And shall I be angry? I may feel the unkindness, but I have sufficient honesty of mind to see the reasons of this *coup d'état.*"

"From whom have you got this?" she cried, in wonder. "You think you have not behaved well? My Prince, were you not young and handsome, I should detest you for your virtues. You push them to the verge of commonplace. And this ingratitude——"

"Understand me, Madame von Rosen," returned the Prince, flushing a little darker, "there can be here no talk of gratitude, none of pride. You are here, by what circumstance I know not, but doubtless led by your kindness, mixed up in what regards my family alone. You have no knowledge what my wife, your sovereign, may have suffered; it is not for you—no, nor for me—to judge. I own myself in fault; and were it otherwise, a man were a very empty boaster who should talk of love and start before a small humiliation. It is in all the copybooks that one should die to please his lady-love; and shall a man not go to prison?"

"Love? And what has love to do with being sent to gaol?" exclaimed the Countess, appealing to the walls and roof. "Heaven knows I think as much of love as any one; my life would prove it; but I admit no love, at least for a man, that is not equally returned. The rest is moonshine."

"I think of love more absolutely, madam, though I am certain no more tenderly, than a lady to whom I am indebted for such kindnesses," returned the Prince. "But this is unavailing. We are not here to hold a court of troubadours."

"Still," she replied, "there is one thing you forget. If she conspires with Gondremark against your liberty, she may conspire with him against your honour also."

"My honour?" he repeated. "For a woman you surprise me. If I have failed to gain her love or play my part of husband, what right is left me? or what honour can remain in such a scene of defeat? No honour that I recognize. I am become a stranger. If my wife no longer loves me, I will go to prison, since she wills it; if she love another, where should I be more in place? or whose fault is it but mine? You speak, Madame von Rosen, like too many women, with a man's tongue. Had I myself fallen into temptation (as, Heaven knows, I might) I should have trembled, but still hoped and asked for her forgiveness; and yet mine had been a treason in the teeth of love. But let me tell you, madam," he pursued, with rising irritation, "where a husband by futility, facility, and ill-timed humours has outwearied his wife's patience, I will suffer neither man nor woman to misjudge her. She is free; the man has been found wanting."

"Because she loves you not?" the Countess cried. "You know she is incapable of such a feeling."

"Rather, it was I who was born incapable of inspiring it," said Otto.

Madame von Rosen broke into sudden laughter. "Fool," she cried, "I am in love with you myself."

"Ah, madam, you are most compassionate," the Prince retorted, smiling. "But this is waste debate. I know my purpose. Perhaps, to equal you in frankness, I know and embrace my advantage. I am not without the spirit of adventure. I am in a false position—so recognized by public acclamation: do you grudge me, then, my issue?"

"If your mind is made up, why should I dissuade you?" said the Countess. "I own, with a bare face, I am the gainer. Go, you take my heart with you, or more of it than I desire; I shall not sleep at night for thinking of your misery. But do not be afraid; I would not spoil you, you are such a fool and hero."

"Alas! madam," cried the Prince, "and your unlucky money! I did amiss to take it, but you are a wonderful persuader. And I thank God, I can still offer you the fair equivalent." He took some papers from the chimney. "Here, madam, are the title-deeds," he said; "where I am going, they can certainly be of no use to me, and I have now no other hope of making up to you your kindness. You made the loan without formality, obeying your kind heart. The parts are somewhat changed; the sun of this Prince of Grünewald is upon the point of setting; and I know you better than to doubt you will once more waive ceremony, and accept the best that he can give you. If I may look for any pleasure in the coming time, it will be to remember that the peasant is secure, and my most generous friend no loser."

"Do you not understand my odious position?" cried the Countess. "Dear Prince, it is upon your fall that I begin my fortune."

"It was the more like you to tempt me to resistance," returned Otto. "But this cannot alter our relations; and I must, for the last time, lay my commands upon you in the character of Prince." And with his loftiest dignity, he forced the deeds on her acceptance.

"I hate the very touch of them," she cried.

There followed upon this a little silence. "At what time," resumed Otto, "(if indeed you know) am I to be arrested?"

"Your Highness, when you please!" exclaimed the Countess. "Or if you choose to tear that paper, never!"

"I would rather it were done quickly," said the Prince. "I shall take but time to leave a letter for the Princess."

"Well," said the Countess, "I have advised you to resist; at the same time, if you intend to be dumb before your shearers, I must say that I ought to set about arranging your arrest. I offered"—she hesitated—"I offered to manage it, intending, my dear friend—intending, upon my soul, to be of use to you. Well, if you will not profit by my good-will, then be of use to me; and as soon as ever you feel ready, go to the Flying Mercury where we met last night. It will be none the worse for you; and to make it quite plain, it will be better for the rest of us."

"Dear madam, certainly," said Otto. "If I am prepared for the chief evil, I shall not quarrel with details. Go, then, with my best gratitude; and when I have written a few lines of leave-taking, I shall immediately hasten to keep tryst. To-night, I shall not meet so dangerous a cavalier," he added, with a smiling gallantry.

As soon as Madame von Rosen was gone, he made a great call upon his self-command. He was face to face with a miserable passage where, if it were possible, he desired to carry himself with dignity. As to the main fact, he never swerved or faltered; he had come so heartsick and so cruelly humiliated from his talk with Gotthold, that he embraced the notion of imprisonment with something bordering on relief. Here was, at least, a step which he thought blameless; here was a way out of his troubles. He sat down to write to Seraphina; and his anger blazed. The tale of his forbearances mounted, in his eyes, to something monstrous; still more monstrous, the coldness, egoism, and cruelty that had required and thus requited them. The pen which he had taken shook in his hand. He was amazed to find his resignation fled, but it was gone beyond his recall. In a few white-hot words, he bade adieu, dubbing desperation by the name of love, and calling his wrath forgiveness; then he cast but one look of leavetaking on the place that had been his for so long and was now to be his no longer; and hurried forth—love's prisoner—or pride's.

He took that private passage which he had trodden so often in less momentous hours. The porter let him out; and the bountiful, cold air of the night and the pure glory of the stars received him on the threshold. He looked round him, breathing deep of earth's plain fragrance; he looked up into the great array of heaven, and was quieted. His little turgid life dwindled to its true proportions; and he saw himself (that great flame-hearted martyr!) stand like a speck under the cool cupola of the night. Thus he felt his careless injuries already soothed; the live air of out-of-doors, the quiet of the world, as if by their silent music, sobering and dwarfing his emotions.

"Well, I forgive her," he said. "If it be of any use to her, I forgive."

And with brisk steps, he crossed the garden, issued upon the Park and came to the Flying Mercury. A dark figure moved forward from the shadow of the pedestal.

"I have to ask your pardon, sir," a voice observed, "but if I am right in taking you for the Prince, I was given to understand that you would be prepared to meet me."

"Herr Gordon, I believe?" said Otto.

"Herr Oberst Gordon," replied that officer. "This is rather a ticklish business for a man to be embarked in; and to find that all is to go pleasantly, is a great relief to me. The carriage is at hand; shall I have the honour of following your Highness?"

"Colonel," said the Prince, "I have now come to that happy moment of my life, when I have orders to receive but none to give."

"A most philosophical remark!" returned the Colonel. "Begad, a very pertinent remark! it might be Plutarch. I am not a drop's blood to your Highness, or indeed to any one in this principality; or else I should dislike my orders. But as it is, and since there is nothing unnatural or unbecoming on my side, and your Highness takes it in good part, I begin to believe we may have a capital time together, sir—a capital time. For a gaoler is only a fellow captive."

"May I inquire, Herr Gordon," asked Otto, "what led you to accept this dangerous and I would fain hope thankless office?"

"Very natural, I am sure," replied the officer of fortune. "My pay is, in the meanwhile, doubled."

"Well, sir, I will not presume to criticise," returned the Prince. "And I perceive the carriage."

Sure enough, at the intersection of two alleys of the Park, a coach and four, conspicuous by its lanterns, stood in waiting. And a little way off about a score of lancers were drawn up under the shadow of the trees.

CHAPTER XIII

PROVIDENCE VON ROSEN: ACT THE THIRD: SHE ENLIGHTENS SERAPHINA

WHEN Madame von Rosen left the Prince, she hurried straight to Colonel Gordon; and not content with directing the arrangements, she had herself accompanied the soldier of fortune to the Flying Mercury. The Colonel gave her his arm, and the talk between this pair of conspirators ran high and lively. The Countess, indeed, was in a whirl of pleasure and excitement; her tongue stumbled upon laughter, her eyes shone, the colour that was usually wanting now perfected her face. It would have taken little more to bring Gordon to her feet—or so, at least, she believed, disdaining the idea.

Hidden among some lilac bushes, she enjoyed the great decorum of the arrest, and heard the dialogue of the two men die away along the path. Soon after, the rolling of a carriage and the beat of hoofs arose in the still air of the night, and passed speedily farther and fainter into silence. The Prince was gone.

Madame von Rosen consulted her watch. She had still, she thought, time enough for the titbit of her evening; and hurrying to the palace, winged by the fear of Gondremark's arrival, she sent her name and a pressing request for a reception to the Princess Seraphina. As the Countess von Rosen unqualified, she was sure to be refused; but as an emissary of the Baron's, for so she chose to style herself, she gained immediate entry.

The Princess sat alone at table, making a feint of dining. Her cheeks were mottled, her eyes heavy; she had neither slept nor eaten; even her dress had been neglected. In short she was out of health, out of looks, out of heart, and hag-ridden by her conscience. The Countess drew a swift comparison, and shone brighter in beauty.

"You come, madam, *de la part de Monsieur le Baron*," drawled the Princess. "Be seated! What have you to say?"

"To say?" repeated Madame von Rosen. "O, much to say! Much to say, that I would rather not, and much to leave unsaid that I would rather say. For I am like St. Paul, your Highness, and always wish to do the things I should not. Well! to be categorical—that is the word?—I took the Prince your order. He could not credit his senses. 'Ah,' he cried, 'dear Madame von Rosen, it is not possible—it cannot be—I must hear it from your lips. My wife is a poor girl misled, she is only silly, she is not cruel.' '*Mon Prince*,' said I, 'a girl—and therefore cruel; youth kills flies.'—He had such pain to understand it!"

"Madame von Rosen," said the Princess, in most steadfast tones, but with a rose of anger in her face, "who sent you here, and for what purpose? Tell your errand."

"O, madam, I believe you understand me very well," returned Von Rosen. "I have not your philosophy. I wear my heart upon my sleeve, excuse the indecency! It is a very little one," she laughed, "and I so often change the sleeve!"

"Am I to understand the Prince has been arrested?" asked the Princess, rising.

"While you sat there dining!" cried the Countess, still nonchalantly seated.

"You have discharged your errand," was the reply; "I will not detain you."

"O no, madam," said the Countess, "with your permission, I have not yet done. I have borne much this evening in your service. I have suffered. I was made to suffer in your service." She unfolded her fan as she spoke. Quick as her pulses beat, the fan waved languidly. She betrayed her emotion only by the brightness of her eyes and face, and by the almost insolent triumph with which she looked down upon the Princess. There were old scores of rivalry between them in more than one field; so at least Von Rosen felt; and now she was to have her hour of victory in them all.

"You are no servant, Madame von Rosen, of mine," said Seraphina.

"No, madam, indeed," returned the Countess; "but we both serve the same person, as you know—or, if you do not, then I have the pleasure of informing you.

Your conduct is so light—so light," she repeated, the fan wavering higher like a butterfly, "that perhaps you do not truly understand." The Countess rolled her fan together, laid it in her lap, and rose to a less languorous position. "Indeed," she continued, "I should be sorry to see any young woman in your situation. You began with every advantage—birth, a suitable marriage—quite pretty too—and see what you have come to! My poor girl, to think of it! But there is nothing that does so much harm," observed the Countess finely, "as giddiness of mind." And she once more unfurled the fan, and approvingly fanned herself.

"I will no longer permit you to forget yourself," cried Seraphina. "I think you are mad."

"Not mad," returned Von Rosen. "Sane enough to know you dare not break with me to-night, and to profit by the knowledge. I left my poor, pretty Prince Charming crying his eyes out for a wooden doll. My heart is soft; I love my pretty Prince: you will never understand it, but I long to give my Prince his doll, dry his poor eyes, and send him off happy. O, you immature fool!" the Countess cried, rising to her feet, and pointing at the Princess the closed fan that now began to tremble in her hand. "O wooden doll!" she cried, "have you a heart, or blood, or any nature? This is a man, child—a man who loves you. O, it will not happen twice! it is not common; beautiful and clever women look in vain for it. And you, you pitiful schoolgirl, tread this jewel underfoot! you, stupid with your vanity! Before you try to govern kingdoms, you should first be able to behave yourself at home; home is the woman's kingdom." She paused and laughed a little, strangely to hear and look upon. "I will tell you one of the things," she said, "that were to stay unspoken. Von Rosen is a better woman than you, my Princess, though you will never have the pain of understanding it; and when I took the Prince your order, and looked upon his face, my soul was melted—O, I am frank—here, within my arms, I offered him repose!" She advanced a step superbly as she spoke, with outstretched arms; and Seraphina shrank. "Do not be alarmed!" the Countess cried; "I am not offering that hermitage to you; in all the world there is but one who wants to, and him you have dismissed! 'If it will give her pleasure I should wear the martyr's crown,' he cried, 'I will embrace the thorns.' I tell you—I am quite frank—I put the order in his power and begged him to resist. You, who have betrayed your husband, may betray me to Gondremark; my Prince would betray no one. Understand it plainly," she cried, "'t is of his pure forbearance you sit there; he had the power—I gave it him—to change the parts; and he refused, and went to prison in your place."

The Princess spoke with some distress. "Your violence shocks me and pains me," she began, "but I cannot be angry with what at least does honour to the mistaken kindness of your heart: it was right for me to know this. I will condescend to tell you. It was with deep regret that I was driven to this step. I admit in many ways the Prince—I admit his amiability. It was our great misfortune, it was perhaps somewhat of my fault, that we were so unsuited to each other; but I have a regard, a sincere regard, for all his qualities. As a private person I should think as you do. It is difficult, I know, to make allowances for state considerations. I have only with deep reluctance obeyed the call of a superior duty; and so soon as I dare do it for the safety of the state, I promise you the Prince shall be released. Many in my situation would have resented your freedoms. I am not—" and she looked for a moment rather piteously upon the Countess—"I am not altogether so inhuman as you think."

"And you can put these troubles of the state," the Countess cried, "to weigh with a man's love?"

"Madame von Rosen, these troubles are affairs of life and death to many; to the Prince, and perhaps even to yourself, among the number," replied the Princess, with dignity. "I have learned, madam, although still so young, in a hard school, that my own feelings must everywhere come last."

"O callow innocence!" exclaimed the other. "Is it possible you do not know, or do not suspect, the intrigue in which you move? I find it in my heart to pity you! We are both women after all—poor girl, poor girl!—and who is born a woman is born a fool. And though I hate all women—come, for the common folly, I forgive you. Your Highness"—she dropped a deep stage curtsey and resumed her fan—"I am going to insult you, to betray one who is called my lover, and if it pleases you to use the power I now put unreservedly into your hands, to ruin my dear self. O, what a French comedy! You betray, I betray, they betray. It is now my cue. The letter, yes. Behold the letter, madam, its seal unbroken as I found it by my bed this morning; for I was out of humour, and I get many, too many, of these favours. For your own sake, for the sake of my Prince Charming, for the sake of this great principality that sits so heavy on your conscience, open it and read!"

"Am I to understand," inquired the Princess, "that this letter in any way regards me?"

"You see I have not opened it," replied Von Rosen; "but 't is mine, and I beg you to experiment."

"I cannot look at it till you have," returned Seraphina, very seriously. "There may be matter there not meant for me to see; it is a private letter."

The Countess tore it open, glanced it through and tossed it back; and the Princess, taking up the sheet, recognized the hand of Gondremark, and read with a sickening shock the following lines:

> "Dearest Anna, come at once. Ratafia has done the deed, her husband to be packed to prison. This puts the minx entirely in my power; *le tour est joué;* she will now go steady in harness, or I will know the reason why. Come.
>
> "Heinrich."

"Command yourself, madam," said the Countess, watching with some alarm the white face of Seraphina. "It is in vain for you to fight with Gondremark: he has more strings than mere Court favour, and could bring you down to-morrow with a word. I would not have betrayed him otherwise; but Heinrich is a man, and plays with all of you like marionettes. And now at least you see for what you sacrificed my Prince. Madam, will you take some wine? I have been cruel."

"Not cruel, madam—salutary," said Seraphina, with a phantom smile. "No, I thank you, I require no attentions. The first surprise affected me: will you give me time a little? I must think."

She took her head between her hands, and contemplated for awhile the hurricane confusion of her thoughts.

"This information reaches me," she said, "when I have need of it. I would not do as you have done, but yet I thank you. I have been much deceived in Baron Gondremark."

"O, madam, leave Gondremark, and think upon the Prince!" cried Von Rosen.

"You speak once more as a private person," said the Princess; "nor do I blame you. But my own thoughts are more distracted. However, as I believe you are truly a friend to my—to the—as I believe," she said, "you are a friend to Otto, I shall put the order for his release into your hands this moment. Give me the ink-dish. There!" and she wrote hastily, steadying her arm upon the table, for she trembled like a reed. "Remember, madam," she resumed, handing her the order, "this must not be used nor spoken of at present; till I have seen the Baron, any hurried step—I lose myself in thinking. The suddenness has shaken me."

"I promise you I will not use it," said the Countess, "till you give me leave, although I wish the Prince could be informed of it, to comfort his poor heart. And, oh, I had forgotten, he has left a letter. Suffer me, madam; I will bring it you. This is the door, I think?" And she sought to open it.

"The bolt is pushed," said Seraphina, flushing.

"O! O!" cried the Countess.

A silence fell between them.

"I will get it for myself," said Seraphina; "and in the meanwhile I beg you to leave me. I thank you, I am sure, but I shall be obliged if you will leave me."

The Countess deeply curtseyed, and withdrew.

CHAPTER XIV

RELATES THE CAUSE AND OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION

Brave as she was, and brave by intellect, the Princess, when first she was alone, clung to the table for support. The four corners of her universe had fallen. She had never liked nor trusted Gondremark completely; she had still held it possible to find him false to friendship; but from that to finding him devoid of all those public virtues for which she had honoured him, a mere commonplace intriguer, using her for his own ends, the step was wide and the descent giddy. Light and darkness succeeded each other in her brain; now she believed, and now she could not. She turned, blindly groping for the note. But Von Rosen, who had not forgotten to take the warrant from the Prince, had remembered to recover her note from the Princess: Von Rosen was an old campaigner, whose most violent emotion aroused rather than clouded the vigour of her reason.

The thought recalled to Seraphina the remembrance of the other letter—Otto's. She rose and went speedily, her brain still wheeling, and burst into the Prince's armoury. The old chamberlain was there in waiting; and the sight of another face, prying (or so she felt) on her distress, struck Seraphina into childish anger.

"Go!" she cried; and then, when the old man was already half-way to the door, "Stay!" she added. "As soon as Baron Gondremark arrives, let him attend me here."

"It shall be so directed," said the chamberlain.

"There was a letter . . ." she began, and paused.

"Her Highness," said the chamberlain, "will find a letter on the table. I had received no orders, or her Highness had been spared this trouble."

"No, no, no," she cried. "I thank you. I desire to be alone."

And then, when he was gone, she leaped upon the letter. Her mind was still obscured; like the moon upon a night of clouds and wind, her reason shone and was darkened; and she read the words by flashes.

> "Seraphina [the Prince wrote], I will write no syllable of reproach. I have seen your order, and I go. What else is left me? I have wasted my love, and have no more. To say that I forgive you is not needful; at least, we are now separate for ever; by your own act, you free me from my willing bondage: I go free to prison. This is the last that you will hear of me in love or anger. I have gone out of your life; you may breathe easy; you have now rid yourself of the husband who allowed you to desert him, of the Prince who gave you his rights, and of the married lover who made it his pride to defend you in your absence. How you have requited him, your own heart more loudly tells you than my words. There is a day coming when your vain dreams will roll away like clouds, and you will find yourself alone. Then you will remember.
>
> "Otto."

She read with a great horror on her mind; that day, of which he wrote, was come. She was alone; she had been false, she had been cruel; remorse rolled in upon her; and then with a more piercing note, vanity bounded on the stage of consciousness. She a dupe! she helpless! she to have betrayed herself in seeking to betray her husband! she to have lived these years upon flattery, grossly swallowing the bolus, like a clown with sharpers! she—Seraphina! Her swift mind drank the consequences; she foresaw the coming fall, her public shame; she saw the odium, disgrace, and folly of her story flaunt through Europe. She recalled the scandal she had so royally braved; and alas! she had now no courage to confront it with. To be thought the mistress of that man: perhaps for that. . . . She closed her eyes on agonizing vistas. Swift as thought she had snatched a bright dagger from the weapons that shone along the wall. Ay, she would escape. From that world-wide theatre of nodding heads and buzzing whisperers, in which she now beheld herself unpitiably martyred, one door stood open. At any cost, through any stress of suffering, that greasy laughter should be stifled. She closed her eyes, breathed a wordless prayer, and pressed the weapon to her bosom.

At the astonishing sharpness of the prick, she gave a cry and awoke to a sense of undeserved escape. A little ruby spot of blood was the reward of that great act of desperation; but the pain had braced her like a tonic, and her whole design of suicide had passed away.

At the same instant regular feet drew near along the gallery, and she knew the tread of the big Baron, so often gladly welcome, and even now rallying her spirits like a call to battle. She concealed the dagger in the folds of her skirt; and drawing her stature up, she stood firm-footed, radiant with anger, waiting for the foe.

The Baron was announced, and entered. To him, Seraphina was a hated task: like the schoolboy with his Virgil, he had neither will nor leisure to remark her beauties; but when he now beheld her standing illuminated by her passion, new feelings flashed upon him, a frank admiration, a brief sparkle of desire. He noted both with joy; they were means. "If I have to play the lover," thought he, for that was his constant preoccupation, "I believe I can put soul into it." Meanwhile, with his usual ponderous grace, he bent before the lady.

"I propose," she said in a strange voice, not known to her till then, "that we release the Prince and do not prosecute the war."

"Ah, madam," he replied, "'tis as I knew it would be! Your heart, I knew, would wound you when we came to this distasteful but most necessary step. Ah, madam, believe me, I am not unworthy to be your ally; I know you have qualities to which I am a stranger, and count them the best weapons in the armoury of our alliance:—the girl in the queen—pity, love, tenderness, laughter; the smile that can reward. I can only command; I am the frowner. But you! And you have the fortitude to command these comely weaknesses, to tread them down at the call of reason. How often have I not admired it even to yourself! Ay, even to yourself," he added, tenderly, dwelling, it seemed, in memory on hours of more private admiration. "But now, madam—"

"But now, Herr von Gondremark, the time for these declarations has gone by," she cried. "Are you true to me? are you false? Look in your heart and answer; it is your heart I want to know."

"It has come," thought Gondremark. "You, madam!" he cried, starting back—with fear, you would have said, and yet a timid joy. "You, yourself, you bid me look into my heart?"

"Do you suppose I fear?" she cried, and looked at him with such a heightened colour, such bright eyes, and a smile of so abstruse a meaning, that the Baron discarded his last doubt.

"Ah, madam!" he cried, plumping on his knees. "Seraphina! Do you permit me? have you divined my secret? It is true—I put my life with joy into your power—I love you, love with ardour, as an equal, as a mistress, as a brother-in-arms, as an adored, desired, sweet-hearted woman. O Bride!" he cried, waxing dithyrambic, "bride of my reason and my senses, have pity, have pity on my love!"

She heard him with wonder, rage, and then contempt. His words offended her to sickness; his appearance, as he grovelled bulkily upon the floor, moved her to such laughter as we laugh in nightmares.

"O shame!" she cried. "Absurd and odious! What would the Countess say?"

That great Baron Gondremark, the excellent politician, remained for some little time upon his knees in a frame of mind which perhaps we are allowed to pity. His vanity, within his iron bosom, bled and raved. If he could have blotted all, if he could have withdrawn part, if he had not called her bride—with a roaring in his ears, he thus regretfully reviewed his declaration. He got to his feet tottering; and then, in that first moment when a dumb agony finds a vent in words, and the tongue betrays the inmost and worst of a man, he permitted himself a retort which, for six weeks to follow, he was to repent at leisure.

"Ah," said he, "the Countess? Now I perceive the reason of your Highness's disorder."

The lackey-like insolence of the words was driven home by a more insolent manner. There fell upon Seraphina one of those storm-clouds which had already blackened upon her reason, she heard herself cry out; and when the cloud dispersed, flung the blood-stained dagger on the floor, and saw Gondremark reeling back with open mouth and clapping his hand upon the wound. The next moment, with oaths that she had never heard, he leaped at her in savage passion; clutched her as she recoiled; and in the very act, stumbled and drooped. She had scarce time to fear his murderous onslaught ere he fell before her feet.

He rose upon one elbow; she still staring upon him, white with horror.

"Anna!" he cried, "Anna! Help!"

And then his utterance failed him, and he fell back, to all appearance dead.

Seraphina ran to and fro in the room; she wrung her hands and cried aloud; within she was all one uproar of terror, and conscious of no articulate wish but to awake.

There came a knocking at the door; and she sprang to it and held it, panting like a beast, and with the strength of madness in her arms, till she had pushed the bolt. At this success a certain calm fell upon her reason. She went back and looked upon her victim, the knocking growing louder. O yes, he was dead. She had killed him. He had called upon Von Rosen with his latest breath; ah! who would call on Seraphina? She had killed him. She, whose irresolute hand could scarce prick blood from her own bosom, had found strength to cast down that great colossus at a blow.

All this while the knocking was growing more uproarious and more unlike the staid career of life in such a palace. Scandal was at the door, with what a fatal following she dreaded to conceive; and at the same time among the voices that now began to summon her by name, she recognized the Chancellor's. He or another, somebody must be the first.

"Is Herr von Greisengesang without?" she called.

"Your Highness—yes!" the old gentleman answered. "We have heard cries, a fall. Is anything amiss?"

"Nothing," replied Seraphina. "I desire to speak with you. Send off the rest." She panted between each phrase; but her mind was clear. She let the looped curtain down upon both sides before she drew the bolt; and, thus secure from any sudden eyeshot from without, admitted the obsequious Chancellor and again made fast the door.

Greisengesang clumsily revolved among the wings of the curtain; so that she was clear of it as soon as he.

"My God!" he cried. "The Baron!"

"I have killed him," she said. "O, killed him!"

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "this is most unprecedented. Lovers' quarrels," he added ruefully, "redintegratio—" and then paused. "But, my dear madam," he broke out again, "in the name of all that is practical, what are we to do? This is exceedingly grave; morally, madam, it is appalling. I take the liberty, your Highness, for one moment, of addressing you as a daughter, a loved although respected daughter; and I must say that I cannot conceal from you that this is morally most questionable. And, O dear me, we have a dead body!"

She had watched him closely; hope fell to contempt; she drew away her skirts from his weakness, and, in the act, her own strength returned to her.

"See if he be dead," she said; not one word of explanation or defence; she had scorned to justify herself before so poor a creature: "See if he be dead" was all.

With the greatest compunction, the Chancellor drew near; and as he did so the wounded Baron rolled his eyes.

"He lives," cried the old courtier, turning effusively to Seraphina. "Madam, he still lives."

"Help him, then," returned the Princess, standing fixed. "Bind up his wounds."

"Madam, I have no means," protested the Chancellor.

"Can you not take your handkerchief, your neck-cloth, anything?" she cried; and at the same moment, from her light muslin gown she rent off a flounce and tossed it on the floor. "Take that," she said, and for the first time directly faced Greisengesang.

But the Chancellor held up his hands and turned away his head in agony. The grasp of the falling Baron had torn down the dainty fabric of the bodice; and—"O Highness!" cried Greisengesang, appalled, "the terrible disorder of your toilette!"

"Take up that flounce," she said; "the man may die."

Greisengesang turned in a flutter to the Baron, and attempted some innocent and bungling measures. "He still breathes," he kept saying. "All is not yet over; he is not yet gone."

"And now," said she, "if that is all you can do, begone and get some porters; he must instantly go home."

"Madam," cried the Chancellor, "if this most melancholy sight were seen in town—O dear, the State would fall!" he piped.

"There is a litter in the palace," she replied. "It is your part to see him safe. I lay commands upon you. On your life it stands."

"I see it, dear Highness," he jerked. "Clearly I see it. But how? what men? The Prince's servants—yes. They had a personal affection. They will be true, if any."

"O, not them!" she cried. "Take Sabra, my own man."

"Sabra! The grand-mason?" returned the Chancellor, aghast. "If he but saw this, he would sound the tocsin—we should all be butchered."

She measured the depth of her abasement steadily. "Take whom you must," she said, "and bring the litter here."

Once she was alone she ran to the Baron, and with a sickening heart sought to allay the flux of blood. The touch of the skin of that great charlatan revolted her to the toes; the wound, in her ignorant eyes, looked deathly; yet she contended with her shuddering, and, with more skill at least than the Chancellor's, staunched the welling injury. An eye unprejudiced with hate would have admired the Baron in his swoon; he looked so great and shapely; it was so powerful a machine that lay arrested; and his features, cleared for the moment of both temper and dissimulation, were seen to be so purely modelled. But it was not thus with Seraphina. Her victim, as he lay outspread, twitching a little, his big chest unbared, fixed her with his ugliness; and her mind flitted for a glimpse to Otto.

Rumours began to sound about the palace of feet running and of voices raised; the echoes of the great arched staircase were voluble of some confusion; and then the gallery jarred with a quick and heavy tramp. It was the Chancellor, followed by four of Otto's valets and a litter. The servants, when they were admitted, stared at the dishevelled Princess and the wounded man; speech was denied them, but their thoughts were riddled with profanity. Gondremark was bundled in; the curtains of the litter were lowered; the bearers carried it forth, and the Chancellor followed behind with a white face.

Seraphina ran to the window. Pressing her face upon the pane, she could see the terrace, where the lights contended; thence, the avenue of lamps that joined the palace and town; and overhead the hollow night and the larger stars. Presently the small procession issued from the palace, crossed the parade, and began to thread the glittering alley: the swinging couch with its four porters, the much-pondering Chancellor behind. She watched them dwindle with strange thoughts: her eyes fixed upon the scene, her mind still glancing right and left on the overthrow of her life and hopes. There was no one left in whom she might confide; none whose hand was friendly, or on whom she dared to reckon for the barest loyalty. With the fall of Gondremark her party, her brief popularity, had fallen. So she sat crouched upon the window-seat, her brow to the cool pane; her dress in tatters, barely shielding her; her mind revolving bitter thoughts.

Meanwhile, consequences were fast mounting; and in the deceptive quiet of the night, downfall and red revolt were brewing. The litter had passed forth between the iron gates and entered on the streets of the town. By what flying panic, by what thrill of air communicated, who shall say? but the passing bustle in the palace had already reached and re-echoed in the region of the burghers. Rumour, with her loud whisper, hissed about the town; men left their homes without knowing why; knots formed along the boulevard; under the rare lamps and the great limes the crowd grew blacker.

And now, through the midst of that expectant company, the unusual sight of a closed litter was observed approaching, and trotting hard behind it that great dignitary Cancellarius Greisengesang. Silence looked on as it went by; and as soon as it was passed, the whispering seethed over like a boiling pot. The knots were sundered; and gradually, one following another, the whole mob began to form into a procession and escort the curtained litter. Soon spokesmen, a little bolder than their mates, began to ply the Chancellor with questions. Never had he more need of that great art of falsehood, by whose exercise he had so richly lived. And yet now he stumbled, the master passion, fear, betraying him. He was pressed; he became incoherent; and then from the jolting litter came a groan. In the instant hubbub and the gathering of the crowd as to a natural signal, the clear-eyed quavering Chancellor heard the catch of the clock before it strikes the hour of doom; and for ten seconds he forgot himself. This shall atone for many sins. He plucked a bearer by the sleeve. "Bid the Princess flee. All is lost," he whispered. And the next moment he was babbling for his life among the multitude.

Five minutes later the wild-eyed servant burst into the armoury. "All is lost!" he cried. "The Chancellor bids you flee." And at the same time, looking through the window, Seraphina saw the black rush of the populace begin to invade the lamplit avenue.

"Thank you, Georg," she said. "I thank you. Go." And as the man still lingered, "I bid you go," she added. "Save yourself."

Down by the private passage, and just some two hours later, Amalia Seraphina, the last Princess, followed Otto Johann Friedrich, the last Prince of Grünewald.

Book III—Fortunate Misfortune

CHAPTER I

PRINCESS CINDERELLA

The porter, drawn by the growing turmoil, had vanished from the postern, and the door stood open on the darkness of the night. As Seraphina fled up the terraces, the cries and loud footing of the mob drew nearer the doomed palace; the rush was like the rush of cavalry; the sound of shattering lamps tingled above the rest; and overtowering all, she heard her own name bandied among the shouters. A bugle sounded at the door of the guard-room; one gun was fired; and then, with the yell of hundreds, Mittwalden Palace was carried at a rush.

Sped by these dire sounds and voices, the Princess scaled the long garden, skimming like a bird the starlit stairways; crossed the Park, which was in that place narrow; and plunged upon the farther side into the rude shelter of the forest. So, at a bound, she left the discretion and the cheerful lamps of palace evenings; ceased utterly to be a sovereign lady; and, falling from the whole height of civilization, ran forth into the woods, a ragged Cinderella.

She went direct before her through an open tract of the forest, full of brush and birches, and where the starlight guided her; and beyond that again, must thread the columned blackness of a pine grove joining overhead the thatch of its long branches. At that hour, the place was breathless; a horror of night like a presence occupied that dungeon of the wood; and she went groping, knocking against the boles—her ear, between whiles, strained to aching and yet unrewarded.

But the slope of the ground was upward, and encouraged her; and presently she issued on a rocky hill that stood forth above the sea of forest. All around were other hilltops, big and little; sable vales of forest between; overhead the open heaven and the brilliancy of countless stars; and along the western sky the dim forms of mountains. The glory of the great night laid hold upon her; her eyes shone with stars; she dipped her sight into the coolness and brightness of the sky, as she might have dipped her wrist into a spring; and her heart, at that ethereal shock, began to move more soberly. The sun that sails overhead, ploughing into gold the fields of daylight azure and uttering the signal to man's myriads, has no word apart for man the individual; and the moon, like a violin, only praises and laments our private destiny. The stars alone, cheerful whisperers, confer quietly with each of us like friends; they give ear to our sorrows smilingly, like wise old men, rich in tolerance; and by their double scale, so small to the eye, so vast to the imagination, they keep before the mind the double character of man's nature and fate.

There sat the Princess, beautifully looking upon beauty, in council with these glad advisers. Bright like pictures, clear like a voice in the porches of her ear, memory re-enacted the tumult of the evening: The Countess and the dancing fan, the big Baron on his knees, the blood on the polished floor, the knocking, the swing of the litter down the avenue of lamps, the messenger, the cries of the charging mob; and yet all were far away and phantasmal, and she was still healingly conscious of the peace and glory of the night. She looked towards Mittwalden; and above the hilltop, which already hid it from her view, a throbbing redness hinted of fire. Better so: better so, that she should fall with tragic greatness, lit by a blazing palace! She felt not a trace of pity for Gondremark or of concern for Grünewald: that period of her life was closed for ever, a wrench of wounded vanity alone surviving. She had but one clear idea: to flee;—and another, obscure and half rejected, although still obeyed: to flee in the direction of the Felsenburg. She had a duty to perform, she must free Otto—so her mind said, very coldly; but her heart embraced the notion of that duty even with ardour, and her hands began to yearn for the grasp of kindness.

She rose, with a start of recollection, and plunged down the slope into the covert. The woods received and closed upon her. Once more, she wandered and hasted in a blot, uncheered, unpiloted. Here and there, indeed, through rents in the wood roof, a glimmer attracted her; here and there, a tree stood out among its neighbours by some force of outline; here and there, a brushing among the leaves, a notable blackness, a dim shine, relieved, only to exaggerate, the solid oppression of the night and silence. And between whiles the unfeatured darkness would redouble and the whole ear of night appear to be gloating on her steps. Now she would stand still, and the silence would grow and grow, till it weighed upon her breathing; and then she would address herself again to run, stumbling, falling, and still hurrying the more. And presently the whole wood rocked and began to run along with her. The noise of her own mad passage through the silence spread and echoed, and filled the night with terror. Panic hunted her: Panic from the trees reached forth with clutching branches; the darkness was lit up and peopled with strange forms and faces. She strangled and fled before her fears. And yet in the last fortress, reason, blown upon by these gusts of terror, still shone with a troubled light. She knew, yet could not act upon her knowledge; she knew that she must stop, and yet she still ran.

She was already near madness, when she broke suddenly into a narrow clearing. At the same time the din grew louder, and she became conscious of vague forms and fields of whiteness. And with that the earth gave way; she fell and found her feet again with an incredible shock to her senses, and her mind was swallowed up.

When she came again to herself, she was standing to the mid-leg in an icy eddy of a brook, and leaning with one hand on the rock from which it poured. The spray had wet her hair. She saw the white cascade, the stars wavering in the shaken pool, foam flitting, and high overhead the tall pines on either hand serenely drinking starshine; and in the sudden quiet of her spirit, she heard with joy the firm plunge of the cataract in the pool. She scrambled forth dripping. In the face of her proved weakness, to adventure again upon the horror of blackness in the groves were a suicide of life or reason. But here, in the alley of the brook, with the kind stars above her, and the moon presently swimming into sight, she could await the coming of day without alarm.

This lane of pine trees ran very rapidly downhill and wound among the woods; but it was a wider thoroughfare than the brook needed, and here and there were little dimpling lawns and coves of the forest, where the starshine slumbered. Such a lawn she paced, taking patience bravely; and now she looked up the hill and saw the brook coming down to her in a series of cascades; and now approached the margin, where it welled among the rushes silently; and now gazed at the great company of heaven with an enduring wonder. The early evening had fallen chill, but the night was now temperate; out of the recesses of the wood there came mild airs as from a deep and peaceful breathing; and the dew was heavy on the grass and the tight-shut daisies. This was the girl's first night under the naked heaven; and now that her fears were overpast, she was touched to the soul by its serene amenity and peace. Kindly the host of heaven blinked down upon that wandering Princess; and the honest brook had no words but to encourage her.

At last she began to be aware of a wonderful revolution, compared to which the fire of Mittwalden Palace was but the crack and flash of a percussion cap. The countenance with which the pines regarded her began insensibly to change; the grass too, short as it was, and the whole winding staircase of the brook's course, began to wear a solemn freshness of appearance. And this slow transfiguration reached her heart, and played upon it, and transpierced it with a serious thrill. She looked all about; the whole face of nature looked back, brimful of meaning, finger on lip, leaking its glad secret. She looked up. Heaven was almost emptied of stars. Such as still lingered shone with a changed and waning brightness, and began to faint in their stations. And the colour of the sky itself was the most wonderful; for the rich blue of the night had now melted and softened and brightened; and there had succeeded in its place a hue that has no name, and that is never seen but as the herald of morning. "O!" she cried, joy catching at her voice, "O! it is the dawn!"

In a breath she passed over the brook, and looped up her skirts and fairly ran in the dim alleys. As she ran, her ears were aware of many pipings, more beautiful than music; in the small dish-shaped houses in the fork of giant arms, where they had lain all night, lover by lover, warmly pressed the bright-eyed, big-hearted singers began to awaken for the day. Her heart melted and flowed forth to them in kindness. And they, from their small and high perches in the clerestories of the wood cathedral, peered down sidelong at the ragged Princess as she flitted below them on the carpet of the moss and tassel.

Soon she had struggled to a certain hilltop, and saw far before her the silent inflooding of the day. Out of the East it welled and whitened; the darkness trembled into light; and the stars were extinguished like the street-lamps of a human city. The whiteness brightened into silver, the silver warmed into gold, the gold kindled into pure and living fire; and the face of the East was barred with elemental scarlet. The day drew its first long breath, steady and chill; and for leagues around the woods sighed and shivered. And then, at one bound, the sun had floated up; and her startled eyes received day's first arrow, and quailed under the buffet. On every side, the shadows leaped from their ambush and fell prone. The day was come, plain and garish; and up the steep and solitary eastern heaven, the sun, victorious over his competitors, continued slowly and royally to mount.

Seraphina drooped for a little, leaning on a pine, the shrill joy of the woodlands mocking her. The shelter of the night, the thrilling and joyous changes of the dawn, were over; and now, in the hot eye of the day, she turned uneasily and looked sighingly about her. Some way off among the lower woods, a pillar of smoke was mounting and melting in the gold and blue. There, surely enough, were human folk, the hearth-surrounders. Man's fingers had laid the twigs; it was man's breath that had quickened and encouraged the baby flames; and now, as the fire caught, it would be playing ruddily on the face of its creator. At the thought, she felt a-cold and little and lost in that great out-of-doors. The electric shock of the young sunbeams and the unhuman beauty of the woods began to irk and daunt her. The covert of the house, the decent privacy of rooms, the swept and regulated fire, all that denotes or beautifies the home life of man, began to draw her as with cords. The pillar of smoke was now risen into some stream of moving air; it began to lean out sideways in a pennon; and thereupon, as though the change had been a summons, Seraphina plunged once more into the labyrinth of the wood.

She left day upon the high ground. In the lower groves there still lingered the blue early twilight and the seizing freshness of the dew. But here and there, above this field of shadow, the head of a great outspread pine was already glorious with day; and here and there, through the breaches of the hills, the sunbeams made a great and luminous entry. Here Seraphina hastened along forest paths. She had lost sight of the pilot smoke, which blew another way, and conducted herself in that great wilderness by the direction of the sun. But presently fresh signs bespoke the neighbourhood of man; felled trunks, white slivers from the axe, bundles of green boughs, and stacks of firewood. These guided her forward; until she came forth at last upon the clearing whence the smoke arose. A hut stood in the clear shadow, hard by a brook which made a series of inconsiderable falls; and on the threshold, the Princess saw a sun-burnt and hard-featured woodman, standing with his hands behind his back and gazing skyward.

She went to him directly: a beautiful, bright-eyed, and haggard vision; splendidly arranged and pitifully tattered; the diamond ear-drops still glittering in her ears; and with the movement of her coming, one small breast showing and hiding among the ragged covert of the laces. At that ambiguous hour, and coming as she did from the great silence of the forest, the man drew back from the Princess as from something elfin.

"I am cold," she said, "and weary. Let me rest beside your fire."

The woodman was visibly commoved, but answered nothing.

"I will pay," she said, and then repented of the words, catching perhaps a spark of terror from his frightened eyes. But, as usual, her courage rekindled brighter for the check. She put him from the door and entered; and he followed her in superstitious wonder.

Within, the hut was rough and dark; but on the stone that served as hearth, twigs and a few dry branches burned with the brisk sounds and all the variable beauty of fire. The very sight of it composed her; she crouched hard by on the earth floor and shivered in the glow, and looked upon the eating blaze with admiration. The woodman was still staring at his guest; at the wreck of the rich dress, the bare arms, the bedraggled laces and the gems. He found no word to utter.

"Give me food," said she,—"here, by the fire."

He set down a pitcher of coarse wine, bread, a piece of cheese, and a handful of raw onions. The bread was hard and sour, the cheese like leather; even the onion, which ranks with the truffle and the nectarine in the chief place of honour of earth's fruits, is not perhaps a dish for Princesses when raw. But she ate, if not with appetite, with courage; and when she had eaten, did not disdain the pitcher. In all her life before, she had not tasted of gross food nor drunk after another; but a brave woman far more readily accepts a change of circumstances than the bravest man. All that while, the woodman continued to observe her furtively, many low thoughts of fear and greed contending in his eyes. She read them clearly, and she knew she must be gone.

Presently she arose and offered him a florin.

"Will that repay you?" she asked.

But here the man found his tongue. "I must have more than that," said he.

"It is all I have to give you," she returned, and passed him by serenely.

Yet her heart trembled, for she saw his hand stretched forth as if to arrest her, and his unsteady eyes wandering to his axe. A beaten path led westward from the clearing, and she swiftly followed it. She did not glance behind her. But as soon as the least turning of the path had concealed her from the woodman's eyes, she slipped among the trees and ran till she deemed herself in safety.

By this time the strong sunshine pierced in a thousand places the pine-thatch of the forest, fired the red boles, irradiated the cool isles of shadow, and burned in jewels on the grass. The gum of these trees was dearer to the senses than the gums of Araby; each pine, in the lusty morning sunlight, burned its own wood-incense; and now and then a breeze would rise and toss these rooted censers, and send shade and sun-gem flitting, swift as swallows, thick as bees; and wake a brushing bustle of sounds that murmured and went by.

On she passed, and up and down, in sun and shadow; now aloft on the bare ridge among the rocks and birches, with the lizards and the snakes; and anon in the deep grove among sunless pillars. Now she followed wandering wood-paths, in the maze of valleys; and again, from a hilltop, beheld the distant mountains and the great birds circling under the sky. She would see afar off a nestling hamlet, and go round to avoid it. Below, she traced the course of the foam of mountain torrents. Nearer hand, she saw where the tender springs welled up in silence, or oozed in green moss; or in the more favoured hollows a whole family of infant rivers would combine, and tinkle in the stones, and lie in pools to be a bathing-place for sparrows, or fall from the sheer rock in rods of crystal. Upon all these things, as she still sped along in the bright air, she looked with a rapture of surprise and a joyful fainting of the heart; they seemed so novel, they touched so strangely home, they were so hued and scented, they were so beset and canopied by the dome of the blue air of heaven.

At length, when she was well weary, she came upon a wide and shallow pool. Stones stood in it, like islands; bulrushes fringed the coast; the floor was paved with the pine needles, and the pines themselves, whose roots made promontories, looked down silently on their green images. She crept to the margin and beheld herself with wonder, a hollow and bright-eyed phantom, in the ruins of her palace robe. The breeze now shook her image; now it would be marred with flies; and at that she smiled; and from the fading circles, her counterpart smiled back to her and looked kind. She sat long in the warm sun, and pitied her bare arms that were all bruised and marred with falling, and marvelled to see that she was dirty, and could not grow to believe that she had gone so long in such a strange disorder.

Then, with a sigh, she addressed herself to make a toilette by that forest mirror, washed herself pure from all the stains of her adventure, took off her jewels and wrapped them in her handkerchief, rearranged the tatters of her dress, and took down the folds of her hair. She shook it round her face, and the pool repeated her thus veiled. Her hair has smelt like violets, she remembered Otto saying; and so now she tried to smell it, and then shook her head, and laughed a little, sadly, to herself.

The laugh was returned upon her in a childish echo. She looked up; and lo! two children looking on,—a small girl and a yet smaller boy, standing, like playthings, by the pool, below a spreading pine. Seraphina was not fond of children, and now she was startled to the heart.

"Who are you?" she cried, hoarsely.

The mites huddled together and drew back; and Seraphina's heart reproached her that she should have frightened things so quaint and little, and yet alive with senses. She thought upon the birds and looked again at her two visitors; so little larger and so far more innocent. On their clear faces, as in a pool, she saw the reflection of their fears. With gracious purpose she arose.

"Come," she said, "do not be afraid of me," and took a step towards them.

But alas! at the first moment, the two poor babes in the wood turned and ran helter-skelter from the Princess.

The most desolate pang was struck into the girl's heart. Here she was, twenty-two—soon twenty-three—and not a creature loved her; none but Otto; and would even he forgive? If she began weeping in these woods alone, it would mean death or madness. Hastily she trod the thoughts out like a burning paper; hastily rolled up her locks, and with terror dogging her, and her whole bosom sick with grief, resumed her journey.

Past ten in the forenoon, she struck a highroad, marching in that place up-hill between two stately groves, a river of sunlight; and here, dead weary, careless of consequences, and taking some courage from the human and civilized neighbourhood of the road, she stretched herself on the green margin in the shadow of a tree. Sleep closed on her, at first with a horror of fainting, but when she ceased to struggle, kindly embracing her. So she was taken home for a little, from all her toils and sorrows, to her Father's arms. And there in the meanwhile her body lay exposed by the highway-side, in tattered finery; and on either hand from the woods the birds came flying by and calling upon others, and debated in their own tongue this strange appearance.

The sun pursued his journey; the shadow flitted from her feet, shrank higher and higher, and was upon the point of leaving her altogether, when the rumble of a coach was signalled to and fro by the birds. The road in that part was very steep; the rumble drew near with great deliberation; and ten minutes passed before a gentleman appeared, walking with a sober elderly gait upon the grassy margin of the highway, and looking pleasantly around him as he walked. From time to time he paused, took out his note-book and made an entry with a pencil; and any spy who had been near enough would have heard him mumbling words as though he were a poet testing verses. The voice of the wheels was still faint, and it was plain the traveller had far outstripped his carriage.

He had drawn very near to where the Princess lay asleep, before his eye alighted on her; but when it did he started, pocketed his note-book, and approached. There was a mile-stone close to where she lay; and he sat down on that and coolly studied her.

She lay upon one side, all curled and sunken, her brow on one bare arm, the other stretched out, limp and dimpled. Her young body, like a thing thrown down, had scarce a mark of life. Her breathing stirred her not. The deadliest fatigue was thus confessed in every language of the sleeping flesh. The traveller smiled grimly. As though he had looked upon a statue, he made a grudging inventory of her charms: the figure in that touching freedom of forgetfulness surprised him; the flush of slumber became her like a flower.

"Upon my word," he thought, "I did not think the girl could be so pretty. And to think," he added, "that I am under obligation not to use one word of this!"

He put forth his stick and touched her; and at that she awoke, sat up with a cry, and looked upon him wildly.

"I trust your Highness has slept well," he said, nodding.

But she only uttered sounds.

"Compose yourself," said he, giving her certainly a brave example in his own demeanour. "My chaise is close at hand; and I shall have, I trust, the singular entertainment of abducting a sovereign Princess."

"Sir John!" she said, at last.

"At your Highness's disposal," he replied.

She sprang to her feet. "O," she cried, "have you come from Mittwalden?"

"This morning," he returned, "I left it; and if there is any one less likely to return to it than yourself, behold him!"

"The Baron—" she began, and paused.

"Madam," he answered, "it was well meant, and you are quite a Judith; but after the hours that have elapsed, you will probably be relieved to hear that he is fairly well. I took his news this morning ere I left. Doing fairly well, they said, but suffering acutely. Hey?—acutely. They could hear his groans in the next room."

"And the Prince," she asked, "is anything known of him?"

"It is reported," replied Sir John, with the same pleasurable deliberation, "that upon that point your Highness is the best authority."

"Sir John," she said eagerly, "you were generous enough to speak about your carriage. Will you, I beseech you, will you take me to the Felsenburg? I have business there of an extreme importance."

"I can refuse you nothing," replied the old gentleman, gravely and seriously enough. "Whatever, madam, it is in my power to do for you, that shall be done with pleasure. As soon as my chaise shall overtake us, it is yours to carry you where you will. But," added he, reverting to his former manner. "I observe you ask me nothing of the palace."

"I do not care," she said. "I thought I saw it burning."

"Prodigious!" said the Baronet. "You thought? And can the loss of forty toilettes leave you cold? Well, madam, I admire your fortitude. And the state, too? As I left, the government was sitting,—the new government, of which at least two members must be known to you by name: Sabra, who had, I believe, the benefit of being formed in your employment—a footman,—am I right?—and our old friend the Chancellor, in something of a subaltern position. But in these convulsions, the last shall be first and the first last."

"Sir John," she said, with an air of perfect honesty, "I am sure you mean most kindly, but these matters have no interest for me."

The Baronet was so utterly discountenanced, that he hailed the appearance of his chaise with welcome, and, by way of saying something, proposed that they should walk back to meet it. So it was done; and he helped her in with courtesy, mounted to her side, and from various receptacles (for the chaise was most completely fitted out) produced fruits and truffled liver, beautiful white bread, and a bottle of delicate wine. With these he served her like a father, coaxing and praising her to fresh exertions; and during all that time, as though silenced by the laws of hospitality, he was not guilty of the shadow of a sneer. Indeed his kindness seemed so genuine that Seraphina was moved to gratitude.

"Sir John," she said, "you hate me in your heart; why are you so kind to me?"

"Ah, my good lady," said he, with no disclaimer of the accusation, "I have the honour to be much your husband's friend, and somewhat his admirer."

"You!" she cried. "They told me you wrote cruelly of both of us."

"Such was the strange path by which we grew acquainted," said Sir John. "I had written, madam, with particular cruelty (since that shall be the phrase) of your fair self. Your husband set me at liberty, gave me a passport, ordered a carriage, and then, with the most boyish spirit, challenged me to fight. Knowing the nature of his married life, I thought the dash and loyalty he showed delightful. 'Do not be afraid,' says he; 'if I am killed, there is nobody to miss me.' It appears you subsequently thought of that yourself. But I digress. I explained to him it was impossible that I could fight! 'Not if I strike you?' says he. Very droll; I wish I could have put it in my book. However, I was conquered, took the young gentleman to my high favour, and tore up my bits of scandal on the spot. That is one of the little favours, madam, that you owe your husband."

Seraphina sat for some while in silence. She could bear to be misjudged without a pang by those whom she contemned; she had none of Otto's eagerness to be approved, but went her own way straight and head in air. To Sir John, however, after what he had said, and as her husband's friend, she was prepared to stoop.

"What do you think of me?" she asked abruptly.

"I have told you already," said Sir John: "I think you want another glass of my good wine."

"Come," she said, "this is unlike you. You are not wont to be afraid. You say that you admire my husband: in his name, be honest."

"I admire your courage," said the Baronet. "Beyond that, as you have guessed, and indeed said, our natures are not sympathetic."

"You spoke of scandal," pursued Seraphina. "Was the scandal great?"

"It was considerable," said Sir John.

"And you believed it?" she demanded.

"O, madam," said Sir John, "the question!"

"Thank you for that answer!" cried Seraphina. "And now here, I will tell you, upon my honour, upon my soul, in spite of all the scandal in this world, I am as true a wife as ever stood."

"We should probably not agree upon a definition," observed Sir John.

"O!" she cried, "I have abominably used him—I know that; it is not that I mean. But if you admire my husband, I insist that you shall understand me: I can look him in the face without a blush."

"It may be, madam," said Sir John; "nor have I presumed to think the contrary."

"You will not believe me?" she cried. "You think I am a guilty wife? You think he was my lover?"

"Madam," returned the Baronet, "when I tore up my papers, I promised your good husband to concern myself no more with your affairs; and I assure you for the last time that I have no desire to judge you."

"But you will not acquit me! Ah!" she cried, "*he* will—he knows me better!"

Sir John smiled.

"You smile at my distress?" asked Seraphina.

"At your woman's coolness," said Sir John. "A man would scarce have had the courage of that cry, which was, for all that, very natural, and I make no doubt quite true. But remark, madam—since you do me the honour to consult me gravely—I have no pity for what you call your distresses. You have been completely selfish, and now reap the consequence. Had you once thought of your husband, instead of singly thinking of yourself, you would not now have been alone, a fugitive, with blood upon your hands, and hearing from a morose old Englishman truth more bitter than scandal."

"I thank you," she said, quivering. "This is very true. Will you stop the carriage?"

"No, child," said Sir John, "not until I see you mistress of yourself."

There was a long pause, during which the carriage rolled by rock and woodland.

"And now," she resumed, with perfect steadiness, "will you consider me composed? I request you, as a gentleman, to let me out."

"I think you do unwisely," he replied. "Continue, if you please, to use my carriage."

"Sir John," she said, "if death were sitting on that pile of stones, I would alight! I do not blame, I thank you; I now know how I appear to others; but sooner than draw breath beside a man who can so think of me, I would—O!" she cried, and was silent.

Sir John pulled the string, alighted, and offered her his hand; but she refused the help.

The road had now issued from the valleys in which it had been winding, and come to that part of its course where it runs, like a cornice, along the brow of the steep northward face of Grünewald. The place where they had alighted was at a salient angle; a bold rock and some wind-tortured pinetrees overhung it from above; far below the blue plains lay forth and melted into heaven; and before them the road, by a succession of bold zigzags, was seen mounting to where a tower upon a tall cliff closed the view.

"There," said the Baronet, pointing to the tower, "you see the Felsenburg, your goal. I wish you a good journey, and regret I cannot be of more assistance."

He mounted to his place and gave a signal, and the carriage rolled away.

Seraphina stood by the wayside, gazing before her with blind eyes. Sir John she had dismissed already from her mind: she hated him, that was enough; for whatever Seraphina hated or contemned fell instantly to Lilliputian smallness, and was thenceforward steadily ignored in thought. And now she had matter for concern indeed. Her interview with Otto, which she had never yet forgiven him, began to appear before her in a very different light. He had come to her, still thrilling under recent insult, and not yet breathed from fighting her own cause; and how that knowledge changed the value of his words! Yes, he must have loved her; this was a brave feeling—it was no mere weakness of the will. And she, was she incapable of love? It would appear so; and she swallowed her tears, and yearned to see Otto, to explain all, to ask pity upon her knees for her transgressions, and, if all else were now beyond the reach of reparation, to restore at least the liberty of which she had deprived him.

Swiftly she sped along the highway, and, as the road wound out and in about the bluffs and gullies of the mountain, saw and lost by glimpses the tall tower that stood before and above her, purpled by the mountain air.

CHAPTER II

TREATS OF A CHRISTIAN VIRTUE

When Otto mounted to his rolling prison, he found another occupant in a corner of the front seat; but as this person hung his head and the brightness of the carriage lamps shone outward, the Prince could only see it was a man. The Colonel followed his prisoner and clapped to the door; and at that the four horses broke immediately into a swinging trot.

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, after some little while had passed, "if we are to travel in silence, we might as well be at home. I appear, of course, in an invidious character; but I am a man of taste, fond of books and solidly informing talk, and unfortunately condemned for life to the guardroom. Gentlemen, this is my chance: don't spoil it for me. I have here the pick of the whole Court, barring lovely woman; I have a great author in the person of the Doctor—"

"Gotthold!" cried Otto.

"It appears," said the Doctor, bitterly, "that we must go together. Your Highness had not calculated upon that."

"What do you infer?" cried Otto; "that I had you arrested?"

"The inference is simple," said the Doctor.

"Colonel Gordon," said the Prince, "oblige me so far, and set me right with Herr von Hohenstockwitz."

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, "you are both arrested on the same warrant in the name of the Princess Seraphina, acting regent, countersigned by Prime Minister Freiherr von Gondremark, and dated the day before yesterday, the twelfth. I reveal to you the secrets of the prison house," he added.

"Otto," said Gotthold, "I ask you to pardon my suspicions."

"Gotthold," said the Prince, "I am not certain I can grant you that."

"Your Highness is, I am sure, far too magnanimous to hesitate," said the Colonel. "But allow me: we speak at home in my religion of the means of grace; and I now propose to offer them." So saying, the Colonel lighted a bright lamp which he attached to one side of the carriage, and from below the front seat produced a goodly basket adorned with the long necks of bottles. "*Tu spem reducis*—how does it go, Doctor?" he asked gaily. "I am in a sense, your host; and I am sure you are both far too considerate of my embarrassing position to refuse to do me honour. Gentlemen, I drink to the Prince!"

"Colonel," said Otto, "we have a jovial entertainer. I drink to Colonel Gordon."

Thereupon all three took their wine very pleasantly; and even as they did so, the carriage with a lurch turned into the highroad and began to make better speed.

All was bright within; the wine had coloured Gotthold's cheek; dim forms of forest trees, dwindling and spiring, scarves of the starry sky, now wide and now narrow, raced past the windows; through one that was left open the air of the woods came in with a nocturnal raciness; and the roll of wheels and the tune of the trotting horses sounded merrily on the ear. Toast followed toast; glass after glass was bowed across and emptied by the trio; and presently there began to fall upon them a luxurious spell, under the influence of which little but the sound of quiet and confidential laughter interrupted the long intervals of meditative silence.

"Otto," said Gotthold, after one of these seasons of quiet, "I do not ask you to forgive me. Were the parts reversed, I could not forgive you."

"Well," said Otto, "it is a phrase we use. I do forgive you, but your words and your suspicions rankle; and not yours alone. It is idle, Colonel Gordon, in view of the order you are carrying out, to conceal from you the dissensions of my family; they have gone so far that they are now public property. Well, gentlemen, can I forgive my wife? I can, of course, and do; but in what sense? I would certainly not stoop to any revenge; as certainly I could not think of her but as one changed beyond my recognition."

"Allow me," returned the Colonel. "You will permit me to hope that I am addressing Christians? We are all conscious, I trust, that we are miserable sinners."

"I disown the consciousness," said Gotthold. "Warmed with this good fluid, I deny your thesis."

"How, sir? You never did anything wrong? and I heard you asking pardon but this moment, not of your God, sir, but of a common fellow-worm!" the Colonel cried.

"I own you have me; you are expert in argument, Herr Oberst," said the Doctor.

"Begad, sir, I am proud to hear you say so," said the Colonel. "I was well-grounded indeed at Aberdeen. And as for this matter of forgiveness, it comes, sir, of loose views and (what is if anything more dangerous) a regular life. A sound creed and a bad morality, that's the root of wisdom. You two gentlemen are too good to be forgiving."

"The paradox is somewhat forced," said Gotthold.

"Pardon me, Colonel," said the Prince; "I readily acquit you of any design of offence, but your words bite like satire. Is this a time, do you think, when I can wish to hear myself called good, now that I am paying the penalty (and am willing like yourself to think it just) of my prolonged misconduct?"

"O, pardon me!" cried the Colonel. "You have never been expelled from the divinity hall; you have never been broke. I was: broke for a neglect of military duty. To tell you the open truth, your Highness, I was the worse of drink; it's a thing I never do now," he added, taking out his glass. "But a man, you see, who has really tasted the defects of his own character, as I have, and has come to regard himself as a kind of blind teetotum knocking about life, begins to learn a very different view about forgiveness. I will talk of not forgiving others, sir, when I have made out to forgive myself, and not before; and the date is like to be a long one. My father, the Reverend Alexander Gordon, was a good man, and damned hard upon others. I am what they call a bad one, and that is just the difference. The man who cannot forgive any mortal thing is a green hand in life."

"And yet I have heard of you, Colonel, as a duellist," said Gotthold.

"A different thing, sir," replied the soldier. "Professional etiquette. And I trust without unchristian feeling."

Presently after the Colonel fell into a deep sleep; and his companions looked upon each other, smiling.

"An odd fish," said Gotthold.

"And a strange guardian," said the Prince. "Yet what he said was true."

"Rightly looked upon," mused Gotthold, "it is ourselves that we cannot forgive, when we refuse forgiveness to our friend. Some strand of our own misdoing is involved in every quarrel."

"Are there not offences that disgrace the pardoner?" asked Otto. "Are there not bounds of self-respect?"

"Otto," said Gotthold, "does any man respect himself? To this poor waif of a soldier of fortune we may seem respectable gentlemen; but to ourselves, what are we unless a pasteboard portico and a deliquium of deadly weaknesses within?"

"I? yes," said Otto; "but you, Gotthold—you, with your interminable industry, your keen mind, your books—serving mankind, scorning pleasures and temptations! You do not know how I envy you."

"Otto," said the Doctor, "in one word, and a bitter one to say: I am a secret tippler. Yes, I drink too much. The habit has robbed these very books, to which you praise my devotion, of the merits they they should have had. It has spoiled my temper. When I spoke to you the other day, how much of my warmth was in the cause of virtue? how much was the fever of last night's wine? Ay, as my poor fellow-sot there said, and as I vaingloriously denied, we are all miserable sinners, put here for a moment, knowing the good, choosing the evil, standing naked and ashamed in the eye of God."

"Is it so?" said Otto. "Why, then, what are we? Are the very best—"

"There is no best in man," said Gotthold. "I am not better, it is likely I am not worse, than you or that poor sleeper. I was a sham, and now you know me: that is all."

"And yet it has not changed my love," returned Otto, softly. "Our misdeeds do not change us. Gotthold, fill your glass. Let us drink to what is good in this bad business; let us drink to our old affection; and, when we have done so, forgive your too just grounds of offence, and drink with me to my wife, whom I have so misused, who has so misused me, and whom I have left, I fear, I greatly fear, in danger. What matters it how bad we are, if others can still love us, and we can still love others?"

"Ay!" replied the Doctor. "It is very well said. It is the true answer to the pessimist, and the standing miracle of mankind. So you still love me? and so you can forgive your wife? Why, then, we may bid conscience 'Down, dog,' like an ill-trained puppy yapping at shadows."

The pair fell into silence, the Doctor tapping on his empty glass.

The carriage swung forth out of the valleys on that open balcony of highroad that runs along the front of Grünewald, looking down on Gerolstein. Far below, a white waterfall was shining to the stars from the falling skirts of forest, and beyond that, the night stood naked above the plain. On the other hand, the lamplight skimmed the face of the precipices, and the dwarf pine-trees twinkled with all their needles, and were gone again into the wake. The granite roadway thundered under wheels and hoofs; and at times, by reason of its continual winding, Otto could see the escort on the other side of a ravine, riding well together in the night. Presently the Felsenburg came plainly in view, some way above them, on a bold projection of the mountain, and planting its bulk against the starry sky.

"See, Gotthold," said the Prince, "our destination."

Gotthold awoke as from a trance.

"I was thinking," said he, "if there is danger, why did you not resist? I was told you came of your free will; but should you not be there to help her?"

The colour faded from the Prince's cheeks.

CHAPTER III

PROVIDENCE VON ROSEN: ACT THE LAST: IN WHICH SHE GALLOPS OFF

When the busy Countess came forth from her interview with Seraphina, it is not too much to say that she was beginning to be terribly afraid. She paused in the corridor and reckoned up her doings with an eye to Gondremark. The fan was in requisition in an instant; but her disquiet was beyond the reach of fanning. "The girl has lost her head," she thought; and then dismally, "I have gone too far." She instantly decided on secession. Now the *Mons Sacer* of the Frau von Rosen was a certain rustic villa in the forest, called by herself, in a smart attack of poesy, Tannen-Zauber, and by everybody else plain Kleinbrunn.

Thither, upon the thought, she furiously drove, passing Gondremark at the entrance to the palace avenue, but feigning not to observe him; and as Kleinbrunn was seven good miles away and in the bottom of a narrow dell, she passed the night without any rumour of the outbreak reaching her; and the glow of the conflagration was concealed by intervening hills. Frau von Rosen did not sleep well; she was seriously uneasy as to the results of her delightful evening, and saw herself condemned to quite a lengthy sojourn in her deserts and a long defensive correspondence, ere she could venture to return to Gondremark. On the other hand, she examined, by way of pastime, the deeds she had received from Otto; and even here saw cause for disappointment. In these troublous days she had no taste for landed property, and she was convinced, besides, that Otto had paid dearer than the farm was worth. Lastly, the order for the prince's release fairly burned her meddling fingers.

All things considered, the next day beheld an elegant and beautiful lady, in a riding-habit and a flapping hat, draw bridle at the gate of the Felsenburg, not perhaps with any clear idea of her purpose, but with her usual experimental views on life. Governor Gordon, summoned to the gate, welcomed the omnipotent Countess with his most gallant bearing, though it was wonderful how old he looked in the morning.

"Ah, Governor," she said, "we have surprises for you, sir," and nodded at him meaningly.

"Eh, madam, leave me my prisoners," he said; "and if you will but join the band, begad, I'll be happy for life."

"You would spoil me, would you not?" she asked.

"I would try, I would try," returned the Governor, and he offered her his arm.

She took it, picked up her skirt, and drew him close to her. "I have come to see the Prince," she said. "Now, infidel! on business. A message from that stupid Gondremark, who keeps me running like a courier. Do I look like one, Herr Gordon?" And she planted her eyes on him.

"You look like an angel, ma'am," returned the Governor, with a great air of finished gallantry.

The Countess laughed. "An angel on horseback!" she said. "Quick work."

"You came, you saw, you conquered," flourished Gordon, in high good humour with his own wit and grace. "We toasted you, madam, in the carriage, in an excellent good glass of wine; toasted you fathom deep; the finest woman, with, begad, the finest eyes in Grünewald. I never saw the like of them but once, in my own country, when I was a young fool at College: Thomasina Haig, her name was. I give you my word of honour, she was as like you as two peas."

"And so you were merry in the carriage?" asked the Countess, gracefully dissembling a yawn.

"We were; we had a very pleasant conversation; but we took perhaps a glass more than that fine fellow of a Prince has been accustomed to," said the Governor; "and I observe this morning that he seems a little off his mettle. We'll get him mellow again ere bedtime. This is his door."

"Well," she whispered, "let me get my breath. No, no; wait. Have the door ready to open." And the Countess, standing like one inspired, shook out her fine voice in "Lascia ch' io pianga"; and when she had reached the proper point, and lyrically uttered forth her sighings after liberty, the door, at a sign, was flung wide open, and she swam into the Prince's sight, bright-eyed, and with her colour somewhat freshened by the exercise of singing. It was a great dramatic entrance, and to the somewhat doleful prisoner within the sight was sunshine.

"Ah, madam," he cried, running to her—"you here!"

She looked meaningly at Gordon; and as soon as the door was closed she fell on Otto's neck. "To see you here!" she moaned and clung to him.

But the Prince stood somewhat stiffly in that enviable situation, and the Countess instantly recovered from her outburst.

"Poor child," she said, "poor child! Sit down beside me here, and tell me all about it. My heart really bleeds to see you. How does time go?"

"Madam," replied the Prince, sitting down beside her, his gallantry recovered, "the time will now go all too quickly till you leave. But I must ask you for the news. I have most bitterly condemned myself for my inertia of last night. You wisely counselled me; it was my duty to resist. You wisely and nobly counselled me; I have since thought of it with wonder. You have a noble heart."

"Otto," she said, "spare me. Was it even right, I wonder? I have duties, too, you poor child; and when I see you they all melt—all my good resolutions fly away."

"And mine still come too late," he replied, sighing. "O, what would I not give to have resisted? What would I not give for freedom?"

"Well, what would you give?" she asked; and the red fan was spread; only her eyes, as if from over battlements, brightly surveyed him.

"I? What do you mean? Madam, you have some news for me," he cried.

"O, O!" said madam, dubiously.

He was at her feet. "Do not trifle with my hopes," he pleaded. "Tell me, dearest Madame von Rosen, tell me! You cannot be cruel: it is not in your nature. Give? I can give nothing; I have nothing; I can only plead in mercy."

"Do not," she said; "it is not fair. Otto, you know my weakness. Spare me. Be generous."

"O, madam," he said, "it is for you to be generous, to have pity." He took her hand and pressed it; he plied her with caresses and appeals. The Countess had a most enjoyable sham siege, and then relented. She sprang to her feet, she tore her dress open, and, all warm from her bosom, threw the order on the floor.

"There!" she cried. "I forced it from her. Use it, and I am ruined!" And she turned away as if to veil the force of her emotions.

Otto sprang upon the paper, read it, and cried out aloud. "O, God bless her!" he said, "God bless her." And he kissed the writing.

Von Rosen was a singularly good-natured woman, but her part was now beyond her. "Ingrate!" she cried; "I wrung it from her, I betrayed my trust to get it, and 't is she you thank!"

"Can you blame me?" said the Prince. "I love her."

"I see that," she said. "And I?"

"You, Madame von Rosen? You are my dearest, my kindest, and most generous of friends," he said, approaching her. "You would be a perfect friend, if you were not so lovely. You have a great sense of humour, you cannot be unconscious of your charm, and you amuse yourself at times by playing on my weakness; and at times I can take pleasure in the comedy. But not to-day: to-day you will be the true, the serious, the manly friend, and you will suffer me to forget that you are lovely and that I am weak. Come, dear Countess, let me to-day repose in you entirely."

He held out his hand, smiling, and she took it frankly.

"I vow you have bewitched me," she said; and then with a laugh, "I break my staff!" she added; "and I must pay you my best compliment. You made a difficult speech. You are as adroit, dear Prince, as I am—charming." And as she said the word with a great curtsey, she justified it.

"You hardly keep the bargain, madam, when you make yourself so beautiful," said the Prince, bowing.

"It was my last arrow," she returned. "I am disarmed. Blank cartridge, *O mon Prince!* And now I tell you, if you choose to leave this prison, you can, and I am ruined. Choose!"

"Madame von Rosen," replied Otto, "I choose, and I will go. My duty points me, duty still neglected by this Featherhead. But do not fear to be a loser. I propose instead that you should take me with you, a bear in chains, to Baron Gondremark. I am become perfectly unscrupulous: to save my wife I will do all, all he can ask or fancy. He shall be filled; were he huge as leviathan and greedy as the grave, I will content him. And you, the fairy of our pantomime, shall have the credit."

"Done!" she cried. "Admirable! Prince Charming no longer—Prince Sorcerer, Prince Solon! Let us go this moment. Stay," she cried, pausing. "I beg, dear Prince, to give you back these deeds. 'T was you who liked the farm—I have not seen it; and it was you who wished to benefit the peasants. And, besides," she added, with a comical change of tone, "I should prefer the ready money."

Both laughed. "Here I am, once more a farmer," said Otto, accepting the papers, "but overwhelmed in debt."

The Countess touched a bell, and the Governor appeared.

"Governor," she said, "I am going to elope with his Highness. The result of our talk has been a thorough understanding, and the *coup d'état* is over. Here is the order."

Colonel Gordon adjusted silver spectacles upon his nose. "Yes," he said, "the Princess: very right. But the Warrant, madam, was countersigned."

"By Heinrich!" said Von Rosen. "Well, and here am I to represent him."

"Well, your Highness," resumed the soldier of fortune, "I must congratulate you upon my loss. You have been cut out by beauty, and I am left lamenting. The Doctor still remains to me: *probus, doctus, lepidus, jucundus:* a man of books."

"Ay, there is nothing about poor Gotthold," said the Prince.

"The Governor's consolation? Would you leave him bare?" asked Von Rosen.

"And, your Highness," resumed Gordon, "may I trust that in the course of this temporary obscuration, you have found me discharge my part with suitable respect and, I may add, tact? I adopted purposely a cheerfulness of manner; mirth, it appeared to me, and a good glass of wine, were the fit alleviations."

"Colonel," said Otto, holding out his hand, "your society was of itself enough. I do not merely thank you for your pleasant spirits; I have to thank you, besides, for some philosophy, of which I stood in need. I trust I do not see you for the last time; and in the meanwhile, as a memento of our strange acquaintance, let me offer you these verses on which I was but now engaged. I am so little of a poet, and was so ill inspired by prison bars, that they have some claim to be at least a curiosity."

The Colonel's countenance lighted as he took the paper; the silver spectacles were hurriedly replaced. "Ha!" he said, "Alexandrines, the tragic metre. I shall cherish this, your Highness, like a relic; no more suitable offering, although I say it, could be made. 'Dieux de l'immense plaine et des vastes forêts.' Very good," he said, "very good indeed! 'Et du geôlier lui-même apprendre des leçons.' Most handsome, begad!"

"Come, Governor," cried the Countess, "you can read his poetry when we are gone. Open your grudging portals."

"I ask your pardon," said the Colonel. "To a man of my character and tastes, these verses, this handsome reference—most moving, I assure you. Can I offer you an escort?"

"No, no," replied the Countess. "We go incognito, as we arrived. We ride together· the Prince will take my servant's horse. Hurry and privacy, Herr Oberst, that is all we seek." And she began impatiently to lead the way.

But Otto had still to bid farewell to Doctor Gotthold; and the Governor following, with his spectacles in one hand and the paper in the other, had still to communicate his treasured verses, piece by piece, as he succeeded in deciphering the manuscript, to all he came across; and still his enthusiasm mounted. "I declare," he cried at last, with the air of one who has at length divined a mystery, "they remind me of Robbie Burns!"

But there is an end to all things; and at length Otto was walking by the side of Madame von Rosen, along that mountain wall, her servant following with both the horses, and all about them sunlight, and breeze, and flying birds, and the vast regions of the air, and the capacious prospect: wildwood and climbing pinnacle, and the sound and voice of mountain torrents, at their hand: and far below them, green melting into sapphire on the plains.

They walked at first in silence; for Otto's mind was full of the delight of liberty and nature, and still, between whiles, he was preparing his interview with Gondremark. But when the first rough promontory of the rock was turned, and the Felsenburg concealed behind its bulk, the lady paused.

"Here," she said, "I will dismount poor Karl, and you and I must ply our spurs. I love a wild ride with a good companion."

As she spoke, a carriage came into sight round the corner next below them in the order of the road. It came heavily creaking, and a little ahead of it a traveller was soberly walking, note-book in hand.

"It is Sir John," cried Otto, and he hailed him. The Baronet pocketed his note-book, stared through an eye-glass, and then waved his stick; and he on his side, and the Countess and the Prince on theirs, advanced with somewhat quicker steps. They met at the reëntrant angle, where a thin stream strayed across a boulder and was scattered in rain among the brush; and the Baronet saluted the Prince with much punctilio. To the Countess, on the other hand, he bowed with a kind of sneering wonder.

"Is it possible, madam, that you have not heard the news?" he asked.

"What news?" she cried.

"News of the first order," returned Sir John: "a revolution in the State, a Republic declared, the palace burned to the ground, the Princess in flight, Gondremark wounded—"

"Heinrich wounded?" she screamed.

"Wounded and suffering acutely," said Sir John. "His groans—"

There fell from the lady's lips an oath so potent that, in smoother hours, it would have made her hearers jump. She ran to her horse, scrambled to the saddle, and, yet half seated, dashed down the road at full gallop. The groom, after a pause of wonder, followed her. The rush of her impetuous passage almost scared the carriage horses over the verge of the steep hill; and still she clattered further, and the crags echoed to her flight, and still the groom flogged vainly in pursuit of her. At the fourth corner, a woman trailing slowly up leaped back with a cry and escaped death by a hand's-breadth. But the Countess wasted neither glance nor thought upon the incident. Out and in, about the bluffs of the mountain wall, she fled, loose-reined, and still the groom toiled in her pursuit.

"A most impulsive lady!" said Sir John. "Who would have thought she cared for him?" And before the words were uttered, he was struggling in the Prince's grasp.

"My wife! the Princess? What of her?"

"She is down the road," he gasped. "I left her twenty minutes back."

And next moment, the choked author stood alone, and the Prince on foot was racing down the hill behind the Countess.

CHAPTER IV

BABES IN THE WOOD

While the feet of the Prince continued to run swiftly, his heart, which had at first by far outstripped his running, soon began to linger and hang back. Not that he ceased to pity the misfortune or to yearn for the sight of Seraphina; but the memory of her obdurate coldness awoke within him, and woke in turn his own habitual diffidence of self. Had Sir John been given time to tell him all, had he even known that she was speeding to the Felsenburg, he would have gone to her with ardour. As it was, he began to see himself once more intruding, profiting, perhaps, by her misfortune, and now that she was fallen, proffering unloved caresses to the wife who had spurned him in prosperity. The sore spots upon his vanity began to burn; once more, his anger assumed the carriage of a hostile generosity; he would utterly forgive indeed; he would help, save, and comfort his unloving wife; but all with distant self-denial, imposing silence on his heart, respecting Seraphina's disaffection as he would the innocence of a child. So, when at length he turned a corner and beheld the Princess, it was his first thought to reassure her of the purity of his respect, and he at once ceased running and stood still. She, upon her part, began to run to him with a little cry; then, seeing him pause, she paused also, smitten with remorse; and at length, with the most guilty timidity, walked nearly up to where he stood.

"Otto," she said, "I have ruined all!"

"Seraphina!" he cried with a sob, but did not move, partly withheld by his resolutions, partly struck stupid at the sight of her weariness and disorder. Had she stood silent, they had soon been locked in an embrace. But she too had prepared herself against the interview, and must spoil the golden hour with protestations.

"All!" she went on, "I have ruined all! But, Otto, in kindness you must hear me—not justify, but own, my faults. I have been taught so cruelly; I have had such time for thought, and see the world so changed. I have been blind, stone blind; I have let all true good go by me, and lived on shadows. But when this dream fell, and I had betrayed you, and thought I had killed—" She paused. "I thought I had killed Gondremark," she said with a deep flush, "and I found myself alone as you said."

The mention of the name of Gondremark pricked the Prince's generosity like a spur. "Well," he cried, "and whose fault was it but mine? It was my duty to be beside you, loved or not. But I was a skulker in the grain, and found it easier to desert than to oppose you. I could never learn that better part of love, to fight love's battles. But yet the love was there. And now when this toy kingdom of ours has fallen, first of all by my demerits, and next by your inexperience, and we are here alone together, as poor as Job and merely a man and a woman—let me conjure you to forgive the weakness and to repose in the love. Do not mistake me!" he cried, seeing her about to speak, and imposing silence with uplifted hand. "My love is changed; it is purged of any conjugal pretension; it does not ask, does not hope, does not wish, for a return in kind. You may forget for ever that part in which you found me so distasteful, and accept without embarrassment the affection of a brother."

"You are too generous, Otto," she said. "I know that I have forfeited your love. I cannot take this sacrifice. You had far better leave me. O go away, and leave me to my fate!"

"Oh no!" said Otto; "we must first of all escape out of this hornet's nest, to which I led you. My honour is engaged. I said but now we were as poor as Job; and behold! not many miles from here I have a house of my own to which I will conduct you. Otto the Prince being down, we must try what luck remains to Otto the Hunter. Come, Seraphina; show that you forgive me, and let us set about this business of escape in the best spirits possible. You used to say, my dear, that, except as a husband and a prince, I was a pleasant fellow. I am neither now, and you may like my company without remorse. Come, then; it were idle to be captured. Can you still walk? Forth, then," said he, and he began to lead the way.

A little below where they stood, a good-sized brook passed below the road, which overleapt it in a single arch. On one bank of that loquacious water a footpath descended a green dell. Here it was rocky and stony, and lay on the steep scarps of the ravine; here it was choked with brambles; and there, in fairy haughs, it lay for a few paces evenly on the green turf. Like a sponge, the hillside oozed with well-water. The burn kept growing both in force and volume; at every leap it fell with heavier plunges and span more widely in the pool. Great had been the labours of that stream, and great and agreeable the changes it had wrought. It had cut through dykes of stubborn rock, and now, like a blowing dolphin, spouted through the orifice; along all its humble coasts, it had undermined and rafted-down the goodlier timber of the forest; and on these rough clearings it now set and tended primrose gardens, and planted woods of willow, and made a favourite of the silver birch. Through all these friendly features the path, its human acolyte, conducted our two wanderers downward,—Otto before, still pausing at the more difficult passages to lend assistance; the Princess following. From time to time, when he turned to help her, her face would lighten upon his—her eyes, half desperately, woo him. He saw, but dared not understand. "She does not love me," he told himself, with magnanimity. "This is remorse or gratitude; I were no gentleman, no, nor yet a man, if I presumed upon these pitiful concessions."

Some way down the glen, the stream, already grown to a good bulk of water, was rudely dammed across, and about a third of it abducted in a wooden trough. Gaily the pure water, air's first cousin, fleeted along the rude aqueduct, whose sides and floor it had made green with grasses. The path, bearing it close company, threaded a wilderness of brier and wild rose. And presently, a little in front, the brown top of a mill and the tall mill-wheel, spraying diamonds, arose in the narrows of the glen; at the same time the snoring music of the saws broke the silence.

The miller, hearing steps, came forth to his door, and both he and Otto started.

"Good-morning, miller," said the Prince. "You were right, it seems, and I was wrong. I give you the news, and bid you to Mittwalden. My throne has fallen—great was the fall of it!—and your good friends of the Phœnix bear the rule."

The red-faced miller looked supreme astonishment. "And your Highness?" he gasped.

"My Highness is running away," replied Otto, "straight for the frontier."

"Leaving Grünewald?" cried the man. "Your father's son? It's not to be permitted!"

"Do you arrest us, friend?" asked Otto, smiling.

"Arrest you? I?" exclaimed the man. "For what does your Highness take me? Why, sir, I make sure there is not a man in Grünewald would lay hands upon you."

"O, many, many," said the Prince; "but from you, who were bold with me in my greatness, I should even look for aid in my distress."

The miller became the colour of beetroot. "You may say so indeed," said he. "And meanwhile, will you and your lady step into my house?"

"We have not time for that," replied the Prince; "but if you would oblige us with a cup of wine without here, you will give a pleasure and a service, both in one."

The miller once more coloured to the nape. He hastened to bring forth wine in a pitcher and three bright crystal tumblers. "Your Highness must not suppose," he said, as he filled them, "that I am an habitual drinker. The time when I had the misfortune to encounter you, I was a trifle overtaken, I allow; but a more sober man than I am in my ordinary, I do not know where you are to look for; and even this glass that I drink to you (and to the lady) is quite an unusual recreation."

The wine was drunk with due rustic courtesies; and then, refusing further hospitality, Otto and Seraphina once more proceeded to descend the glen, which now began to open and to be invaded by the taller trees.

"I owed that man a reparation," said the Prince; "for when we met I was in the wrong and put a sore affront upon him. I judge by myself, perhaps; but I begin to think that no one is the better for a humiliation."

"But some have to be taught so," she replied.

"Well, well," he said, with a painful embarrassment. "Well, well. But let us think of safety. My miller is all very good, but I do not pin my faith to him. To follow down this stream will bring us, but after innumerable windings, to my house. Here, up this glade, there lies a cross-cut—the world's end for solitude—the very deer scarce visit it. Are you too tired, or could you pass that way?"

"Choose the path, Otto. I will follow you," she said

"No," he replied, with a singular imbecility of manner and appearance, "but I meant the path was rough. It lies, all the way, by glade and dingle, and the dingles are both deep and thorny."

"Lead on," she said. "Are you not Otto the Hunter?"

They had now burst across a veil of underwood, and were come into a lawn among the forest, very green and innocent, and solemnly surrounded by trees. Otto paused on the margin, looking about him with delight; then his glance returned to Seraphina, as she stood framed in that sylvan pleasantness and looking at her husband with undecipherable eyes. A weakness both of the body and mind fell on him like the beginnings of sleep; the cords of his activity were relaxed, his eyes clung to her. "Let us rest," he said; and he made her sit down, and himself sat down beside her on the slope of an inconsiderable mound.

She sat with her eyes downcast, her slim hand dabbling in grass, like a maid waiting for love's summons. The sound of the wind in the forest swelled and sank, and drew near them with a running rush, and died away and away in the distance into fainting whispers. Nearer hand, a bird out of the deep covert uttered broken and anxious notes. All this seemed but a halting prelude to speech. To Otto it seemed as if the whole frame of nature were waiting for his words; and yet his pride kept him silent. The longer he watched that slender and pale hand plucking at the grasses, the harder and rougher grew the fight between pride and its kindly adversary.

"Seraphina," he said at last, "it is right you should know one thing: I never . . ." He was about to say "doubted you," but was that true? And, if true, was it generous to speak of it? Silence succeeded.

"I pray you, tell it me," she said; "tell it me, in pity."

"I mean only this," he resumed, "that I understand all, and do not blame you. I understand how the brave woman must look down on the weak man. I think you were wrong in some things; but I have tried to understand it, and I do. I do not need to forget or to forgive, Seraphina, for I have understood."

"I know what I have done," she said. "I am not so weak that I can be deceived with kind speeches. I know what I have been—I see myself. I am not worth your anger, how much less to be forgiven! In all this downfall and misery, I see only me and you: you, as you have been always; me, as I was—me, above all! O yes, I see myself: and what can I think?"

"Ah, then, let us reverse the parts!" said Otto. "It is ourselves we cannot forgive, when we deny forgiveness to another—so a friend told me last night. On these terms, Seraphina, you see how generously I have forgiven myself. But am not *I* to be forgiven? Come, then, forgive yourself—and me."

She did not answer in words, but reached out her hand to him quickly. He took it; and as the smooth fingers settled and nestled in his, love ran to and fro between them in tender and transforming currents.

"Seraphina," he cried, "O, forget the past! Let me serve and help you; let me be your servant; it is enough for me to serve you and to be near you; let me be near you, dear—do not send me away." He hurried his pleading like the speech of a frightened child. "It is not love," he went on; "I do not ask for love; my love is enough. . . ."

"Otto!" she said, as if in pain.

He looked up into her face. It was wrung with the very ecstasy of tenderness and anguish; on her features, and most of all in her changed eyes, there shone the very light of love.

"Seraphina?" he cried aloud, and with a sudden, tuneless voice, "Seraphina?"

"Look round you at this glade," she cried, "and where the leaves are coming on young trees, and the flowers begin to blossom. This is where we meet, meet for the first time; it is so much better to forget and to be born again. O, what a pit there is for sins—God's mercy, man's oblivion!"

"Seraphina," he said, "let it be so, indeed; let all that was be merely the abuse of dreaming; let me begin again, a stranger. I have dreamed, in a long dream, that I adored a girl unkind and beautiful; in all things my superior but still cold like ice. And again I dreamed, and thought she changed and melted, glowed and turned to me. And I—who had no merit but a love, slavish and unerect—lay close, and durst not move for fear of waking."

"Lie close," she said, with a deep thrill of speech.

So they spake in the spring woods; and meanwhile, in Mittwalden Rath-haus the Republic was declared.

BIOGRAPHICAL POSTSCRIPT

TO COMPLETE THE STORY

The reader well informed in modern history will not require details as to the fate of the Republic. The best account is to be found in the memoirs of Herr Greisengesang (7 Bände: Leipzig), by our passing acquaintance the licentiate Roederer. Herr Roederer, with too much of an author's licence, makes a great figure of his hero—poses him, indeed, to be the centre-piece and cloud-compeller of the whole. But, with due allowance for this bias, the book is able and complete.

The reader is of course acquainted with the vigorous and bracing pages of Sir John (2 volumes: London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown). Sir John, who plays but a toothcomb in the orchestra of this historical romance, blows in his own book the big bassoon. His character is there drawn at large; and the sympathy of Landor has countersigned the admiration of the public. One point, however, calls for explanation; the chapter on Grünewald was torn by the hand of the author in the palace gardens; how comes it, then, to figure at full length among any more modest pages, the Lion of the caravan? That eminent literatus was a man of method; "Juvenal by double entry," he was once profanely called; and when he tore the sheets in question, it was rather, as he has since explained, in the search for some dramatic evidence of his sincerity, than with the thought of practical deletion. At that time, indeed, he was possessed of two blotted scrolls and a fair copy in double. But the chapter, as the reader knows, was honestly omitted from the famous "Memoirs on the various Courts of Europe." It has been mine to give it to the public.

Bibliography still helps us with a farther glimpse of our characters. I have here before me a small volume (printed for private circulation: no printer's name; n.d.), "Poésies par Frédéric et Amélie." Mine is a presentation copy, obtained for me by

Mr. Bain in the Haymarket; and the name of the first owner is written on the fly-leaf in the hand of Prince Otto himself. The modest epigraph—"Let rime n'est pas riche"—may be attributed, with a good show of likelihood, to the same collaborator. It is strikingly appropriate, and I have found the volume very dreary. Those pieces in which I seem to trace the hand of the Princess are particularly dull and conscientious. But the booklet had a fair success with that public for which it was designed; and I have come across some evidences of a second venture of the same sort, now unprocurable. Here, at least, we may take leave of Otto and Seraphina—what do I say? of Frédéric and Amélie—ageing together peaceably at the Court of the wife's father, jingling French rhymes and correcting joint proofs.

Still following the book-lists, I perceive that Mr. Swinburne has dedicated a rousing lyric and some vigorous sonnets to the memory of Gondremark; that name appears twice at least in Victor Hugo's trumpet blasts of patriot enumeration; and I came latterly, when I supposed my task already ended, on a trace of the fallen politician and his Countess. It is in the "Diary of J. Hogg Cotterill, Esq." (that very interesting work). Mr. Cotterill, being at Naples, is introduced (May 27th) to "a Baron and Baroness Gondremark—he a man who once made a noise—she still beautiful—both witty. She complimented me much upon my French—should never have known me to be English—had known my uncle, Sir John, in Germany—recognized in me, as a family trait, some of his *grand air* and studious courtesy—asked me to call." And again (May 30th) "visited the Baronne de Gondremark—much gratified—a most *refined intelligent* woman, quite of the old school, now *helas!* extinct—had read my *Remarks on Sicily*—it reminds her of my uncle, but with more of grace—I feared she thought there was less energy—assured no—a softer style of presentation, more of the *literary grace*, but the same firm grasp of circumstance and force of thought—in short, just Buttonhole's opinion. Much encouraged. I have a real esteem for this patrician lady." The acquaintance lasted some time; and when Mr. Cotterill left in the suite of Lord Protocol, and, as he is careful to inform us, in Admiral Yardarm's flag-ship, one of his chief causes of regret is to leave "that most *spirituelle* and sympathetic lady, who already regards me as a younger brother."

The Women's Chorus

By ARISTOPHANES

THEY'RE always abusing the women
  As a terrible plague to men:
They say we're the root of all evil,
  And repeat it again and again;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
  All mischief, be what it may!
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
  If we're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
  And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
  If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking heaven
  That your Plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting—
  "Where is *my* Plague to-day?"
If a Plague peeps out of the window,
  Up go the eyes of men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
  Until she looks out again.

Recent Books that May Live a Hundred Years

By Members of the Editorial Board

[*The following judgments are, of course, individual expressions of opinion. If any of our readers have convictions that demand utterance, as to books of our own time which are so vital and permanent that they will be alive for men and women of the year 2025—we shall be glad to hear from them, with brief statements of the reasons for the faith that is in them.*—EDITOR]

AMONG the various emotions which one feels towards the writers of one's own times, perhaps a clear unmistakable gratitude is about the rarest and the most delightful. Gratitude is chiefly occasioned, I suspect, by works which have some element of true greatness in them, and which, consequently, enlarge our conception of human powers, and quicken our sense of the splendor and mystery of life. Everyone differs in this, but for my part I am most deeply stirred to grateful admiration by four or five special notes in literature: by remorseless power, by heroism, by a kind of golden and spellbound tranquillity, and by any sort of beauty, whether of rosebuds or of marble, which makes one forget that the clock is ticking and the earth madly presenting her dark cheek to the sun.

In any list, however short, of the books of our time which are likely to live, I should place Charles M. Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*. As I recall the arduous days that I lived in its thirteen hundred magnificent pages, I am curiously reminded of the maxim of one of Meredith's heroes: "Claret for boys; port for men; brandy for heroes." It is a book for readers of some sinew, such as really enjoy Henry James's *The Ambassadors* and *The Golden Bowl*, Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*, Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* and *Typhoon*. Charles M. Doughty is a traveller who would look tall in any company.

Stuart P. Sherman

TWO novels of the Twentieth Century that ought to live one hundred years are

Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe"
and
John Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga"

The French book is not only a great novel but it gives a remarkably accurate picture of Continental life, society and thought from 1900 to 1914. Any man in the future who wishes to know what people in Germany, Italy and France were thinking about and how they lived during the early Twentieth Century will be able to find out definitely by reading this work.

The English novel gives a remarkable and faithful picture of commercial, business, social, artistic and intellectual life in England from 1880 until the Great War. These two books, besides being beautifully written, contain living characters. They are mirrors of modern life and they seem to have in them something permanent, something that ought to live when most of our contemporary literature is forgotten.

Wm Lyon Phelps

In Confidence

A PERSONAL WORD TO YOU AS A READER: THIS MAGAZINE NEEDS AT LEAST A THOUSAND EDITORS; WILL YOU HELP TO MAKE IT TRULY THE GOLDEN BOOK?

THIS magazine is founded on two convictions. First, that a very large proportion of the best stories are not being read as much as they deserve; and that the most avid fiction readers will welcome certain of the enduring, tested tales, if easily available, wisely selected and intelligently arranged—no matter by whom written or when first published.

⁂

The instant co-operation of distinguished living authors and the foremost publishers has removed most editorial problems except the one of selection. That seems easy enough with the whole mass of world literature, from the beginnings down to yesterday, to draw from. As the great sculptor remarked of his own art, it's ridiculously simple: "all you have to do is to set up a block of marble, take a hammer and chisel, and cut away all you don't want."

⁂

The block of marble in this case is somewhat mountainous. It's been over a quarter of a century since the International Institute of Bibliography at Brussels started out to catalogue all the "books" in the world, from that Babylonian baked brick of 2400 B. C., recording a quarrel between two property owners, down to the present. There seem to be something like fifty million entries in prospect. Just the printed volumes of the last hundred years would probably total ten millions—and the tellers of tales have been busier than any other one class. In addition, thousands upon thousands of short stories have been published in periodicals only.

Nor is this bulk the chief difficulty. For there is little evidence that when the average man or woman wishes to read for pleasure, he or she rushes for a library of world literature, or an anthology of fiction. There is a good deal of gristle for most of us in the literary fare selected by experts as possessing the requisite mental calories. I rather suspect that many of the people who tell us what we ought to read do not themselves invariably turn to those precise volumes in all their hours of relaxation.

⁂

Tolstoy asserted that all truly great art appeals instantly to every human being. That would reduce the size of our anthologies! At least it is true that there are among the works of the permanent fiction writers many things which are as alive and universally compelling today as when they were written—be that date centuries ago or last year. The ordinary active individual can read and enjoy these without any readjustment of his mental rhythm; they require no special background of literary knowledge or culture; they speak to the normal healthy interests of vital human beings in language comprehensible to all. To pick out these is the task of making this magazine.

⁂

Because we hope for the assistance of our readers in this effort, it may be stated that, appealing and stimulating as it is, this involves an amount of sheer work not often associated with editing a magazine—certainly in the minds of aspirants for the job. In order to list a tentative contents for the first few issues of THE GOLDEN BOOK, *there were read and re-read* *about a thousand short stories, most of them selected as "masterpieces" by somebody, perhaps a hundred short novels and plays, and the complete works of half a dozen famous writers. And these preliminary lists were completely revised over a subsequent period of months, especially by attention to the tales of more contemporary writers. The ambition was, and is, to put before American readers a monthly collection of fiction, true stories, plays, essays, and poems, by writers who knew their craft and had something to say, which any casual reader will find alive, human, gripping—every page so vital that if you stuck a knife in anywhere you'd draw blood.*

* * *

Obviously, no one person could carry out this ideal completely, for all world literature. Even if the physical difficulties could be overcome, any given individual has his "blind spots," which cause him to miss many things which belong in such a harvesting. The editor frankly counts on an assistance springing inevitably from the very appeal of the idea.

* * *

What you think of these first two issues will be of immense interest,—the more detailed the better, especially where you feel a mistake has been made. Any honest, specific criticism will be welcomed.

But the particular aid hoped for is in definite suggestions of stories you have read which you are sure should appear here. They should be things which you yourself have picked out as so absorbing that they ought to endure; and which your calm judgment also pronounces to have that necessary instant appeal to every intelligent reader to-day.

The tales, poems, essays, and quotations which you put, or wished to put into a scrap-book, are the ones we wish to hear about. Or the ideas that would interest you for grouped quotations, like "How Men Make Love in Novels" in the January number.

We will gladly pay for any such suggestions adopted, which are not already on the long and growing list of available material in our editorial files; but we will say candidly that the kind of help we desire most to enlist is that coming from your enthusiasm, the desire to have other people share a vividly remembered thrill. The more contributing editors of that sort this magazine can have, the better it will be.

* * *

And, really, the undertaking is worth while.

In ancient Rome the editor *was the public benefactor who provided the gladiatorial show for the great amphitheatre—and had a seat of honor in the podium, along with the Emperor, senators, magistrates, and vestal virgins! Etymologically, he was a* producer, *a* bringer forth.

In this case, there is the chance to bring forth much neglected fine gold that is hidden from most of us amid tons of dirt, and baser metals, and all sorts of alloys, for the service and pleasure of men to-day. To find the best,—best for us, here, now,—from anywhere, by anybody, and put it before the huge public that now takes a large part of its reading in magazine form: that is a job into which a man can put everything he has, and know that his measure of success is a measure of himself. If the contents of this magazine do not compel hundreds of thousands to read it—it can only be because the selection has not been good enough.

* * *

In partial return for this co-operation in making the magazine adequate, on which we are confidently counting, we beg to place at your disposal a Literary Service *on any matter connected with books and writers that really count. There are questions which come up regarding authors, characters in books, and the like, which those without an exceptional home reference library find difficult. It will be a pleasure to receive any such queries from readers, and to try to furnish answers.*

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.

Valentine's Day

By CHARLES LAMB

Yours ratherish unwell
Chs Lamb

HAIL to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Archflamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipt infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

> Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, ycleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all forspent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the headquarters and metropolis of God Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for any thing which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, "Madam, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal"; or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It "gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "That is not the post, I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!—delightful eternal commonplaces, which "having been will always be"; which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Lovers all,
A madrigal,

or some such device, not over abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B.[*]—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlour window in C—e Street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody halfway. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and be sure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottos and fanciful devices such as beseemed,—a work in short of magic, Iris dipt the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice—(O ignoble trust!)—of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by and by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine,' and his true church.

[*Edward Burney.]

Days

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

The Game of Backgammon

By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

P. Mérimée

THE sails hung motionless, clinging to the masts; the sea was as smooth as glass; the heat was stifling and the calm discouraging.

During a sea voyage the resources of amusement open to passengers on board ship are soon exhausted. Anyone who has spent four months together in a wooden house of one hundred and twenty feet in length knows this fact, alas! only too well. When you see the first lieutenant coming toward you you know that he will first begin talking about Rio de Janeiro, from whence he came; then of the famous Essling Bridge, which he saw made by the Marine Guards to which he belonged. After the fifteenth day you know exactly the expressions he is fond of, even the punctuation of his sentences and the different intonations of his voice. When did he ever miss dwelling sadly on the word "emperor" when he pronounced it for the first time in his recital? . . . He invariably added, "If you had only seen him then! ! !" (three exclamation marks to denote his admiration). And the incident of the trumpeter's horse, and the ball that rebounded and carried away a cartridge-box which contained seven thousand five hundred francs in money and jewellery, etc., etc.! The second lieutenant is a great politician; he makes critical remarks every day on the last number of the *Constitutionnel* which he brought from Brest, or, if he leaves the sublime heights of politics to descend to literature, he sets you to rights on the last vaudeville he saw played. Good Lord! The Commissioner of the Navy has a very interesting story to relate. How he enchanted us the first time he told us of his escape from the pontoon at Cadiz, but, by the twentieth repetition, upon my word, it is barely endurable! . . .

And the ensigns and the midshipmen! . . . The recollection of their conversation makes my hair stand on end. Generally speaking, the captain is the least tedious person on board. In his position of despotic commander he is in a state of secret hostility against the whole staff; he annoys and oppresses at times, but there is a certain amount of pleasure to be gained by inveighing against him. If he is furiously angry with some of his subordinates, his superior tone is a pleasure to listen to, which is some slight consolation.

On board the vessel on which I was sailing the officers were the best fellows going, all good company, liking each other as brothers, but bored of each other all the same. The captain was the gentlest of men, and, what is very rare, was nothing of a busybody. He was always unwilling to exercise his authoritative power. But, in spite of all, the voyage seemed terribly long, especially when the calm set in which overtook us a few days only before we made land! . . .

One day, after dinner, which want of employment had made us spin out as long as it was humanly possible, we were all assembled on the bridge, watching the monotonous but ever majestic spectacle of a sunset over the sea. Some were smoking, others were re-reading for the twentieth time one of the thirty volumes which comprised our wretched library; all were yawning till the tears ran down their cheeks. One ensign, who was sitting by me, was amusing himself, with the gravity worthy of a serious occupation, by letting the poniard, worn ordinarily by naval officers in undress, fall, point downward, on the planks of the deck. It was as amusing as anything else on board, and required skill to throw the point so that it should stick in the wood quite perpendicularly. I wanted to follow the ensign's example, and, not having a poniard with me, I tried to borrow the captain's, but he refused it me. He was singularly attached to that weapon, and it would have vexed him to see it put to such a futile use. It had formerly belonged to a brave officer who had been mortally wounded in the last war. I guessed a story would be forthcoming, nor was I mistaken. The captain began before he was asked for it, but the officers, who stood round us, and who knew the misfortunes of Lieutenant Roger by heart, soon beat a circumspect retreat. Here is the captain's story almost in his own words:

Roger was three years older than I when I first knew him; he was a lieutenant and I was an ensign. He was quite one of the best officers on our staff; he was, moreover, good-natured, talented, quick and well educated; in a word, he was a fascinating young fellow. But unfortunately he was rather proud and sensitive; this arose, I think, from the fact of his being an illegitimate child, and his fear that his birth might make people look down upon him; but, to tell the truth, the greatest of all his faults was a passionate and ever-present desire to take the lead wherever he was. His father, whom he had never seen, made him an allowance which would have been more than enough for his needs, had he not been the soul of generosity. All that he had was at the service of his friends. When he drew his quarter's pay, and met a friend with a sad and anxious face, he would say—

"Why, mate, what's the matter? You look as though you had difficulty in making your pockets jingle when you slap them; come, here is my purse, take what you want, and have dinner with me."

A very pretty young actress came to Brest named Gabrielle, and she quickly made conquest among the naval and army officers. She was not a perfect beauty, but she had a good figure, fine eyes, a small foot and a pleasant, saucy manner; these things are all very delightful when one is voyaging between the latitudes of twenty and twenty-five years of age. She was, in addition, the most capricious of her sex, and her style of playing did not belie this reputation. Sometimes she played enchantingly, and one would have called her a *comédienne* of the highest order; on the following day she would be cold and lifeless in the very same piece: she would deliver her part as a child recites its catechism. But more than all else it was the story told of her which I am about to relate that interested our young men. It seems she had been kept in sumptuous style by a Parisian senator, who, it was said, committed all sorts of follies for her sake. One day this man put his hat on in her house; she begged him to take it off, and even complained that he showed a want of respect toward her. The senator burst out laughing, shrugged his shoulders and said, as he elaborately settled himself in his chair, "The least I can do is to make myself at home in the house of a girl whom I keep."

Gabrielle's white hand smacked his face as soundly as though she had a navvy's hand, and she also paid him back for his words by throwing his hat to the other end of the room. From that moment there was a complete rupture between them. Bankers and generals made considerable offers to the lady, but she refused them all and became an actress, so that she could, as she expressed it, live independently.

When Roger saw her and learnt her history, he decided that she was—must be his, and with the somewhat uncouth freedom with which we sailors are credited, he took the following methods to show her how much he was affected by her charms. He bought the rarest and loveliest flowers to be found in Brest, had them made into a bouquet which he tied with a beautiful rose-coloured ribbon, and in the knot he carefully placed a roll of twenty-five napoleons, all he possessed for the time being. I remember accompanying him behind the scenes during an interval between the acts. He paid Gabrielle a brief compliment upon the grace with which she wore her costume, offered her the bouquet and asked leave to call upon her. He managed to get through all this in about three words.

Whilst Gabrielle only saw the flowers and the handsome youth who offered them to her, she smiled upon him, accompanying her smile with a most gracious bow; but when she held the bouquet between her hands and felt the weight of the gold, her face changed more rapidly than the surface of the sea when roused by a tropical hurricane; and certainly it could scarcely have looked more evil, for she hurled the bouquet and the napoleons with all her strength at my poor friend's head, so that he carried the marks of it on his face for more than a week after. The manager's bell rang and Gabrielle went on and played wildly.

Covered with confusion, Roger picked up his bouquet and packet of gold, went to a café, offered the bouquet (but not the money) to the girl at the desk, and tried to forget his cruel mistress in a glass of punch. But he did not succeed, and, in spite of his vexation at not being able to show himself without a black eye, he fell madly in love with the enraged Gabrielle. He wrote her twenty letters a day, and such letters!—abject, tender, full of obsequious phrases that might have been addressed to a princess. The first were returned to him unopened, and the rest received no answer. Roger, however, kept up hope, until he discovered that the theatre orange-seller wrapped up his oranges in Roger's love-letters, which Gabrielle, with the very refinement of maliciousness, had given him. This was a terrible blow to our friend's pride; but his passion did not die out. He talked of asking the actress to marry him, and threatened to blow his brains out when we told him that the Minister for Marine Affairs would never give his consent.

While all this was going on the officers of a regiment of the line in the garrison at Brest wished to make Gabrielle repeat a vaudeville couplet, and she refused the encore out of pure caprice. The officers and the actress both remained so obstinate that it came to the former hooting until the curtain had to be dropped and the latter left the stage. You know what the pit of a garrison town is like. The officers plotted together to hiss her without intermission the next day and for a few days after, and not allow her to play a single part unless she made humble amends for her bad behaviour. Roger had taken no part in these proceedings; but he heard of the scandal which put the whole theatre in an uproar that very night, and also the plans for revenge which were being hatched for the morrow. He immediately made up his mind what he would do.

When Gabrielle made her appearance the next night an ear-splitting noise of hooting and cat-calls rose from the officers' seats. Roger, who had purposely placed himself near the roisterers, got up and harangued the noisiest in such scathing language that the whole of their fury was soon turned on himself. He then drew his notebook from his pocket, and, with the utmost *sangfroid*, wrote down the names cried out to him from all sides; he would have arranged to fight with the whole regiment if a great many naval officers had not come up, out of loyalty to their order, and taken part against his adversaries. The hubbub was something frightful.

The whole garrison was confined for several days, but when we regained liberty, there was a terrible score to settle. There were threescore of us at the rendezvous. Roger, alone, fought three officers in succession; he killed one, and badly wounded the other two without receiving a scratch. I, as luck would have it, came off less fortunately; a cursed lieutenant, who had been a fencing master, gave me a neat thrust through the chest which nearly finished me. The duel, or rather battle, was a fine sight, I can tell you. The naval officers had gained the victory, and the regiment was obliged to leave Brest.

You may guess that our superior officers did not overlook the author of the quarrel. They placed a guard outside his door for a fortnight.

When his term of arrest was over I came out of hospital and went to see him. Judge my surprise when I entered his room and found him sitting at breakfast *tête-à-tête* with Gabrielle. They seemed to have been on friendly terms for some time, and already called each other thee and thou, and drank out of the same glass. Roger introduced me to his mistress as his dearest friend, and told her I had been wounded in the slight skirmish on her behalf. This charming young girl then condescended to kiss me, for all her sympathies were with fighters.

They spent three months together in perfect happiness, and never left each other for a moment. Gabrielle seemed to love him to distraction, and Roger declared that he had never known love before he met Gabrielle.

One day a Dutch frigate came into harbour. The officers gave us a dinner, and we drank deeply of all sorts of wines; but when the cloth was removed, we did not know what to do, for these gentlemen spoke very bad French. We began to play. The Dutchmen seemed to have plenty of money; and their first lieutenant especially offered to play such high stakes that none of us cared to take a hand with him. But Roger, who did not play as a rule, felt it incumbent upon him to uphold the honour of his country in the matter. So he played for the stakes that the Dutch lieutenant fixed. At first he gained, then he lost, and after several ups and downs of gaining and losing they stopped without anything having been done on either side. We returned this dinner, and invited the Dutch officers. Again we played, and Roger and the lieutenant set to work afresh. In short, they played for several days, meeting either in cafés or on board ship; they tried all kinds of games, backgammon more than any, always increasing their wagers until they came to the point of playing for twenty-five napoleons each game. It was an enormous sum for poverty-stricken officers like us—more than two months' pay! At the week's end Roger had lost every penny he possessed, and more than three or four thousand francs which he had borrowed on all sides.

You will gather that Roger and Gabrielle had ended by sharing household and purse in common, that is to say that Roger, who had just received a large payment on account of his allowance, contributed ten or twenty times more than the actress. He always considered that this sum, large as was his share in it, belonged chiefly to his mistress, and he had only kept back for his own expenses about fifty napoleons. He was, however, obliged to draw from this reserve to go on playing, and Gabrielle did not make the slightest objection.

The housekeeping money went the same way as his pocket-money. Very soon Roger was reduced to playing his last twenty-five napoleons. The game was long and hotly contested, and it was horrible to see the intense efforts Roger made to gain it. The moment came when Roger, who held the dice-box, had only one more chance left to win; I think he wanted to get six, four. The night was far advanced, and an officer who had been looking at their play had fallen asleep in an armchair. The Dutchman was tired out and drowsy; moreover, he had drunk too much punch. Roger alone was wide awake and a prey to the depths of despair. He trembled as he threw the dice. He threw them so roughly upon the board that the shock knocked a candle over on to the floor. The Dutchman turned his head first toward the candle, which had covered his new trousers with wax, then he looked at the dice. They showed six and four. Roger who was as pale as death, received his twenty-five napoleons, and they went on playing. Chance again favoured my unlucky friend, who, however, made blunder upon blunder, and secured points as though he wanted to lose. The Dutch lieutenant lost his head, and doubled and quadrupled his stakes; he lost every time. I can see him now—a tall, fair man of a phlegmatic nature, whose face seemed made of wax. At last he got up, after he lost forty thousand francs, and paid it without his features betraying the least trace of emotion.

"We will not take into account what we have played for to-night," said Roger. "You were more than half asleep. I do not want your money."

"You are joking," replied the phlegmatic Dutchman; "I played well, but the dice were against me. I am quite capable of winning off you always. Good evening!"

And he went out.

We learnt next day that, made desperate by his losses, he had blown out his brains in his room, after drinking a bowl of punch.

The forty thousand francs that Roger had won from him were spread out on the table, and Gabrielle gazed at them with a smile of satisfaction.

"See how rich we are!" she said. "What shall we do with all this money?"

Roger did not answer her; he seemed stunned since the Dutchman's death.

"We can do a thousand delicious things," she went on. "Money gained so easily ought to be spent as lightly. Let us set up a carriage, and snap our fingers at the Maritime Prefect and his wife. I want some diamonds and some Cashmere shawls. Ask for a holiday, and let us go to Paris; we could never spend so much money here!"

She stopped to look at Roger, whose eyes were fixed on the ceiling; his head was leant on his hand, and he had not heard a word; he seemed to be a prey to the most miserable thoughts.

"What on earth's wrong with you, Roger?" she cried, leaning her hand on his shoulder. "You will make me pull faces at you presently. I can not get a word out of you."

"I am very unhappy," he said at length, with a smothered sigh.

"Unhappy! Why, I do believe you regret having pinked that big *mynheer*."

He raised his head and looked at her with haggard eyes.

"What does it matter?" she went on. "Why mind if he did take the thing tragically and blew out his few brains? I don't pity losing players; and his money is better in our hands than in his. He would have wasted it in drinking and smoking, whilst we will do a thousand lovely things with it, each one nicer than the last."

Roger walked about the room with his head bent on his breast, his eyes half closed and filled with tears. "You would have been sorry for him if you had seen him."

"Don't you know," said Gabrielle to him, "that people who do not know how romantically sensitive you are might imagine you had been cheating?"

"And if it were the truth?" he cried in hollow tones, stopping before her.

"Bah!" she answered, smiling; "you are not clever enough to cheat at play."

"Yes, I cheated, Gabrielle; I cheated—wretch that I am!"

She understood from his agitation of mind that he spoke but too truly. She sat down on a couch and remained speechless for some time.

"I would much rather you had killed ten men than cheated at play," she said at length in a very troubled voice.

There was a deathlike silence for half an hour. They both sat on the same sofa, and never looked at each other once. Roger got up first and wished her good night in a calm voice.

"Good night," she replied in cold and hard tones.

Roger has since told me that he would have killed himself that very day if he had not been afraid that his comrades would have guessed the reason for his suicide. He did not wish his memory to be disgraced.

Gabrielle was as gay as usual next day. She seemed, already, to have forgotten the confidences of the previous evening. But Roger became gloomy, capricious and morose. He avoided his friends, and scarcely left his rooms, often passing a whole day without saying a word to his mistress. I attributed his melancholy to an honourable, but excessive sensitiveness, and tried several times to console him; but he put me at a distance by affecting a supreme indifference toward his unhappy partner. One day he even inveighed against the Dutch nation in violent terms, and tried to make me believe that there was not a single honourable man in Holland. All the same, he tried secretly to find out the Dutch lieutenant's relatives; but no one could give him any information about them.

Six weeks after that unlucky game of backgammon Roger found a note in Gabrielle's rooms, written by an admirer who thanked her for the kind feeling she had shown him. Gabrielle was the very personification of untidiness, and the note in question had been left by her on her mantelpiece. I do not know whether she was unfaithful to Roger or not, but he believed her to be so, and his anger was frightful. His love and a remnant of pride were the only feelings which still attached him to life, and the strongest of these sentiments was thus suddenly destroyed. He overwhelmed the proud actress with insults; and was so violent that I do not know how he refrained from striking her.

"No doubt," he said to her, "this puppy gave you lots of money. It is the only thing you love. You would give yourself to the dirtiest of our sailors if he had anything to pay you with."

"Why not?" retorted the actress icily. "Yes, I would take payment from a sailor; but *I should not have stolen it!*"

Roger uttered a cry of rage. He tremblingly drew his sword, and for one second looked at Gabrielle with the eyes of a madman; then he collected himself with a tremendous effort, threw the weapon at her feet, and rushed from the room to prevent himself yielding to the temptation which beset him.

That same evening I passed his lodging at a late hour, and, seeing his light burning, I went in to borrow a book. I found him busy, writing. He did not disturb himself, and scarcely seemed to notice my presence in his room. I sat down by his desk and studied his features; they were so much altered that anyone else but I would hardly have recognized him. All at once I noticed a letter already sealed on his desk, addressed to myself. I immediately opened it. In it Roger announced to me his intention to put an end to himself, and gave me various instructions to carry out. While I read this, he went on writing the whole time without noticing me. He was bidding farewell to Gabrielle. You can judge of my astonishment, and of what I felt bound to say to him. I was thunderstruck by his decision.

"What! you want to kill yourself when you are so happy?"

"My friend," he said, as he hid his letter, "you know nothing about it; you do not know me; I am a rascal; I am so guilty that a prostitute has power to insult me; and I am so aware of my baseness that I have no power to strike her."

He then related the story of the game of backgammon, and all that you already know. As I listened I was as moved as he was. I did not know what to say to him; with tears in my eyes I pressed his hands, but I could not speak. Then the idea came to me to try and show him that he need not reproach himself with having intentionally caused the ruin of the Dutchman, and that, after all, he had only made him lose, by his . . . cheating . . . twenty-five napoleons.

"Then," he cried, with bitter irony, "I am a petty thief and not a great one. I, who was so ambitious, to be nothing but a scurvy little scoundrel!"

He shrieked with laughter.

I burst into tears.

Suddenly the door opened and Gabrielle rushed into his arms.

"Forgive me!" she cried, strangling him almost in her passion; "forgive me! I know it now; I love only you; and I love you better now than if you had not done what you blame yourself for. If you like, I will steal; I have stolen before now. . . . Yes, I have stolen; I took a gold watch. . . . What worse could one do?"

Roger shook his head incredulously, but his face seemed to brighten.

"No, my poor child," he said, gently repulsing her. "I must kill myself; there is no other course for me. I suffer so greatly that I can not bear my grief."

"Very well, then, if you intend to die, Roger, I shall die with you. What is life to me without you? I have plenty of courage; I have fired pistols; I shall kill myself like anyone else. Besides, I have played at tragedy and am used to it." At first there were tears in her eyes, but this last idea amused her, and even Roger could not help smiling with her. "You are laughing, my soldier-boy," she cried, clapping her hands and hugging him; "you will not kill yourself."

All the time she embraced him she was first crying, then laughing, then swearing like a sailor; for she was not, like many women, afraid of a coarse word.

In the meantime I possessed myself of Roger's pistols and poniard; then I turned to him and said—

"My dear Roger, you have a mistress and a friend who love you. Believe me, there can still be happiness for you in this life." I embraced him and went out, leaving him alone with Gabrielle.

I do not believe we should have succeeded in doing more than delaying his fatal design f he had not received an order from the Admiralty to set out as first lieutenant on board a frigate bound for a cruise in the Indian seas—if it could first cross the lines of the English fleet, which blockaded the port. It was a dangerous venture. I put t to him that it would be much better to die nobly by an English bullet than to put an nglorious end to his life himself, without rendering any service to his country. So he promised to live. He distributed half he forty thousand francs to maimed sailors or the widows and orphans of seamen; the est he gave to Gabrielle, who at first vowed o him only to use the money for charitable purposes. She fully meant to keep her word, poor girl! but enthusiasm with her was short-lived. I have heard since that she gave some thousands of francs to the poor, but she spent the remainder on finery.

Roger and I boarded the fine frigate *La Galatée;* our men were brave, experienced, and well-drilled, but our commander was an idiot, who thought himself a Jean Bart because he could swear better than an army captain, because he murdered French, and because he had never studied the theory of his profession, the practice of which he understood only very indifferently. However, fate favoured us at the outset. We got well out of the roadstead—thanks to a gust of wind which compelled the blockading fleet to give us a wide berth—and we began our cruise by burning an English sloop and an East Indiaman off the coast of Portugal.

We were slowly sailing toward the Indian seas, hampered by contrary winds and our captain's bad handling of the ship, whose stupidity increased the danger of our cruise. Sometimes we were chased by superior forces, sometimes pursued by merchant vessels; we did not pass a single day without some fresh adventure. But neither the risky life he led nor the labours caused him by the irksome ship-duties devolving upon him could distract Roger from the sad thoughts which unceasingly haunted him. He who was once considered the most brilliant and active officer in our port now found it almost a burden to fulfil simply his duty. As soon as he was off duty he would shut himself in his cabin without either books or papers, and the unhappy man passed whole hours lying in his cot, for he could not sleep.

One day, noticing his depression, I ventured to say to him—

"Good gracious, my boy, you grieve over nothing! Granted you filched twenty-five napoleons from a big Dutchman, you show as much remorse as though you had taken more than a million. Now, tell me, when you loved the wife of the Prefect of . . . did you mind at all? Nevertheless, she was worth more than twenty-five napoleons."

He turned over on his mattress without a word.

"After all," I continued, "your crime, since you persist in calling it so, had an honourable motive and arose from a lofty mind."

He turned his head and looked at me furiously.

"Yes, for if you had lost what would have become of Gabrielle? She—poor girl!—would have sold her last garment for you.

. . . If you had lost she would have been reduced to misery. . . . It was for her, out of love for her, you cheated. There are people who die for love . . . will kill themselves for it. . . . You, my dear Roger, did more. For a man of our order it takes more courage to . . . steal, to put it baldly, than to commit suicide."

("Now, perhaps," the captain interrupted his story to say, "I appear ridiculous to you. I assure you that my friendship for Roger endowed me with a timely eloquence that I am not equal to nowadays; and, devil take it, in saying what I did I spoke in good earnest, and I believed all I said. Ah, I was young then!")

Roger did not make any answer for a long time; then he held out his hand to me.

"My friend," he said, making a great effort over himself, "you think too well of me. I am a cowardly wretch. When I cheated the Dutchman my only thought was to win the twenty-five napoleons, that was all. I never thought of Gabrielle, and that is why I despise myself. . . . I, to hold my honour in less esteem than twenty-five napoleons! . . . What baseness! Yes, I could be happy if I could tell myself I stole to keep Gabrielle from wretchedness. . . . No! . . . no! I did not think of her. . . . I was not in love at that moment. . . . I was a player. . . . I was a thief. . . . I stole money to possess it myself, . . . and the deed has so degraded me, and debased me, that I now have no more courage left nor love. . . . I can see it; I do not think any longer of Gabrielle. . . . I am a broken-down man."

He was so wretched, that if he had asked me to hand him his pistols to kill himself I believe I should have given them to him.

One Friday, that day of ill omen, we discovered that a big English frigate, the *Alcestis*, was chasing us. She carried fifty-eight guns, and we but thirty-eight. We put on all sail to escape from her, but her pace was faster than ours, and she gained on us every minute. It was very evident that before night we should be obliged to engage in an unequal battle. Our captain called Roger to his cabin, where they consulted together for more than a quarter of an hour. Roger came up on the deck again, took me by the arm, and drew me aside.

"In two hours' time," he said, "we shall be engaged. That rash man who struts the quarter-deck has lost his wits. He has two courses to choose from: the first, and the most honourable, would be to let the enemy come up to us, then to board the ship determinedly with a hundred or so of our best men; the other course, which is not bad, but rather cowardly, is to lighten ourselves by throwing some of our guns overboard. Then we could make for the near coast of Africa, which we shall soon find to larboard. The English captain would soon be obliged to give up the chase, for fear of grounding; but our . . . captain is neither coward nor hero. He will let himself be destroyed by gunshots a good distance off, and after some hours' fight he will honourably lower his flag. So much the worse for you. The Portsmouth pontoons will be your fate. I have no desire to see them."

"Possibly," I said, "our first shots will damage the enemy sufficiently to compel her to abandon the chase."

"Listen, I do not mean to be taken prisoner; I shall kill myself. It is time I ended it all. If by ill luck I am only wounded, give me your word of honour that you will throw me overboard. It is the proper death-bed for a good sailor."

"What nonsense!" I exclaimed. "What a charge to make me undertake!"

"You will be fulfilling the duty of a true friend. You know I shall have to die. I have only consented not to take my own life in the hope of being killed; you must remember that. Come, promise me this; if you refuse, I shall go and ask this service from the boatswain's mate, who will not refuse me."

After reflecting for some time, I said to him—

"I give you my word to do what you wish, provided that you are mortally wounded, with no hope of recovery. In that case I consent to spare you further suffering."

"I shall be mortally wounded or I shall be killed outright."

He held out his hand to me, and I shook it firmly. After that he was calmer, and even a kind of martial cheerfulness shone in his face. Toward three o'clock in the afternoon the enemy's guns began to play in our rigging. We then clewed up some of our sails, crossed the bows of the *Alcestis*, and started a rattling fire, which the English returned vigorously. After about an hour's fight our captain, who did nothing methodically, wanted to try to board the enemy; but we had already many dead and wounded, and the remainder of our crew had lost heart. Our rigging, besides, had suffered severely, and our masts were badly damaged. Just as we were taking in sail, to approach the English vessel, our large mast, which had nothing to stay it, fell with a horrible noise. The *Alcestis* took advantage of the confusion into which this accident threw us. She came broadside up to our stern and opened fire upon us within half a pistol range of us; she riddled shot through our unfortunate frigate fore and aft, and we were only in a position to point two small guns at her. At that moment I was standing near Roger, who was busy trying to cut the shrouds which still held the fallen mast. I felt my arm pressed forcibly; I turned round and saw him laid flat on the deck covered with blood. He had received a charge of grape-shot in the stomach.

"What can we do, lieutenant?" cried the captain, running up.

"Nail our flag to this piece of mast and sink the ship."

The captain left him at that, for he did not in the least relish the advice.

"Come," said Roger, "remember your promise."

"It is nothing," I said; "you will get over it."

"Throw me overboard!" he cried, and he swore fearfully and seized me by my coat-tails; "you see well enough that I cannot recover. Throw me into the sea; I do not want to see our flag taken."

Two sailors came up to carry him below.

"To your guns, you knaves!" he cried with all his strength: "use grape-shot, and aim on the deck. And as for you, if you fail to keep your word I will curse you and think of you as the most cowardly and vile of men!"

His wound was certainly mortal. I saw the captain call a midshipman and give him the order to lower the flag.

"Give me a shake of the hand," I said to Roger. And at that moment our flag was lowered. . . .

"Captain, there is a whale to larboard!" interrupted an ensign, running to us.

"A whale?" cried the captain joyfully and leaving his story unfinished. "Quick! launch the longboat and the yawl, too! All longboats into the water! Bring the harpoons and ropes!" . . .

I never knew how poor Lieutenant Roger died.

From the North

Life takes no account of dreams. J. P. JACOBSEN.

◆

Only what you lose is held forever. IBSEN.

◆

It is not unhappiness to lose what you love, but to spoil it and defile it. GEIJERSTAM.

◆

With all our good intentions, we are confronted with the result that good morals do not spring up on earth from annihilation or violation of what is individual. ALMQUIST.

◆

"Beauty does not last so very long, and so it is best to think of the years when one has to be accommodating," remarked Ma, down into her knitting. JONAS LIE.

◆

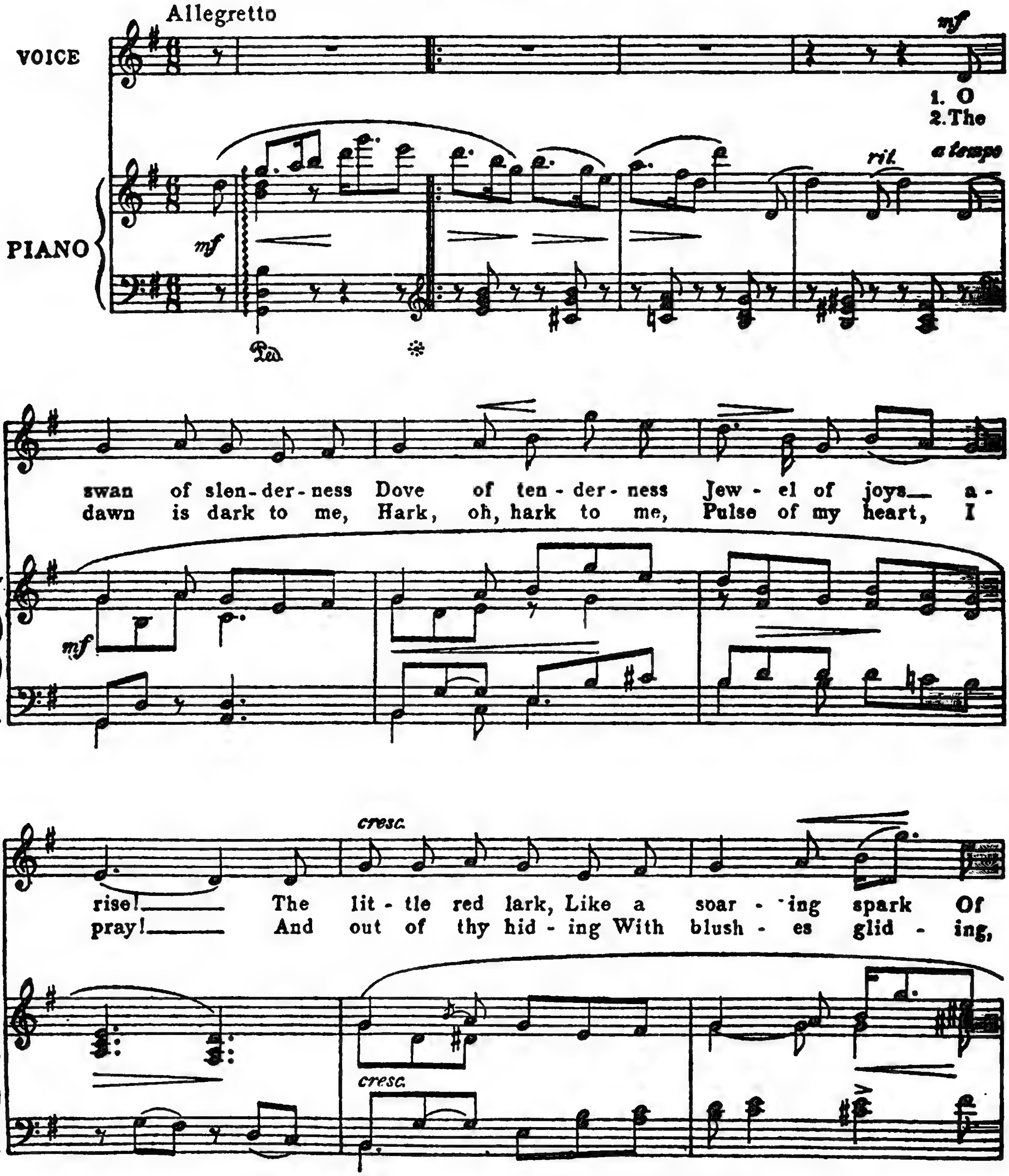
KARI (*gently pushing her away*)—My name is not Kari. From this day on my name is Eyvind—"Eyvind of the Hills," they call me in the southland, my brother told me.

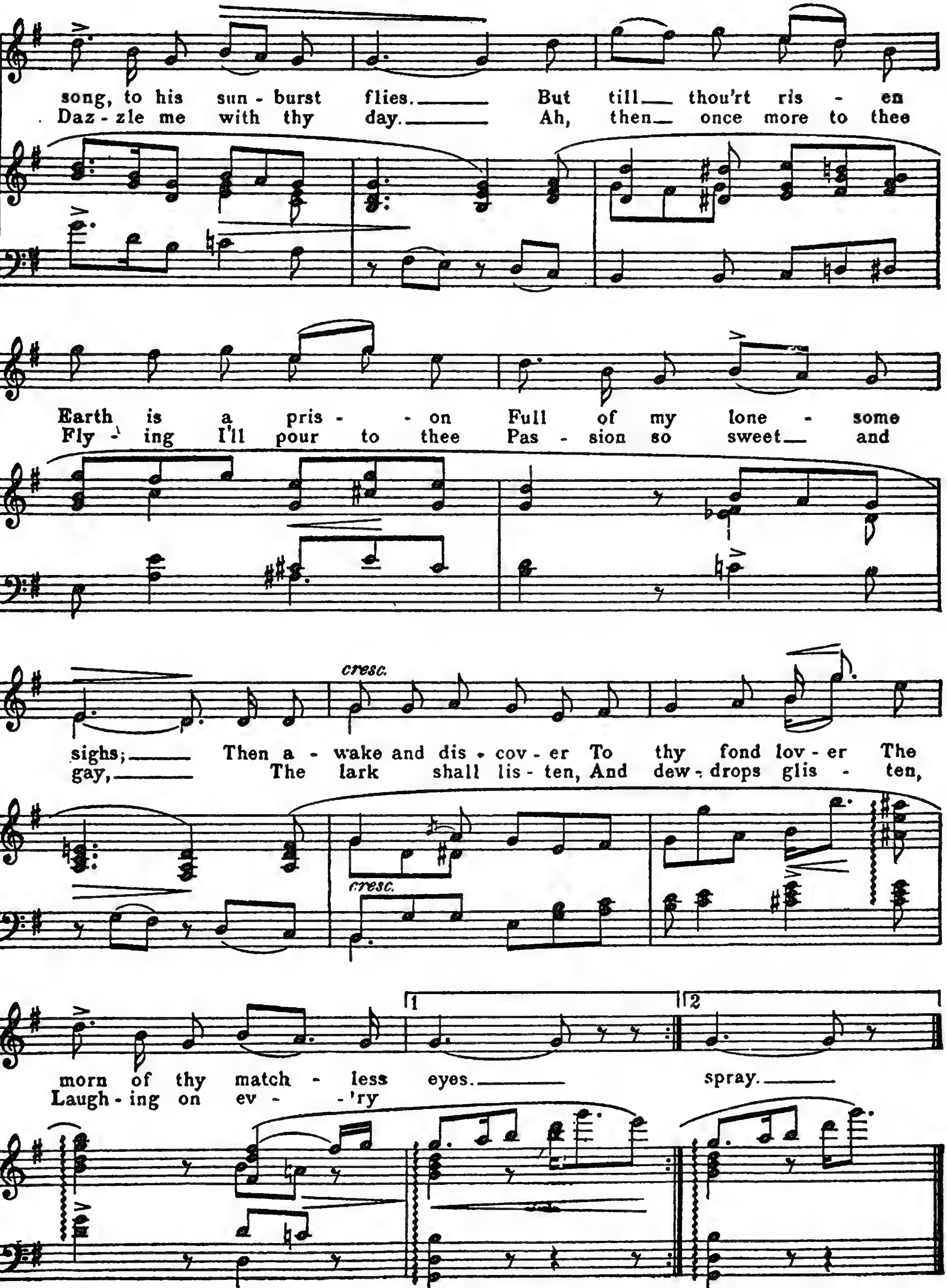
HALLA—From my lips you shall never hear any other name than Kari. By that name I learned to love you. A man who is not loved has no name. SIGURJONSSON.

The Little Red Lark

By ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air: "The Little Red Lark of the Mountain"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Allegretto
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. O
2. The
rit.
a tempo
swan of slen-der-ness Dove of ten-der-ness Jew-el of joys a-
dawn is dark to me, Hark, oh, hark to me, Pulse of my heart, I
rise! The lit-tle red lark, Like a soar-ing spark Of
pray! And out of thy hid-ing With blush-es glid-ing,
cresc.


song, to his sun - burst flies. But till thou'rt ris - en
Daz - zle me with thy day. Ah, then once more to thee
Earth is a pris - - on Full of my lone - some
Fly - ing I'll pour to thee Pas - sion so sweet and
sighs; Then a - wake and dis - cov - er To thy fond lov - er The
gay, The lark shall lis - ten, And dew - drops glis - ten,
cresc.
cresc.
1
2
morn of thy match - less eyes. spray.
Laugh - ing on ev - 'ry

Men that Interest Women

Some "Heroes" from the Women Novelists

The Fine Gentleman

"Certainly, he is not like Mr. Knightley. He has not such a fine air and way of talking as Mr. Knightley. I see the difference plain enough. But Mr. Knightley is so very fine a man."

"Mr. Knightley's air is so remarkably good that it is not fair to compare Mr. Martin with *him*. You might not see one in a hundred, with *gentleman* so plainly written as in Mr. Knightley." Jane Austen.

The Handsome Traitor

One of those spectators was Tito Melema. Bright in the midst of brightness, he sat in the window of the room above Nello's shop, his right elbow resting on the red drapery hanging from the window-sill, and his head supported in a backward position by his right hand, which pressed the curls against his ear. His face wore that bland liveliness, as far removed from excitability as from heaviness or gloom, which marks the companion popular alike among men and women—the companion who is never obstrusive or noisy from uneasy vanity or excessive animal spirits, and whose brow is never contracted by resentment or indignation. George Eliot.

A Lord of Creation

Reginald was a perfect model of manly beauty, and seemed in his person to have realized all that Grecian sculpture had imagined of faultless form and feature. . . . He had good feelings, great sensibility, and ardent, romantic imagination, and a high-spirited scorn of everything mean and base; and although he was at the same time headstrong, self-willed, and impetuous, the slave of impulse and the sport of passion, yet, as his impulse often led him to what was good, and his passion was a mere gust, these in early life showed scarcely as defects, but seemed merely the natural exuberance of youthful blood and unchecked spirits. Susan Ferrier.

The Young Artist

Valerio was the handsomest fellow in Venice. He was not so tall, but better proportioned and more robust than his brother. His fine face expressed at a first glance only good nature, courage and frankness. It required some attention to discover in his great blue eyes the sacred fire that slumbered there, often under a shade of quiet indifference, whose lustre, although not altered, was at least veiled, by a slight expression of fatigue. This half-pallor ennobled his beauty, and tempered the serene audacity of his look.

George Sand.

An Intellectual Man of Affairs

He stood beside the window, with his hands on his sides, moodily looking out. Thus strongly defined against the sunset light, he would have impressed himself on a stranger as a man no longer in his first youth, extraordinarily handsome so far as the head was concerned, but of a somewhat irregular and stunted figure; stunted, however, only in comparison with what it had to carry; for in fact he was of about middle height. But the head, face and shoulders were all remarkably large and powerful; the colouring—curly, black hair, grey eyes, dark complexion—singularly vivid; and the lines of the brow, the long nose, the energetic mouth, in their mingled force and perfection, had made the stimulus of many an artist before now. Mrs. Humphry Ward.

"WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS"

Most true is it that "beauty is in the eye of the gazer." My master's colourless, olive face, square, massive brow, broad and jetty eyebrows, deep eyes, strong features, firm, grim mouth—all energy, decision, will—were not beautiful, according to rule; but they were more than beautiful to me: they were full of an interest, an influence that quite mastered me—that took my feelings from my own power and fettered them in his. I had not intended to love him: the reader knows I had wrought hard to extirpate from my soul the germs of love there detected; and now, at the first renewed view of him, they spontaneously revived, green and strong! He made me love him without looking at me.

Charlotte Brontë.

DISTINCTION

If she looked up she would see him.

She knew what she would see: the fine, cross upper-lip lifted backwards by the moustache, the small grizzled brown moustache, turned up, that made it look crosser. The narrow, pensive lower lip, thrust out by its light jaw. His nose—quite a young nose—that wouldn't be Roman, wouldn't be Sutcliffe; it looked out over your head, tilted itself up to sniff the world, obstinate, alert. His eyes, young too, bright and dark, sheltered, safe from age under the low straight eyebrows. They would never have shaggy, wrinkled sagging lids. Dark-brown hair, grey above his ears, clipped close to stop its curling like his uncle's. He liked to go clipped and clean. You felt that he liked his own tall, straight slenderness. May Sinclair.

THE ROMANTIC VIOLINIST

As he leaned upon the table, one slight, long, brown hand propping his head, and half lost in the thick, fine, brown hair which waved in large, ample waves over his head, there was an indescribable grace, ease, and negligent beauty in the attitude. Move as he would, let him assume any position or impossible attitude, there was still the same grace, half careless, yet very dignified, in the position he took.

All his lines were lines of beauty, but beauty which had power and much masculine strength; nowhere did it degenerate into flaccidity, nowhere lose strength in grace. . . . Broad-shouldered, long-armed, with a physique in every respect splendid, he was yet very distinctly removed from the mere handsome animal which I believe enjoys a distinguished popularity in the latter-day romance. Jessie Fothergill.

WANTED—A SILENT PARTNER

Tom Beatup attracted her strongly. He was much her own type—slow, ruminative, patient as the beasts he tended—yet she saw him as a being altogether more helpless than herself, one less able to think and plan, one whom she could "manage" tenderly. He was not so practical as she, and more in need of affection, of which he got less. Thyrza sometimes pictured his round dark head upon her breast, her arm about him, holding him there n the crook of it, both lover and child. . . . Sheila Kaye-Smith.

THE CONQUERING MALE

And against her will, almost without conscious movement, she obeyed him. The untempting morsel passed from his hand to hers, and under the compulsion of his insistence he began to eat. She felt as if every mouthful would choke her, but she persevered, urged by the dread certainty that he would somehow have his way.

. . . . There was, moreover, something comforting in his presence, something that vastly reassured her, making her lean upon him in spite of herself.

. . . . Presently he stopped again, and without a word lifted her in his arms. She gasped a protest to which he made no response. His arms compassed her like steel, making her feel helpless as an infant. Ethel M. Dell.

The Sundays of a Parisian

M. Patissot Goes A-Fishing

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

Guy de Maupassant

A Visit

DURING the whole week Patissot told about his adventure, and he depicted poetically the spots which he had crossed, waxing indignant at the lack of enthusiasm which he found about him. Only one person gave him any attention; it was a silent old copying clerk named Boivin, nicknamed Boileau. He himself lived in the country, and had a little garden which he cultivated carefully; his needs were small, and he was perfectly happy, so they said. Patissot was now able to understand his tastes, and the similarity of their ideals made them immediately fast friends. In order to cement this budding friendship, "Old Man" Boivin invited him to luncheon in his little house at Colombes for the following Sunday.

Patissot took the eight-o'clock train, and after a diligent search he discovered, right in the middle of the town, a narrow little street, a kind of filthy passageway between two high walls, at the end of which was a rotten door, closed by a string wound around two nails. He opened it and found himself face to face with an indescribable creature which seemed, however, to be a woman. The upper part of her body was covered with dirty rags, a tattered petticoat hung from her hips, while in her unkempt hair was a mass of pigeon feathers. She looked angrily at the visitor with her little grey eyes, and, after a moment's silence, she asked:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Monsieur Boivin."

"Right here! What do you want with Monsieur Boivin?"

Patissot, embarrassed, hesitated.

"He is expecting me."

Then she looked still more fierce and answered:

"Oh! It's you who is coming to eat, is it?"

He stammered a trembling "Yes." Turning toward the house, she yelled angrily:

"Boivin, here's your man!"

Old Man Boivin then appeared in the doorway of a kind of tin-covered, plastered shack, with only one floor, and which looked something like a warming pan. He had on a pair of old cotton trousers, all spotted with coffee, and a dirty panama. After shaking hands with Patissot he led him to what he called his garden; it was a little plot of earth about the size of a pocket-handkerchief and surrounded by houses which were so high that the sun only shone on it for two or three hours a day. A few pansies, carnations, and roses were withering away in this dark hole, superheated like a furnace by the reflection from the tin roofs.

"I have no trees," said Boivin, "but the walls of the neighbouring houses give me as much shade as though I were in a forest."

Then, drawing Patissot to one side, he whispered:

"Do you want to do me a favour? You've seen the old woman, and you can see that she is not an easy proposition. But you're not through with her yet; just wait until luncheon! Just imagine, in order to stop my going out, she doesn't give me my business suit, and she only gives me old rags that are too dirty for city use. Today I have some clean clothes, because I told her that we were eating together. Good! But I can't water the flowers for fear of spotting my trousers, and if I do that I am lost! I thought, perhaps, I might count on you."

Patissot agreed, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and began to work a greasy old pump which wheezed and coughed like a consumptive and gave a stream the size of his little finger. It took ten minutes to fill one watering-can. Patissot was a-drip. Old Man Boivin was guiding him:

"Here, on this plant—a little more. That's enough. That's enough!" The can leaked, and Patissot's feet got more water than the flowers; the bottoms of his trousers were drenched and covered with mud. At least twenty times he soaked his feet and perspired working the pump-handle; and when, tired out, he wished to stop, old Boivin would pull him by the sleeve and beg:

"Just one more, please, that's all."

As remuneration he gave him a rose, but it was so full-blown that, as soon as it came in contact with Patissot's coat, it lost all its petals, leaving in his buttonhole nothing but a little green bulb, which greatly surprised him. Boivin made believe not to notice it. The voice of Madame Boivin made itself heard: "Well, are you coming? How many times do I have to call you?"

They started for the shack, trembling like two criminals.

If the garden was in the shade the house surely was not; it was full in the sun, and no oven was as hot as those rooms.

Three plates surrounded by dirty knives and forks made of tin stuck to the top of a dirty old pine table, in the middle of which stood an earthen vessel containing some pieces of warmed-over beef in a greasy liquid, in which floated a few dirty-looking potatoes. They sat down and ate. A large decanter full of water slightly tinged with wine caught Patissot's eyes. Boivin, little confused, asked his wife:

"Dearie, don't you think that for the occasion you might give us a little undiluted wine?"

She stared at him furiously:

"So that both of you can get drunk, I suppose, and stay yelling around here all day? No, thank you!"

He was crushed. After the stew came a dish of potatoes, cooked in rancid lard; when this dish had silently been finished, he exclaimed:

"That's all. Now get out!"

Boivin looked at her, surprised.

"But how about the pigeon you were plucking this morning?" he asked.

She placed her hands on her hips and exclaimed:

"Perhaps you haven't had enough! Just because you bring people here is no reason for eating me out of house and home! What do you expect me to eat tonight?"

The two men arose and went out before the door, and little old Boivin whispered in Patissot's ear:

"Wait for me a minute and we will run away!"

He slipped into the next room to finish dressing, and Patissot overheard the following dialogue:

"Dearie, give me twenty cents."

"What do you want to do with twenty cents?"

"You never can tell what's liable to happen, and it's always good to have some money about you."

She screamed; perhaps in order to be heard outdoors:

"No, sir, I'll not give them to you! Since that man has eaten here, the least he can do is to pay your expenses for the rest of the day."

Old Man Boivin returned to get Patissot; but the latter, wishing to be polite, bowed to the mistress of the house and stammered:

"Madame—many thanks—pleasant time—"

She answered:

"That's all right—but don't you bring him back drunk, because then, you know, you will have to deal with me!"

They left and went to a spot on the Seine, just opposite a little island covered with poplars. Boivin looked at the river tenderly and squeezed his friend's arm, saying:

"In a week we'll be there, Monsieur Patissot!"

"We'll be where, Monsieur Boivin?"

"Why—fishing. The season opens on the fifteenth."

Patissot felt a little thrill such as one experiences the first time one sees a woman who touches one's emotions deeply. He answered:

"So you like fishing, Monsieur Boivin?"

"Do I like fishing, Monsieur? Why, it's the delight of my life!"

Then Patissot questioned him with deep interest. Boivin named all the fish that frolicked under this dirty water—and Patissot thought he could see them. Boivin told about the different hooks, baits, spots, and times suitable for each kind. And Patissot felt himself more like a fisherman than Boivin himself. They decided that the following Sunday they would meet for the opening of the season for the edification of Patissot, who was delighted to have found such an experienced instructor.

For dinner they stopped before a kind of shack frequented by sailors and all the rabble of the neighbourhood. Before the door old Boivin took care to say:

"The appearance isn't very inviting; but it's all right inside."

They sat down. As soon as Boivin had taken his second glass of wine, Patissot understood why his wife only served him pink water. The little man completely lost his head; he attempted to make speeches, stood up and wished to do tricks, tried to act as pacifier in a quarrel between two fighting drunkards; and he and Patissot would have been killed without the intervention of the owner of the place. Notwithstanding his friend's efforts to stop his drinking, after the coffee had been served he was so intoxicated that he could not stand. When they left Patissot was supporting him.

They struck out across the fields, lost the path, wandered around for a long time, and then suddenly found themselves in the midst of a forest of high sticks which reached up to their noses. It was a vineyard. They circled around it for a long time, unsteady and dazed, without being able to find their way out. At last Old Man Boivin fell over a stick which scratched his face, and, without any more ado, he sat down on the ground, and, with a drunkard's obstinacy, he began to yodle at the top of his lungs, while Patissot, bewildered, kept calling for assistance.

A belated farmer rescued them and put them on the right road.

As they approached the house Patissot's courage waned. At last they reached the door, which suddenly opened before them, and, like the furies of the olden times, Madame Boivin appeared with a candle in her hand. As soon as she saw her husband, she sprang for Patissot, screaming:

"Oh! You rascal! I knew that you would get him drunk!"

The poor man was seized with a wild fright, and, letting go of his friend, who crumpled down in the oily mud of the gutter, he ran toward the station as fast as his legs could carry him.

A Fishing Excursion

THE day before the one when he was, for the first time in his life, to throw a hook into a river, Monsieur Patissot bought, for eighty centimes, *How to Become a Perfect Fisherman.* In this work he learned many useful things, but he was especially impressed by the style, and he retained the following passage:

"In a word, if you wish to fish successfully, to the left or to the right, up or down, without precautions, with that conquering manner which halts at no difficulty, then fish before, during, and after a storm, when the clouds break and the sky is streaked with lightning, when the earth shakes with the grumbling thunder; it is then that, either through hunger or terror, all the fish forget their habits in a turbulent flight.

"In this confusion follow or neglect all favourable signs, and just go on fishing; you will march to victory!"

In order to catch fish of all sizes, he bought three well-perfected poles, one made to be used as a cane in the city, which, on the river, could be transformed into a fishing-rod by a simple jerk. He bought some number fifteen hooks for gudgeon, number twelve for bream, and with his number seven he expected to fill his basket with carp. He bought no earth-worms, because he was sure of finding them everywhere; but he laid in a provision of sand-worms. He had a jar full of them; and in the evening he watched them with interest. The hideous creatures swarmed in their bath of bran as they do in putrefied meat. Patissot wished to practise baiting his hook. He took one with disgust, but he had hardly placed the curved steel point against it when it burst and emptied out its insides. Twenty times he repeated this without success, and he might have continued all night had he not feared to exhaust his supply of vermin.

He left by the first train. The station was full of people equipped with fishing-lines. Some, like Patissot's, looked like simple bamboo canes; others, in one piece, pointed their slender ends to the skies. They looked like a forest of slender sticks, which mingled and clashed like swords, or swayed like masts over an ocean of broad-brimmed straw hats.

When the train started fishing-rods could be seen sticking out of all the windows and doors, giving to the train the appearance of a huge caterpillar winding through the fields.

Everybody got off at Courbevoie and rushed for the stage for Bezons. A crowd of fishermen jammed themselves on the roof, and, as they were holding their rods in their hands, the vehicle suddenly took on the appearance of a porcupine.

All along the road men were travelling in the same direction, as though on a pilgrimage to an unknown Jerusalem. They were carrying those long, slender sticks resembling those carried by the faithful returning from Palestine. A tin box on a strap was fastened to their backs. They were in a hurry.

At Bezons the river appeared. People were lined along both banks, men in frock coats, others in duck suits, others in blouses, women, children, and even young girls of marriageable age; all were fishing.

Patissot started for the dam where his friend Boivin was waiting for him. The latter greeted him rather coolly. He had just made the acquaintance of a big, fat man of about fifty, who seemed very strong and whose skin was tanned. All three hired a big boat and lay off almost under the fall of the dam, where the fish are most plentiful.

Boivin was immediately ready. He baited his line and threw it out, and then sat motionless, watching the little bobber with extraordinary concentration. From time to time he would jerk his line out of the water and cast it farther out. The fat gentleman threw out his well-baited hooks, put his line down beside him, filled his pipe, lit it, crossed his arms, and, without another glance at the cork, watched the water flow by. Patissot once more began trying to stick sand-worms on his hooks. After about five minutes of this occupation he called to Boivin: "Monsieur Boivin, would you be so kind as to help me put these creatures on my hook? Try as I will, I can't seem to succeed." Boivin raised his head: "Please don't disturb me, Monsieur Patissot; we are not here for pleasure!" However, he baited the line, which Patissot then threw out, carefully imitating all the motions of his friend.

The boat was tossing wildly, shaken by the waves, and spun around like a top by the current, although anchored at both ends. Patissot, absorbed in the sport, felt a vague kind of uneasiness; he was uncomfortably heavy and somewhat dizzy.

They caught nothing; little Boivin, very nervous, was gesticulating and shaking his head in despair; Patissot was as sad as though some disaster had overtaken him; alone, the fat gentleman, always motionless, was quietly smoking without paying any attention to his line. At last Patissot, disgusted, turned toward him and said in a mournful voice:

"They are not biting, are they?"

He quietly replied:

"Of course not!"

Patissot, surprised, looked at him.

"Do you ever catch many?"

"Never!"

"What! Never?"

The fat man, still smoking like a factory chimney, let out the following words, which completely upset his neighbour:

"It would bother me a lot if they *did* bite. I don't come here to fish; I come because I'm very comfortable here; I get shaken up as though I were at sea. If I take a line along, it's only to act like the others."

Monsieur Patissot, on the other hand, did not feel at all well. His discomfort, at first vague, kept increasing, and finally took on a definite form. He felt, indeed, as though he were being shaken by the sea, and he was suffering from seasickness. After the first attack had calmed down, he proposed leaving; but Boivin grew so furious that they almost came to blows. The fat man, moved by pity, rowed the boat back, and, as soon as Patissot had recovered from his seasickness, they bethought themselves of luncheon.

Two restaurants presented themselves. One of them, very small, looked like a beer-garden, and was patronized by the poorer fishermen. The other one, which bore the imposing name of "Elm Cottage," looked like a middle-class residence, and was frequented by the aristocracy of the sportsmen. The two owners, born enemies, watched each other with hatred across a large field, which separated them, and where the white house of the dam-keeper and the inspector of the life-saving department stood out against the green grass. Moreover, these two officials disagreed, one of them upholding the beer-garden, and the other one defending the Elms; and the internal feuds which arose in these three houses reproduced the whole history of mankind.

Boivin, who knew the beer-garden, wished to go there, exclaiming: "The food is very good, and it isn't expensive; you'll see. Anyhow, Monsieur Patissot, you needn't expect to get me tipsy the way you did last Sunday. My wife was furious, you know; and she has sworn never to forgive you!"

The fat gentleman declared that he would only eat at the Elms, because it was an excellent place and the cooking was as good as in the best restaurants of Paris.

"Do as you wish," declared Boivin; "I am going where I am accustomed to go." He left. Patissot, displeased at his friend's actions, followed the fat gentleman.

They ate together, exchanged ideas, discussed opinions, and found that they were made for each other.

After the meal everyone started to fish again, but the two new friends left together; following along the bank, they stopped near the railroad bridge and, still talking, they threw their lines in the water. The fish still refused to bite, but Patissot was now making the best of it.

A family was approaching. The father, whose whiskers stamped him as a judge, was holding an extraordinarily long rod; three boys of different sizes were carrying poles of different lengths, according to age; and the mother, who was very stout, gracefully manœuvred a charming rod with a ribbon tied to the handle. The father bowed and asked: "Is this spot good, gentlemen?" Patissot was going to speak, when his friend answered: "Fine!" The whole family smiled and settled down beside the fishermen. Then Patissot was seized with a wild desire to catch a fish, just one, any kind, any size, in order to win the consideration of these people; so he began to handle his rod as he had seen Boivin do in the morning. He would let the cork follow the current to the end of the line, jerk the hooks out of the water, make them describe a large circle in the air, and throw them out again a little higher up. He had even, as he thought, caught the knack of doing this movement gracefully. He had just jerked his line out rapidly when he felt it caught in something behind him. He tugged, and a scream burst from behind him. He perceived, caught on one of his hooks, and describing in the air a curve like a meteor, a magnificent hat which he placed right in the middle of the river.

He turned around, bewildered, dropping his pole, which followed the hat down the stream, while the fat gentleman, his new friend, lay on his back and roared with laughter. The lady, disheveled and astounded, choked with anger; her husband was outraged, and demanded the price of the hat, and Patissot paid about three times its value.

The family departed in a dignified manner.

Patissot took another rod, and, until nightfall, he gave baths to sand-worms. His neighbour was sleeping peacefully on the grass. Toward seven in the evening he awoke.

"Let's go away from here!" he said.

Then Patissot withdrew his line, gave a cry, and sat down hard from astonishment. At the end of the string was a tiny little fish. When they looked at him more closely they found that he had been hooked through the stomach; the hook had caught him as it was being drawn out of the water.

Patissot was filled with a boundless joy; he wished to have the fish fried for himself alone.

During the dinner the friends grew still more intimate. He learned that the fat gentleman lived at Argenteuil, and had been sailing boats for thirty years without losing interest in the sport. He agreed to take luncheon with him the following Sunday and to take a sail in his friend's clipper, *Plongêon*. He became so interested in the conversation that he forgot all about his catch. He did not remember it until after the coffee, and he demanded that it be brought him. It was alone in the middle of a platter, and looked like a yellow, twisted match. But he ate it with pride and relish; and, at night, on the omnibus he told his neighbours that he had caught fourteen pounds of fry during the day

◆

I LOVE indignation because it is honest. As to approbation, you cannot tell. The man with wrinkles on the back of his neck, caused by nodding approval, is a marked man. Nobody ever developed wrinkles on the back of his neck from shaking his head in disapproval.

It is my ambition, then, to so live that when I do my daily work it will be recognized by outbursts of popular indignation. . . .

Then in the end one may hope to have his funeral held amid an outburst of popular indignation, attended only by a few indignant friends. W. O. McGeehan.

The First Gorilla

By PAUL DU CHAILLU

[In the light of Mr. Carl Akeley's recent earnest protestations that the gorilla is a slandered and persecuted African country gentleman, it is interesting to go back to Du Chaillu's account. In 1856, this young French explorer was hunting and travelling about in the Gabun country of Equatorial Africa. The gorilla was then a sort of grotesque legend to Western science; no credited white observer had seen one, and there was violent controversy as to the bones which had been studied. Du Chaillu's story of his encounters with these unknown creatures, and of the animal's habits, raised a storm of scepticism; but Sir Richard Burton, and other scientific explorers who followed, confirmed nearly every statement he made of his own knowledge.

[This is his tale of the first sight of a gorilla:]

WHEN the snake was eaten, and I, the only empty-stomached individual of the company, had sufficiently reflected on the disadvantages of being bred in a civilized country, we began to look about the ruins of the village near which we sat. A degenerate kind of sugar-cane was growing on the very spot where the houses had formerly stood, and I made haste to pluck some of this and chew it for the little sweetness it had. But, as we were plucking, my men perceived what instantly threw us all into the greatest excitement. Here and there the cane was beaten down, torn up by the roots, and lying about in fragments which had evidently been chewed.

I knew that these were fresh tracks of the gorilla, and joy filled my heart. My men looked at each other in silence, and muttered *Nguyla*, which is as much as to say in Mpongwe *Ngina*, or, as we say, gorilla.

We followed these traces, and presently came to the footprints of the so-long-desired animal. It was the first time I had ever seen these footprints, and my sensations were indescribable. Here was I now, it seemed, on the point of meeting face to face that monster of whose ferocity, strength and cunning the natives had told me so much; an animal scarce known to the civilized world, and which no white man before had hunted. My heart beat till I feared its loud pulsations, and my feelings were really excited to a painful degree.

By the tracks it was easy to know that there must have been several gorillas in company. We prepared at once to follow them. . . .

We could easily see that there were four or five of them; though none appeared very large. We saw where they had run along on all fours, the usual mode of progression of these animals; and where, from time to time, they had seated themselves to chew the canes they had borne off. The chase began to be very exciting.

We had agreed to return to the women and their guards, and consult upon final operations when we should have discovered their probable cause; and this was now done. To make sure of not alarming our prey, we moved the whole party forward a little way to where some leafy huts, built by passing traders, served for shelter and concealment. And having here stowed the women . . . . we prepared once more to set out in chase, this time hopeful to get a shot.

Looking once more to our guns, we started off. I confess that I had never been more excited in my life. I had heard of the terrible roar of the gorilla, of its vast strength, its fierce courage, if, unhappily, only wounded by a shot. I knew that we were about to pit ourselves against an animal which even the leopard of these mountains fears. . . .

Slowly we pressed on through the dense brush, fearing almost to breathe lest we should alarm the beasts. Makinda was to go to the right of the rock, while I took the left. Unfortunately, he circled it at too great a distance. The watchful animals saw him. Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half-human, devilish cry, and beheld four young gorillas running towards the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in pursuit;

but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my aim, and I did not fire. We ran till we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape. When we could pursue no more we returned slowly to our camp, where the women were anxiously expecting us.

As I saw the gorillas running—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance was like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these "wild men of the woods." . . .

We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we travelled, and yet no sign of gorilla. Only the everlasting little chattering monkeys—and not many of these—and occasionally birds. In fact, the forests of this part of Africa are not so full of life as in some other parts to the south.

Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right; and then we marched on cautiously.

The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

Suddenly, as we were creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on all-fours; but when he saw our party, he raised himself erect and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision; thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll* which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man, half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representation of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

An Indian Amazon

The Story of Pine Leaf

As Related by JAMES P. BECKWOURTH

[Beckwourth was one of the most picturesque of that band of trapper-adventurers who preceded the pioneers of the Far West. When a mere boy, about 1820, he left St. Louis and joined General Ashley's Rocky Mountain Fur Company; and after a few seasons in the Platte country and then in the Rocky Mountains (in what is now Wyoming and Montana), he found the Indian life so much to his taste that he settled among the Crows, became a chief, and finally reached the position of First Counsellor of the Crow Nation. His "Life" is full of battles with the Blackfeet and Cheyenne tribes, of hairbreadth escapes, and hunting adventures; yet some of the most memorable tales of his daredevil exploits—like his crawling into a narrow cave, armed only with a bowie-knife, after a wounded grizzly—are told on outside evidence. The girl, Pine Leaf, described here, is almost unique in the annals of Indian tribes.]

PINE LEAF—Bar-chee-am-pe—possessed, for an Indian, great intellectual powers. She was endowed with extraordinary muscular strength, with the activity of the cat and the speed of the antelope. Her features were pleasing, and her form symmetrical. She had lost a brother in the attack on our village—a great brave, and her twin brother. He was a fine specimen of the race of red men, and bade fair to rise to distinction; but he was struck down in his strength, and Pine Leaf was eft to avenge his death. She was at that time twelve years of age, and she solemnly vowed that she would never marry until he had killed a hundred of the enemy with her own hand. Whenever a war-party tarted, Pine Leaf was the first to volunteer o accompany them. Her presence among hem caused much amusement to the old veterans; but if she lacked physical strength, he always rode the fleetest horses, and none f the warriors could outstrip her. All admired her for her ambition, and as she advanced in years, many of the braves grew nxious for the speedy accomplishment of er vow. She had chosen my party to serve in, and when I engaged in the fiercest truggles, no one was more promptly at my ide than the young heroine. She seemed ncapable of fear; and when she arrived at womanhood, could fire a gun without flinchng, and use the Indian weapons with as reat dexterity as the most accomplished warrior.

I began to feel more than a common attachment toward her. Her intelligence charmed me, and her modest and becoming demeanor singled her out from her sex. One day, while riding leisurely along, I asked her to marry me provided we both returned safe.

She flashed her dark eye upon mine, "You have too many already," she said. "Do you suppose I would break my vow to the Great Spirit? He sees and knows all things; he would be angry with me, and would not suffer me to live to avenge my brother's death."

I told her that my medicine said that I must marry her, and then I could never be vanquished or killed in battle. She laughed and said, "Well, I will marry you."

"When we return?"

"No; but when the pine-leaves turn yellow."

I reflected that it would soon be autumn, and regarded her promise as valid. A few days afterward it occurred to my mind that pine-leaves do not turn yellow, and I saw I had been practised upon.

When I again spoke to her on the subject, I said, "Pine Leaf, you promised to marry me when the pine-leaves should turn yellow: it has occurred to me that they never turn yellow."

She returned no answer except a hearty laugh.

"Am I to understand that you never intend to marry me?" I inquired.

"Yes, I will marry you," she said, with a coquettish smile.

"But when?"

"When you shall find a red-headed Indian."

I saw I advanced nothing by importuning her, and I let the matter rest. However, to help her on with her vow, I never killed an Indian if she was by to perform it for me, thinking that when her number were immolated there might be better chance of pressing my suit.

(On one occasion) Pine Leaf had captured two prisoners, and offered me one of them to wife. I answered, "You once told me I had already wives enough. I will not add to their number until I marry the heroine of the Crow nation."

"Ah, you have found the red-headed Indian, then," she said, laughing mockingly.

She always received my advances with this unsatisfactory nonchalance, so that it was with some unpleasantness of feeling I approached the subject. But the more I saw of her lofty bearing, and witnessed the heroic deeds that she performed, the more ardent became my attachment to her. When she was by my side in battle, it seemed as if I had increased strength and courage; when she was away, which happened rarely, I felt a vacancy which no other warrior could supply. There was none bolder than herself, and she knew it; there were others of greater strength, but her deficiency in muscular power was more than indemnified by her cat-like agility, and she would kill her man while others were preparing to attack.

There was one thing that irritated the noble girl's curiosity, and that was the war-path secret. Having killed many in battle, having followed where any dared to lead, "Why am I debarred from that important communication?" she would ask. "Why am I sent off with the women and children, when that secret is told the warriors of but one battle?"

I would tell her that the misfortune of her sex rendered it impossible that she could ever have the secret unveiled to her; that, should she break her trust, she would surely pay the forfeit with her life. She would become angry at such representations, and her black eyes would glow like fire.

During one of her expeditions, Pine Leaf, who charged gallantly to the attack by my side, was wounded with a bullet, which broke her left arm just below the elbow. Placing her wounded arm in her bosom, she grew more desperate than ever, and three of the enemy met their death from the point of her lance after she received her wound. Becoming faint from loss of blood, she was constrained to retire. Her arm was set in good style by Dr. Walton, at Gardner's camp, and in a few weeks it was sound again.

When I started on my excursion to the As-ne-boines, Pine Leaf begged to accompany me. Her arm was far from sound, and I refused to take her. However, soon after I had left, one of my leaders invaded the Cheyenne country, and, regardless of my wishes, she accompanied the expedition. She was brought home, as all supposed, mortally wounded. A ball had penetrated her left breast, just escaping the heart; it had passed through her body, coming out at the shoulderblade, and tearing away a portion of it in its exit. On seeing her in this pitiable condition, I resigned all hope of her recovery. "So much," said I, "for disregarding my counsel. I would not allow you to go with me, in consideration of your wound; but you took advantage of my absence, and now you are done for."

"Well," she replied, "I am sorry that I did not listen to my chief; but I gained two *coos*."

The party accompanying her lost four warriors, wounded in rescuing her, and saving her scalp. She eventually recovered, but it was a long while before she could again go to war.

Though a woman, her influence was everywhere strongly felt, even in council. She had a gift of speech which the bravest warriors might well envy; she was ever listened to with admiration, and in truth, though young, her judgment on all important matters was generally guided by sound sense.

(During an attack on the Black Feet) Pine Leaf cut her way through in advance of me, and was dodging first one way and then the other, as she waited for me to come up.

"Why do you wait to be killed?" she inquired. "If you wish to die, let us return together; I will die with you."

. . . The heroine lost one joint off the little finger of her right hand, amputated with a bullet; the little finger of her other hand she had cut off at the death of her twin-brother.

(A successful raid had just been made upon an enemy village.) Here I succeeded in having a good joke at the heroine's expense, with which I plagued her for a long time. She was swifter on foot than any warrior, and we were on foot during this excursion. On seeing us advance, a young Indian, about sixteen, took to his heels, running like a deer. The heroine made after him with her antelope speed, certain to catch him. The Indian did his best, frequently turning his head, like a negro with an alligator at his heels. Seeing that his pursuer must overtake him, and not relishing the idea of having her lance transfix his body—for she was preparing to hurl it—he suddenly stopped and faced about, at the same time throwing his bow down and holding up both hands to beg for his life. She did what no other warrior in our party would have done—her woman's heart took pity on the poor fellow's pitiable condition—she spared his life, and marched him back captive.

He being her prisoner, no one had authority over his life but herself. He was a fine-looking young man, but when he was brought among the Crow warriors he trembled in every joint, expecting nothing less than to be killed.

I thought this too good an opportunity for a joke not to make use of it.

"I see," said I, addressing myself to Pine Leaf, "you have refused all our braves that you might win a husband from the enemy."

All the warriors shouted at this sally; but the poor girl was sorely perplexed, and knew not what to do or say. We rallied her so much on her conquest that she finally became quite spunky, and I did not know whether she would run her prize through with her lance or not. One day I told her I had talked with her prisoner about his capture. "Well," said she, "and what has ne to say about it?"

"Why," I answered, "he says he could nave killed you as well as not, but that you oromised to marry him if he would spare vour life."

She was fully practised upon, and she lushed with anger. "He lies!" she exlaimed. "You know I cannot speak to hese Black Feet, or I would make him tell different tale. I have often told you, as vell as other warriors, that I do not wish to narry; my tongue was straight when I said o. I have told you often, and I have told vour sisters and your wives, that, if ever did marry, I would have you, and none ther. So why do you trifle with my feelings?"

What she said was a genuine ebullition f feeling; for, although an Indian girl, her eart was as proud, as sensitive, and as elicate as ever beat in the breast of civilized woman. To soothe her ruffled temper, I told her I would intrust a secret to her. I had undertaken my prolonged journeying, when all supposed me dead, and she along with the rest, solely to search through the Rocky Mountains for a "red-headed Indian." I had been unsuccessful in my search, and had returned with spotted horses.

She laughed immoderately at my invention.

(Beckwourth, the "medicine chief," had been missing for some while, and the Crows, fearing his death at the hands of the whites, had planned to massacre those in the neighbourhood. He returned in time, however, to prevent this and reprimanded the warrior chiefs for their intended treachery. The meeting was interrupted "by tones uttered outside the gate, which at that moment fell upon my ear, and which I readily recognized as the voice of Pine Leaf.")

She was haranguing her warriors in an animated manner, and delivering what, in civilized life, would be called her valedictory address.

"Warriors!" she said, "I am now about to make a great sacrifice for my people. For many winters I have been on the war-path with you; I shall tread that path no more; you have now to fight the enemy without me. When I laid down my needle and my beads, and took up the battle-axe and the lance, my arm was weak; but few winters had passed over my head. My brother had been killed by the enemy, and was gone to the hunting-ground of the Great Spirit. I saw him in my dreams. He would beckon to his sister to come to him. It was my heart's desire to go to him, but I wished first to become a warrior, that I might avenge his death upon his foes before I went away.

"I said I would kill one hundred foes before I married any living man. I have more than kept my word, as our great chief and medicine men can tell you. As my arm increased in strength, the enemy learned to fear me. I have accomplished the task I set before me; henceforward I leave the war-paths of my people; I have fought my last battle, and hurled my last lance; I am a warrior no more.

"To-day the Medicine Calf has returned. He has returned angry at the follies of his people, and they fear that he will leave them again. They believe that he loves me, and that my devotion to him will attach him to the nation. I therefore bestow myself upon him; perhaps he will be contented with me, and will leave us no more. Warriors, farewell!"

She then entered the fort, and said, "Sparrowhawks, one who has followed you for many winters is about to leave your war-path forever. When have you seen Bar-chee-am-pe shrink from the charge? You have seen her lance red with the blood of the enemy more than ten times ten. You know what her vow was, and you know she has kept her word. Many of you have tried to make her break her word, which you knew she had passed to the Great Spirit when she lost her brother. But you found that, though a woman, she had the heart of a warrior.

"Do not turn your heads, but listen. You have seen that a woman could keep her word. During the many winters that I have followed you faithfully in the war-path, you have refused to let me into the war-path secret, although you tell it to striplings on their second excursion. It was unfair that I could not know it; that I must be sent away with the women and children, when the secret was made known to those one-battle braves. If you had seen fit to tell it to me, it would have been secret until my death. But let it go; I care no farther for it.

"I am about to sacrifice what I have always chosen to preserve—my liberty. The back of my steed has been my lodge and my home. On his back, armed with my lance and battle-axe, I knew no fear. The medicine chief, when fighting by my side, has displayed a noble courage and a lofty spirit, and he won from my heart, what no other warrior has ever won, the promise to marry him when my vow was fulfilled. He has done much for our people; he has fought their enemies, and spilled his blood for them. When I shall become his wife, I shall be fond and faithful to him. My heart feels pure before the Great Spirit and the sun. When I shall be no more on the war-path, obey the voice of the Medicine Calf, and you will grow stronger and stronger; we shall continue a great and a happy people, and he will leave us no more. I have done."

She then approached me, every eye being intently fixed upon her. She placed her hand under my chin, and lifted my head forcibly up. "Look at me," she said: "I know that your heart is crying for the follies of the people. But let it cry no more. I know you have ridden day and night to keep us from evil. You have made us strong, and your desire is to preserve us strong. Now stay at home with us; you will not be obliged to go to war more than twice in twelve moons. And now, my friend, I am yours after you have so long been seeking me. I believe you love me, for you have often told me you did, and I believe you have not a forked tongue. Our lodge shall be a happy one; and when you depart to the happy hunting-ground, I will be already there to welcome you. This day I become your wife—Bar-chee-am-pe is a warrior no more."

Pine Leaf left the fort with my sisters to go and dress for the short marriage ceremony. She had so long worn the war-costume that female apparel seemed hardly to become her; she returned so transformed in appearance that the beholder could scarcely recognize her for the same person.

When I visited her lodge in the evening I found her dressed like a queen, with a lodge full of my own and her relatives to witness the nuptials. She was naturally a pensive, deep-thinking girl; her mind seemed absorbed in some other object than worldly matters. It might be that her continual remembrance of her brother's early fall had tinged her mind with melancholy, or it might be constitutional to her; but for an Indian girl she had more of that winning grace, more of those feminine blandishments—in short, she approached nearer to our *ideal* of a woman than her savage birth and breed would seem to render possible.

This was my last marriage in the Crow nation. Pine Leaf, the pride and admiration of her people, was no longer the dauntless and victorious warrior, the avenger of the fall of her brother. She retired from the field of her glory, and became the affectionate wife of the Medicine Calf.

* * *

A Greek Epitaph

THOU who passest on the path, if haply thou dost mark this monument, laugh not, I pray thee, though it is a dog's grave; tears fell for me, and the dust was heaped above me by a master's hands, who likewise engraved these words on my tomb.

UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

Monsieur Lecoq

The Master Detective Makes His Debut

By
ÉMILE GABORIAU

Em. Gaboriau

CHAPTER V

THAT night the vagabonds, who had taken refuge in the neighbourhood of the Poivrière, slept but little, and that an uneasy slumber, broken by sudden starts, and troubled with frightful dreams of a descent of the police upon them.

Awakened by the report of the murderer's pistol, and supposing it the result of a collision between the police and some of their own comrades, most of the frequenters of the locality prowled about eagerly listening and watching, and ready to take flight at the least sign of danger.

At first they could discover nothing at all suspicious.

But later, about two o'clock in the morning, just as they were beginning to feel secure again, the fog lifted a little, and they witnessed a phenomenon well calculated to arouse their anxiety.

Upon the unoccupied tract of land, which the people of that quarter called "the plain," a small but very bright light was seen describing the most capricious evolutions.

It moved here and there without any apparent aim, tracing the most inexplicable zigzags, sometimes sinking to the earth, sometimes rising, sometimes motionless, and the next second flying off like a ball.

In spite of the place and the season of the year, the less ignorant among the vagabonds believed it to be the light of the *ignis-fatuus*, one of those luminous meteors that rise from the marshes and float about in the atmosphere at the bidding of the wind.

This *ignis-fatuus* was the lantern by whose light the two policemen were pursuing their investigations.

Before leaving the cabin where he had so suddenly revealed himself to his first disciple, Lecoq found himself involved in a cruel perplexity.

He had not the boldness and promptness of decision that is the gift of a prosperous past; and he was hesitating between two undertakings, which were equally reasonable, and each of which offered equally strong probabilities of success.

He stood there between two paths, that made by the two women on the one side, that made by the accomplice on the other.

Which should he take? For he could not hope to follow both.

Seated upon the plank where the woman had rested a few moments before, with his hand pressed upon his forehead, he reflected; he weighed his chances.

"If I follow the man I shall learn nothing that I do not know already. He has gone to hover round the party; he has followed them at a distance; he has seen them lock up his accomplice, and he is undoubtedly prowling around the station-house. If I hurried in pursuit could I hope to overtake him, to capture him? No; too long a time has elapsed."

Father Absinthe listened to the monologue with intense curiosity, as anxious as an unsophisticated person who is questioning a clairvoyant in regard to some lost articles, and who is awaiting the response of the oracle.

"To follow the woman," continued the young man, "to what would that lead?

Perhaps to an important discovery; perhaps to nothing."

He preferred the unknown with all its chances of failure, and all its chances of success, as well.

He rose; his course was decided.

"Ah, well!" he exclaimed, "I choose the unknown. We are going, Father Absinthe, to follow the footprints of these two women, and wherever they lead us we will go."

Inspired with equal ardour they began their walk. At the end of the path upon which they had entered they perceived, as in a magic glass, the one, the fruits, the other, the glory of success.

They hurried forward. At first it was only play to follow the distinct footprints that led toward the Seine.

But it was not long before they were obliged to proceed more slowly.

On leaving the waste ground they arrived at the outer limits of civilization, so to speak; and strange footprints mingled constantly with the footprints of the fugitives, mixing with them, and sometimes effacing them.

In many localities, on account of exposure, or the nature of the soil, the thaw had done its work, and there were large patches of ground entirely free from snow.

In such cases they lost the clew, and it took all Lecoq's sagacity, and all his companion's good-will, to find it again.

On such occasions Father Absinthe planted his cane in the earth, near the last footprint that had been discovered, and Lecoq and himself hunted on the ground around this starting-point, after the fashion of bloodhounds who have been thrown off the scent.

Then it was that the lantern moved about so strangely.

More than a dozen times, in spite of all their efforts, they would have lost the clew entirely had it not been for the elegant shoes worn by the lady with the little feet.

These had such small and extremely high heels that the impression they left could not be mistaken. They sank down three or four inches in the snow, or in the mud, and their tell-tale impress remained as clear and distinct as that of seal upon wax.

Thanks to these heels, the pursuers were able to discover that the two fugitives had not gone up the Rue de Patay, as might have been supposed. Probably they had considered the street too much frequented, and too well lighted.

They had only crossed it, just below the Rue de la Croix-Rouge, and had profited by an empty space between houses to regain the open ground.

"Certainly these women were well acquainted with the lay of the land," murmured Lecoq.

They did indeed know the topography so well that, on quitting the Rue de Patay, they had suddenly turned to the right, in order to avoid several large ditches, which had been opened by persons who were seeking clay to be used in the manufacture of brick.

But the trail was recovered, and they followed it as far as the Rue du Chevaleret.

Here the footprints abruptly ceased.

Lecoq discovered eight or ten footmarks left by the woman who wore the broad shoes, but that was all.

The earth, it is true, was not in a condition to be of much assistance in an exploration of this nature. There had been a great deal of passing in the Rue du Chevaleret, and there was but little snow left on the pavement, and the middle of the street was transformed into a river of slush.

"Did these people recollect, at last, that the snow might betray them? Did they take the middle of the street?" growled the young officer.

Certainly they could not have crossed to a vacant space as they had done just before, for on the other side of the street extended the long wall of a factory.

"Ah!" sighed Father Absinthe, "we have our labor for our pains."

But Lecoq possessed a temperament that refused to acknowledge defeat.

Animated by the cold anger of a man who sees the object which he was about to seize disappear from before his very eyes, he recommenced his search, and was well repaid for his efforts.

"I understand!" he cried suddenly. "I comprehend—I see!"

Father Absinthe drew near. *He* did not see nor divine anything; but he no longer doubted the powers of his companion.

"Look here," said Lecoq; "what do you see?"

"Marks left by the wheels of a carriage that turned here."

"Very well, papa; these tracks explain all. When they reached this spot, our fugitives saw the light of an approaching *fiacre*, which was returning to Paris. It was empty; it was their salvation. They waited here, and when it came nearer they called to the coachman. Doubtless they promised him a generous *pour boire;* this is evident, since he consented to go back again. He turned

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

short here; they entered the carriage, and that is why these footprints go no farther."

This explanation was not pleasing to his companion.

"Have we made any great progress now that we know that?" he asked.

Lecoq could not restrain an impulse to shrug his shoulder.

"Did you expect that the tracks made by these fugitives would lead us through Paris and up to their very doors?" he asked.

"No; but—"

"Then what would you ask more? Do you think that I shall not know how to find this coachman to-morrow? He was returning with his empty carriage, his day's work was ended; hence, his stable is in this neighborhood. Do you suppose that he will have forgotten that he took up two persons on the Rue du Chevaleret? He will tell us where he deposited them; but that will not do us any good, for they, of course, have not given him their true address. But he can give us a description of them, tell us how they were dressed and describe their appearance, their manner, and their age. And with that, and what we already know——"

An eloquent gesture expressed the remainder of his thought; then he added:

"We must now go back to the Poivrière, and go quickly. And you, my friend, may now extinguish your lantern."

CHAPTER VI

While doing his best to keep pace with his companion, who was in such haste to get back to the Poivrière that he almost ran, Father Absinthe's thoughts were as busy as his legs, and an entirely new idea was awakened in his mind.

During the twenty-five years that he had been connected with the police force, the good man—to use his own expression—had seen many of his colleagues walk over his body, and win, after only a few months' work, a promotion that his long years of service had not gained for him.

In these cases he had not failed to accuse his superiors of injustice, and his fortunate rivals of gross flattery.

In his opinion, seniority was the only claim to advancement—the only, the best, the most respectable claim.

When he said, "it is infamous to pass over an old member of the service," he summed up his opinions, his griefs, and all his bitterness in that one sentence.

Ah, well! to-night Father Absinthe discovered that there is something beyond seniority, and that there might be good and sufficient reasons for what he had formerly regarded as favoritism. He secretly confessed that this new-comer, whom he had treated so carelessly, had just followed up a clew as he, veteran though he was, would never have succeeded in doing.

But communing with himself was not this good man's forte; he soon began to weary of it, and on reaching a place where they were obliged to proceed more slowly on account of the badness of the road, he deemed it a favorable opportunity to resume the conversation.

"You say nothing, comrade," he ventured, "and one might swear that you were not content."

This surprising result of the old man's reflections would have amazed Lecoq if his mind had not been a hundred leagues away.

"Really, I am not content," he responded.

"And why, pray? Only ten minutes ago you were as gay as a lark."

"Then I did not see the misfortune that threatens us."

"A misfortune!"

"A very great misfortune. Do you not perceive that the weather has undeniably moderated? It is evident that the wind is from the south. The fog has disappeared, but the sky is cloudy and the weather is threatening. It will rain in less than an hour."

"A few drops are falling now; I just felt one."

These words produced much the same effect on Lecoq that a blow of a whip produces on a spirited horse. He sprang forward, and, adopting a still more hurried pace, he exclaimed:

"Let us make haste! let us make haste!"

The old policeman followed him as in duty bound; but his mind was, if possible, still more troubled by the replies of his young companion.

A great misfortune! The wind from the south! Rain! He did not see, and he could not see the connection.

Greatly puzzled, and not a little anxious, he asked an explanation, although he had but little more breath than was necessary to enable him to continue the forced march that he was making.

"Upon my word," said he, "I have racked my brains——"

His companion took pity on his anxiety.

"What!" he exclaimed, as he hastened forward, "you do not understand that our investigation, my success, and your reward, are dependent upon those black clouds which the wind is driving toward us!"

"Oh!"

"Twenty minutes of even a gentle rain, and our labor will be lost. If it rains, the snow will melt, and farewell to our proofs. Let us go on—let us go on more quickly! You know very well that in such cases it is necessary to bring something more than words. If we declare to the coroner that we have seen these footprints, he will ask, where? And what can we say? If we swear by all the gods that we have seen the footprints of a man and of two women, the judge will say, 'Let me see them.' And who would feel sheepish then! Father Absinthe and Lecoq. Besides, Gevrol would not fail to declare that we were saying what was not true, in order to enhance our own value, and to humiliate him."

"For example!"

"Faster, papa, faster; you will have all day to-morrow to be indignant. Perhaps it will not rain. In that case, these perfect, clear, and recognizable footprints will be the ruin of the culprits. How can we preserve them? By what process could we solidify them? I would deluge them with my blood if that would cause them to congeal."

Father Absinthe was thinking that his share of the labor thus far had been the least important.

He had held the lantern.

But here was a chance for him to acquire a real and substantial right to the prospective reward.

"I know," he declared, "a method by which one could preserve these marks in the snow."

At these words the younger man stopped short.

"Do you know—you?" he interrupted.

"Yes, I know," replied the old officer, with the evident satisfaction of a man who has gained his revenge. "They invented a way at the time of that affair at the White House. It occurred last winter, in the month of December."

"I recollect."

"Ah! well, there was upon the snow in the courtyard an impress that attracted the attention of a detective. He said that the whole evidence depended upon that alone, and that it was worth more than ten years of hard work in following up the case. Naturally he desired to preserve it. They sent for a great chemist——"

"Go on, go on."

"I have never seen the method put into practice, but an expert told me all about it, and showed me the mould they obtained. He even told me that he explained it to me fully, on account of my profession, and for my instruction."

Lecoq was trembling with impatience.

"And how did they obtain the mould?" he asked, brusquely.

"Wait; I was just going to explain. They take cards of the best gelatine, and they allow it to soak in cold water. When it becomes thoroughly softened, they heat it until it forms a liquid not too thin, nor too thick. They allow this to cool until it is just cool enough, and then pour a nice little covering of it upon the footprint——"

Lecoq felt the irritation that is natural to a person after he has listened to a bad joke, or when one finds that one has lost time in listening to a fool.

"Enough!" he interrupted, angrily. "That is Hugonlin's method; it can be found in all the manuals. It is excellent, no doubt, but how can it serve us? Have you any gelatine about you?"

"No."

"Nor have I. You might as well have counselled me to pour melted lead upon the footprints to fix them."

They continued their way, and five minutes later, without having exchanged another word, they re-entered the Widow Chupin's hovel.

The first impulse of the older man would have been to rest, to breathe. Lecoq did not give him time to do so.

"Make haste; get me an earthen dish, a plate, a vase; bring me some water; gather together all the boards and old boxes you can find lying about."

While his companion was obeying him, Lecoq armed himself with a fragment of one of the broken bottles, and began scraping away furiously at the plastered wall that separated the two rooms.

His intelligence, disconcerted at first by the imminence of the unexpected catastrophe, had regained its equilibrium. He had reflected; he had thought of a way by which failure might possibly be averted—and he hoped.

When he had accumulated at his feet seven or eight handsful of the fine plaster-dust, he mixed half of it with a little water, forming a thin paste, and he left the rest untouched on the side of the plate.

"Now, papa," said he, "come and hold the light for me."

When once in the garden, the young man sought for the deepest and most distinct of footprints, knelt beside it, and began his experiment, trembling with anxiety.

He then sprinkled upon the impression a find coating of the dry plaster, then upon this coating, with infinite care, he poured his liquid solution, drop by drop.

What happiness! the experiment was successful! It united in a homogeneous mass, forming a perfect model of the impress. And after an hour's labor, he possessed half a dozen of these casts, which might, perhaps, be a little wanting in clearness of outline, but which were quite perfect enough to be used as evidence.

Lecoq had reason for his alarm; it was already beginning to rain.

He had, however, plenty of time to cover with the boxes and pieces of board which Father Absinthe had collected a number of these footprints, which he had, so to speak, put beyond the reach of a thaw.

Now he could breathe. The coroner might come.

CHAPTER VII

It was some distance from the Poivrière to the Rue du Chevaleret, even by way of the plain that made any *détours* unnecessary.

It had taken at least four hours for Lecoq and his colleague to collect their elements of information.

And, meantime, the Widow Chupin's cabin had remained open, accessible to any chance visitor.

Still, when the young policeman had on his return remembered this neglect of the first precautions, he did not feel alarmed.

Considering all the circumstances, it was very difficult to believe that any serious harm could have resulted from this carelessness.

For who would have been likely, after the hour of midnight, to visit this drinking saloon? Its bad name erected a sort of bulwark around it. The most daring of vagrants did not drink there without some disquietude, fearing, if the liquor caused them to lose consciousness, that they might be robbed or perhaps murdered.

Hence it could have been only a very reckless person who, feeling a few *sous* left in his pocket on returning late at night from the ball at the Rainbow, would have been attracted to this notoriously dangerous saloon by the light that streamed through the open door.

But a single glance at the interior would have been enough to put the bravest to flight.

In less than a second the young policeman had weighed all these possibilities, but he had not breathed a word to Father Absinthe.

When, little by little, the excitement caused by his hopes and his success in his experiment had died away, and he had returned to his habitual calmness, he made a careful inspection of the abode, and was by no means satisfied with his conduct.

He had experimented upon Father Absinthe with his new system of investigation, as an apprentice in the tribune tries his powers before his least gifted friends, not before the best.

He had overwhelmed the veteran by his superiority; he had crushed him.

Great merit and wonderful victory! Father Absinthe was a fool; he, Lecoq, thought himself very fine—was there any reason why he should boast?

If he could only give some startling proofs of his energy or of his penetration! But what had he accomplished? Was the mystery solved? Was his success more than problematical? When one thread is drawn out, the skein is not untangled.

This night would undoubtedly decide his future as a detective, so he swore that if he could not conquer his vanity, he would, at least, oblige himself to conceal it.

Hence it was in a very modest tone that he addressed his companion.

"We have done all that we can outside," said he; "now would it not be wise to busy ourselves with the interior?"

Everything looked exactly as it did when the two men left the room. A candle, whose wick was smoking and charred, threw its red light upon the same scene of disorder, and upon the rigid features of the three victims.

Without losing a moment, Lecoq began to pick up and to study all the objects scattered upon the floor. Some of these still remained intact. It seemed that the Widow Chupin had recoiled from the expense of a brick floor, judging the ground upon which the cabin was built quite good enough for the feet of her customers. The ground, which must have been solid and beaten down originally, had, by use, by the damp weather and the thaw, become scarcely less muddy than the plain itself.

The first fruits of his search were a large salad-bowl, and a big iron spoon, which was too much twisted and bent not to have been used as a weapon during the conflict.

It was evident that when the quarrel began the victims were regaling themselves with that mixture of water, wine and sugar, known along the *barrière* under the name of wine *à la Française.*

After the salad-bowl, the two men picked up five of those horrible glasses used in drinking-saloons, heavy and very thick at the bottom, which look as if they ought to contain half a bottle, but which, in reality, contain almost nothing. Three were broken, two were whole.

There had been wine in these five glasses—the same wine *à la Française.* They could see it; but, for greater surety, Lecoq applied his tongue to the bluish mixture remaining in the bottom of each glass.

"The devil!" he murmured, with an astonished air.

Then he examined successively the bottoms of all the over-turned tables. Upon one of these, the one nearest the fireplace and the window, they could distinguish the still wet marks of the five glasses, of the salad-bowl, and even of the spoons.

This circumstance the young officer very properly regarded as a matter of the greatest importance, for it proved clearly that five persons had emptied the salad-bowl in company. But which persons?

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Lecoq in two entirely different tones. "Then the two women could not have been with the murderer!"

A very simple mode of discovery had presented itself. It was to see what the other glasses had contained. They discovered one, similar in form to the others, but much smaller. It had contained brandy.

Then these women had not been with the murderer, therefore he could not have fought because the other men had insulted them.

This discovery had suddenly proved the incorrectness of his suppositions. It was an unexpected check, and he was mourning over it in silence, when Father Absinthe, who had not ceased ferreting about, uttered a cry of surprise.

The young man turned; he saw that his companion had become very pale.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Someone has been here in our absence."

"Impossible!"

It was not impossible—it was true.

When Gevrol had torn the apron off of Widow Chupin, he had thrown it upon the steps of the stairs; neither of the policemen had touched it afterward. Ah, well! the pockets of this apron had been turned inside out; this was a proof, this was evidence.

Lecoq was overcome with consternation, and the contraction of his features revealed the struggle in his mind.

"Who could have been here?" he murmured. "Robbers? That is improbable."

Then after a long silence, which his companion took good care not to interrupt:

"The person who came here, who dared to penetrate this abode guarded by the corpses of those murdered men—this person could have been none other than the accomplice. But it is not enough to suspect this; it is necessary to know it. I must know. I will know!"

They searched for a long time, and it was not until after an hour of earnest work that, in front of the door forced open by the police, they discovered in the mud, just inside the marks made by Gevrol's stamping, a foot print that bore a close resemblance to those left by the man who had entered the garden.

They compared the impressions and recognized the same designs formed by the nails upon the sole of the boot.

"It must have been he!" exclaimed Lecoq. "He watched us, he saw us go away, and he entered here. But why? What pressing, irresistible necessity made him decide to brave such imminent danger?"

He seized his companion's hand, and nearly crushing it in his excitement:

"Why?" continued he, violently. "Ah! I understand only too well. There had been left, or forgotten or lost here, some article that would have served to throw light on this horrible affair. And to obtain it, to find it, he decided to run this terrible risk. And to think that it was my fault, my fault alone, that this convincing proof escaped us! And I thought myself so shrewd! What a lesson! The door should have been locked; any fool would have thought of it——"

He checked himself, and remained with open mouth and distended eyes, pointing with his finger to one of the corners of the room.

"What is the matter?" demanded his frightened companion.

Lecoq made no reply, but slowly and with the stiff movements of a somnambulist, he approached the spot to which he had pointed, stooped, picked up something, and said:

"My folly does not deserve this good fortune."

The object he had picked up was an earring of the sort that jewellers call buttons. It was composed of a single very large diamond. The setting was of marvellous workmanship.

"This diamond," he declared, after a moment's examination, "must be worth at least five or six thousand francs."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I think I would be willing to take my oath on it."

He had not said "I think," a few hours before; he had said very boldly, "I swear." But the first mistake was a lesson that would not be forgotten so long as he lived.

"Perhaps it was the same diamond ear-ring that the accomplice came to seek."

"This supposition is scarcely admissible. In that case, he would not have sought for it in Mother Chupin's apron. No, he must have been seeking something else—a etter, for example."

The older man was not listening; he had taken the ear-ring, and was examining it n his turn.

"And to think," he murmured, astonished by the brilliancy of the stone, 'to think that a woman who had ten housand francs' worth of jewels in her ears should have come to the Poivrière! Who would have believed it?"

Lecoq shook his head thoughtfully.

Yes, it is very strange, very improbable, very bsurd. And yet we shall see many things s strange if we ever arrive—which I very much doubt—at a solution of this mysterious ffair."

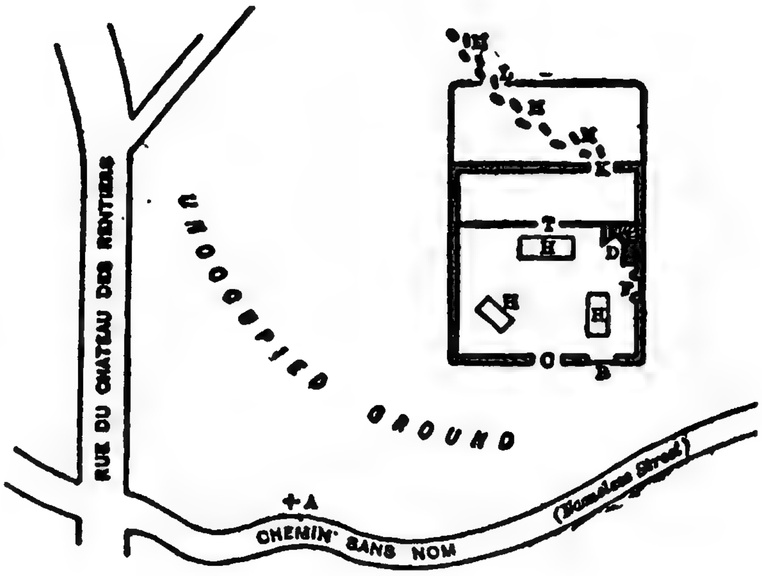
CHAPTER VIII

DAY was breaking, raw, cheerless, and loomy, when Lecoq and his colleague conluded their investigation.

There was not an inch of space that had not been explored, carefully examined, and studied, one might almost say, with a magnifying glass.

There remained now only to make the report.

The younger man seated himself at the table, and began by drawing a plan of the scene of the murder, which would, of course, be of great service in making others understand his recital.



A.—The point where the squad of police, under command of Inspector Gevrol, heard the cries of the victims.

(The distance from this point to the hut known as the Poivrière is only one hundred and twenty-three yards; hence, it may reasonably be supposed that these cries were the first that were uttered, and consequently that the combat had just commenced.)

B.—The window covered with shutters, through the openings of which one of the police was able to see the scene within.

C.—The door forced open by Inspector Gevrol.

D.—Staircase upon which the Widow Chupin was seated, crying.

(It was upon the third step of this staircase that the Widow Chupin's apron was afterwards found, the pockets turned inside out.)

F.—Fire-place.

HHH.—Tables.

(The remnants of the salad-bowl and of the five glasses were found scattered on the floor between the points F and B.)

T.—Door communicating with the back room of the hovel, before which the armed murderer was standing.

K.—Back door of the hut, opening into the garden, by which the agent of police, who thought of cutting off the murderer's retreat, entered.

L.—Gate of the garden, opening upon the unoccupied ground.

MM.—Footprints on the snow, discovered by the policeman remaining at the Poivrière, after the departure of Inspector Gevrol.

Thus it will be seen that in this explanatory chart Lecoq had not once written his name.

In noting the things that he had imagined or discovered, he referred to himself simply as one of the police.

This was not modesty so much as calculation. By hiding one's self on well-chosen occasions, one gains greater notoriety when one emerges from the shadow.

It was also through cunning that he gave Gevrol such a prominent position.

These tactics, rather subtle, perhaps, but after all perfectly fair, could not fail to call attention to the man who had shown himself so efficient when the efforts of his chief had been confined only to breaking open the door.

The document he drew up was not a verbal process, an act reserved for the officers of the police judiciary—it was a simple report, that would be admitted under the title of an inquiry and yet he composed it with the same care a young general would have displayed in the bulletin of his first victory.

While he was drawing and writing, Father Absinthe leaned over his shoulder, to watch him.

The plan amazed that worthy man. He had seen a great deal; but he had always supposed that it was necessary to be an engineer, an architect, or, at least, a carpenter, to execute such a work. Not at all. With a tape-line with which to take some measurements, and a bit of board in place of a rule, this inexperienced colleague had accomplished the miracle.

His respect for Lecoq was greatly augmented.

It is true that the worthy veteran had not noticed the explosion of the young policeman's vanity, nor his return to his former modest demeanor. He had not observed his alarm, nor his perplexity, nor his lack of penetration.

After a few moments, Father Absinthe ceased watching his companion. He felt weary after the labors of the night, his head was burning, and he shivered.

His knees trembled.

Perhaps, though he was by no means sensitive, he felt the influence of the horrors that surrounded him, and which seemed more sinister than ever in the bleak light of morning.

He began to ferret in the cupboards, and at last succeeded in discovering—oh, great good fortune!—a bottle of brandy, three-quarters full. He hesitated for an instant, then he poured out a glassful, and drained it at a single draught.

"Will you have some?" he inquired of his companion. "It is not a very famous brand, to be sure; but it is just as good; it makes one's blood circulate and enlivens one."

Lecoq refused; he did not need to be enlivened. All his faculties were hard at work. He intended that, after a single reading of the report, the judge should say: "Let the officer who has drawn up this document be sent for." His future depended upon this order.

He endeavored to be brief, clear, and concise, to plainly indicate how his suspicions on the subject of the murder had been aroused, how they had increased, and how they had been confirmed. He explained by what series of deductions he had succeeded in establishing the truth, which, if it was not the truth, was at least plausible enough to serve as the basis of further investigation.

Then he enumerated the articles of conviction ranged on the table before him.

There were the flakes of brown wool collected upon the plank, the valuable ear-ring, the models of the different footprints in the garden, and Widow Chupin's apron with its pockets turned inside out.

There was also the murderer's pistol, of whose five barrels three were still undischarged.

This weapon, although unornamented, was remarkably well finished, and bore the name of one of the best armorers in London: Stephen, 14 Skinner Street.

Lecoq felt convinced that by examining the bodies of the victims he would find other, and perhaps very valuable information; but this he dared not do. He was still too inexperienced to hazard such a step. Besides, he understood if he ran such a risk, Gevrol, furious at his own mistake, would not fail to declare that, by changing the attitude of the bodies, he had rendered a satisfactory examination by the physicians impossible.

He consoled himself, however, and he was re-reading his report, modifying this or that expression, when Father Absinthe, who was standing upon the threshold of the outer door, called him.

"Is there anything new?" responded Lecoq.

"Here are Gevrol and two of our comrades bringing the commissioner and two other gentlemen with them."

It was, indeed, the commissioner of police who was coming, quite interested in this triple murder that had stained his arrondissement, but not very much disturbed by it.

Why should he be troubled about it?

Gevrol, whose opinions in such matters must be regarded as an authority, had taken care to reassure him when he went to arouse him from his slumbers.

"It was only a fight between some old offenders; former jail-birds, habitués of the Poivrière," he had said to him.

"If all these wretches would kill one another, we might have some peace."

He added that the murderer had been arrested and placed in confinement, and consequently the case was not urgent.

The commissioner therefore saw nothing improper in waiting until morning before beginning the inquest.

He had seen the murderer, reported the case, and now he was coming—not in too much haste—accompanied by two physicians who had been appointed by the government attorney to make *Medico-legal* reports in such cases.

They were also accompanied by a sergeant-major of the 53d regiment of light infantry, summoned by the commissioner to identify, if possible, the murdered man, who wore a uniform, and who, if one might believe the number engraved upon the buttons of his overcoat, belonged to the 53d regiment, now stationed at the fort.

Inspector Gevrol was even less disturbed than the commissioner.

He whistled as he walked along, flourishing his cane, which never left his hand, and making merry at the discomfiture of the presumptuous fool who had desired to remain to glean where he, the experienced and skilful officer, had perceived nothing.

As soon as he was within hearing distance, the inspector called to Father Absinthe, who, after warning Lecoq, remained on the threshold, leaning against the doorpost, puffing his pipe, as immovable as a sphinx.

"Ah, well, old man!" cried Gevrol, "have you any great melodrama, very dark and very mysterious, to relate to us?"

"I myself have nothing to relate," replied the worthy addressed, without even drawing his pipe from his lips. "I am too stupid; that is perfectly understood. But Monsieur Lecoq will tell you something that will astonish you."

This title, "monsieur," which the old policeman bestowed upon his colleague, displeased Gevrol so much that he pretended not to understand.

"Who?" said he; "of whom are you speaking?"

"Of my colleague, of course, who is now busy finishing his report—of Monsieur Lecoq."

Although unintentionally, the good man had certainly become the young policeman's god-father. From that day forward, to his enemies as well as to his friends, he was, and he remained, Monsieur Lecoq.

"Ah! ah!" said the inspector, whose hearing was evidently impaired. "Ah, he has discovered——"

"The pot of roses which others did not scent, general."

By this remark Father Absinthe made an enemy of his superior officer. But Lecoq had won him entirely. He had taken sides with Lecoq, and *for* Lecoq, against everyone else, if necessary, he had determined to attach himself, and to share good fortune or bad fortune with him.

"We will see," murmured the inspector, mentally resolving to have an eye on this youth whom success might transform into a rival.

He said no more. The little party which he preceded had arrived, and he stood aside to make way for the commissioner of police.

This commissioner was not a *débutant*. He had served for many years, and yet he could not repress a movement of horror on entering the Poivrière.

The sergeant-major of the 53d who followed him, an old soldier decorated and medalled, was still more overcome with horror. He became as pale as the corpses that were lying there, and was obliged to lean against the wall for support.

Only the two physicians retained their stoical indifference.

Lecoq had risen, his report in his hand; he had bowed, and, assuming a respectful attitude, was waiting to be interrogated.

"You must have passed a frightful night," said the commissioner, kindly; "and quite unnecessarily, since any investigation was superfluous."

"I think, however," replied the young man, armed with diplomacy, "that my time has not been entirely lost. I have conformed to the instruction of my superior officer; I have searched the premises thoroughly, and I have ascertained many things. I have, for example, acquired the certainty that the murderer had a friend, possibly an accomplice, of whom I can give quite a close description. He must have been of middle age, and wore, if I am not mistaken, a soft cap and a brown woollen overcoat; as for his boots——"

"Thunder!" exclaimed Gevrol, "and I——"

He stopped short, like a man whose impulse had exceeded his discretion, and who would have gladly taken back his words.

"And you?" questioned the commissioner. "What do you mean?"

Furious, but having gone too far to draw back, the inspector was obliged to act as his own executioner.

"I was about to say that this morning, about an hour ago, while I was waiting for you, Monsieur le Commissaire, before the station-house of the Barrière d'Italie, where the murderer is confined, I saw at some little distance an individual whose appearance was not unlike that of the man described by Lecoq. This man appeared to be greatly intoxicated; he reeled and staggered against the walls. He tried to cross the street, but fell down in the middle of it, in such a position that he would inevitably have been crushed by the first passing vehicle."

Lecoq turned away his head; he did not wish them to read in his eyes how perfectly he understood the whole game.

"Seeing this," pursued Gevrol, "I called two men and asked them to aid me in raising the poor wretch. We went to him; he had apparently fallen asleep; we shook him—

we made him sit up; we told him that he could not remain there, but immediately he flew into a furious rage. He swore at us, he threatened us, he tried to fight us. And, upon my word! we took him to the station-house, and left him there to recover from his debauch."

"Did you shut him up in the same room with the murderer?" inquired Lecoq.

"Naturally. You know very well there are but two cages in the station-house at the *barrière*—one for the men, the other for the women, consequently——"

The commissioner seemed thoughtful. "Ah! this is very unfortunate," he murmured; "and there is no remedy."

"Pardon me, there is one," objected Gevrol. "I can send one of my men to the station-house with an order to detain the drunken man——"

Lecoq interrupted him with a gesture.

"Trouble lost," he said, coldly. "If this individual is an accomplice, he has become sober, rest assured of that, and is far away by this time."

"Then what is one to do?" demanded the inspector, with an ironical air. "May one be permitted to inquire the opinion of Monsieur Lecoq?"

"I think chance offered us a splendid opportunity, and we did not know how to seize it; and that the best thing we can do now is to make our period of mourning for it as short as possible, and to stand ready to embrace the next opportunity that offers itself."

Gevrol was, however, determined to send one of his men to the station-house; and when the messenger had departed, Lecoq commenced the reading of his report.

He read it rapidly, refraining as much as possible from placing the decisive proofs in strong relief, reserving these for this own benefit; but so strong was the logic of his deductions, that he was frequently interrupted by approving remarks from the commissioner, and by the "very well!" of the physicians.

Gevrol, who alone represented the opposition, elevated his shoulders until they entirely concealed his neck, and became literally green with jealousy.

The report concluded.

"I think that you alone, young man, have judged correctly in this affair," said the commissioner. "I may be mistaken; but your explanations have made me look at the attitude assumed by the murderer while I was questioning him (which was only for a moment), in an entirely different light. He refused, obstinately refused, to make any reply to my questions. He would not even consent to tell his name."

He was silent for a moment, reviewing the past circumstances in his mind, and it was in a serious tone that he added:

"We are, I feel convinced, in the presence of one of those mysterious crimes, the causes of which are beyond the reach of human sagacity—one of those mysterious cases which human justice never can reach."

Lecoq hid a slight smile.

"Oh!" thought he, "we will see about that."

CHAPTER IX

No consultation held at the bedside of a man dying of some unknown disease ever took place in the presence of two physicians so utterly unlike as those who, upon the requisition of the government attorney, accompanied the commissioner of police.

One large, old, and totally bald, wore a broad-brimmed hat, and an overcoat of antique cut, over his ill-fitting black coat. He was one of those modest *savants* whom one encounters sometimes in the by-places of Paris—one of those healers devoted to their art, who too often die in obscurity, after rendering immense service to mankind.

He had the gracious calmness of a man who, having seen much of human misery, comprehended everything; and no troubled conscience could sustain his searching glance, which was as keen as his lancet.

The other, young, fresh, light-haired, and jovial, was even foppishly attired; and his white hands were encased in handsome fur gloves. His glance was ever caressing or smiling. He was a man who would have been likely to recommend all those infallible panaceas invented each month in the chemists' laboratories and advertised on the fourth page of the newspapers. He had probably written more than one article upon "Medicine for the use of all mankind."

"I will request you, gentlemen, to begin your duties by examining that one of the victims who wears the military costume. Here is a sergeant-major summoned to answer a question of identity, whom I must send back to his quarters as soon as possible."

The two physicians responded with a gesture of assent, and, aided by Father Absinthe and another agent of police, they lifted the body and laid it upon two tables, which had previously been placed end to end.

They were not obliged to make any note of the attitude in which they found the body, since the unfortunate man, who was still alive when the police entered the cabin, had been moved before he expired.

"Approach, sergeant," ordered the commissioner, "and look carefully at this man."

It was with very evident repugnance that the old soldier obeyed.

"What is the uniform that he wears?"

"It is the uniform of the 53d regulars, 2d battalion, company of light infantry."

"Do you recognize him?"

"Not at all."

"Are you sure that he does not belong to your regiment?"

"I cannot say certainly; there are some conscripts at the depot whom I have never seen. But I am ready to swear that he has never formed a part of the 2d battalion—which, by the way, is mine—in the division of light infantry, of which I am sergeant-major."

Lecoq, who had until now remained in the background, stepped forward.

"It might be well," he suggested, "to note the numbers marked upon the other articles of clothing."

"That is a very good idea," said the commissioner, approvingly.

"Here is his hat," added the young policeman. "It bears the number 3,129."

They followed Lecoq's advice, and soon discovered that each article of clothing upon the unfortunate man bore a different number.

"*Mon Dieu!*" murmured the sergeant; "there is every indication—. But it is very singular."

Invited to scrupulously verify his assertion, the brave trooper evidently made an effort to collect all his intellectual faculties.

"I would stake my epaulettes that this man never was a soldier," he said at last. "This individual must have disguised himself to take part in the Shrove Sunday carnival."

"Why do you think that?"

"*Dame!* I know this better than I can explain it. I know it by his hair, by his nails, by his whole appearance, by a certain *je ne sais quoi;* in short, I know it by everything and by nothing. And see, the poor devil did not even know how to put on his shoes; he has laced his gaiters wrong side outward."

Evidently further doubt was impossible after this evidence, which confirmed the truth of Lecoq's first remark to Inspector Gevrol.

"Still, if this person was a civilian, how could he have procured this clothing?" insisted the commissioner. "Could he have borrowed it from the men in your company?"

"Yes, that is barely possible; but it is difficult to believe it."

"Is there no way by which you could ascertain?"

"Oh! very easily. I have only to run over to the fort and order an inspection of clothing."

"Do that," approved the commissioner; "it would be an excellent way of getting at the truth."

But Lecoq had just thought of a method just as convincing, and much more prompt.

"One word, sergeant," said he. "Is not the cast-off and condemned clothing of your men sold at public auction?"

"Yes; at least once a year, after the inspection."

"And are not the articles thus sold marked in some way?"

"Assuredly."

"Then see if there is not some mark of this kind upon the uniform of this poor wretch."

The officer turned up the collar of his coat and examined the waistband of the pantaloons, and said:

"You are right; these are condemned garments."

The eyes of the young policeman sparkled, but they emitted only a single gleam of triumph.

"We must, then, believe that this poor devil had purchased this costume," he observed. "Where? Necessarily at the Temple, in the store of one of those merchants who deal in military clothing. There are only five or six of these establishments. I will go from one to another of them, and the person who sold this clothing will certainly recognize it by some trade-mark."

"And that will assist us very much," growled Gevrol.

The sergeant-major, to his great relief, received permission to retire, but not without having been warned that very probably the commissioner would require his deposition.

The moment had come to search the body of the pretended soldier, and the commissioner, who performed this duty himself, hoped that some information as to the identity of this man would be revealed.

He proceeded with his task, dictating at the same time to one of the men his *procès-verbal;* that is to say, a minute description of all the articles he found upon the dead man's person.

These were: in the right-hand pocket of the pantaloons, some smoking tobacco, a pipe, and a few matches; in the left pocket, a very much soiled leather pocket-book, containing seven francs and sixty centimes, and a linen pocket-handkerchief of good quality, but unmarked.

And nothing more!

The commissioner was regretting this, when, on carefully examining the pocket-book, he found a compartment which had at first escaped his notice on account of being hidden under a leather flap.

In this compartment was a carefully folded paper. He unfolded it and read the contents aloud:

> "My Dear Gustave—To-morrow, Sunday evening, do not fail to come to the ball at the Rainbow, according to our agreement. If you have no money, pass my house, and I will leave some with the *concièrge*, who will give it to you.
>
> "Be there at eight o'clock. If I am not already there, it will not be long before I make my appearance. All is well.
>
> "Lacheneur."

Alas! what did this letter reveal? Only that the dead man's name was Gustave; that he had some connection with a man named Lacheneur, who had advanced him money for a certain object; and that they had met at the Rainbow some hours before the murder.

It was little—very little. It was something, however. It was a clew; and in this absolute darkness even the faintest gleam of light was eagerly welcomed.

"Lacheneur!" growled Gevrol; "the poor devil uttered that name in his last agony."

"Precisely," insisted Father Absinthe; "and he declared that he wished to revenge himself upon him. He accused him of having drawn him into a trap. Unfortunately, death cut his story short."

Lecoq was silent. The commissioner of police had handed him the letter, and he was studying it with the closest attention.

The paper was of the ordinary kind; the ink was blue. In one of the corners was a half-effaced mark, upon which one could distinguish only the name: Beaumarchais.

This was enough for Lecoq.

"This letter," he thought, "was certainly written in a *café* on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. In which one? I will find out, for this Lacheneur must be found."

While the men of the prefecture were gathered around the commissioner, holding council and deliberating, the physicians began their delicate and disagreeable task.

With the assistance of the obliging Father Absinthe, they removed the clothing of the pretended soldier, and, bending over their "subject" like surgeons in the schools of anatomy, with sleeves rolled up, they examined, inspected, and appraised him physically.

Very willingly would the artist-doctor have dispensed with these formalities, which he considered very ridiculous, and entirely unnecessary; but the old physician had too high a regard for his profession, and for the duty he had been called upon to fulfil, to neglect the slightest detail.

Minutely, and with the most scrupulous exactitude, he noted the height of the dead man, his supposed age, the nature of his temperament, the color and the length of his hair, and the degree of development of his muscular system.

Then they passed to an examination of the wound.

Lecoq had judged correctly. The doctors declared it a fracture of the base of the skull. It could, they stated in their report, have been caused only by the action of some instrument with a very broad surface, or by a violent knock of the head against some hard substance of considerable magnitude.

But no weapon, other than the revolver, had been found; and that was not heavy enough to produce such a wound.

There must, then, necessarily, have been a hand-to-hand struggle between the pretended soldier and the murderer; and the latter, seizing his adversary by the throat, had dashed him violently against the wall.

The presence of very tiny and very numerous spots of extravasated blood about the neck made these conclusions extremely plausible.

They did not find any other wound, not a bruise, not a scratch—nothing!

Hence, it was evident that this terrible struggle must have been exceedingly short.

Between the moment when the squad of police had heard the shrieks and the moment when Lecoq had peered through the shutter and seen the victim fall, this slaughter must have been consummated.

The examination of the other murdered men required different, but even greater, precautions.

Their position had been respected; they were still lying across the hearth as they had fallen, and their attitude was a matter of great importance, since it would have an important bearing on the case.

And this attitude was such that one could not fail to be impressed with the idea that their death had been instantaneous.

Both of them were stretched out upon their backs, their limbs extended and their hands wide open.

No contraction, no torsion of the muscles, no trace of combat, they had been taken unawares.

The faces of both men expressed the most intense fear. One might suppose, if he believed the theory of Devergie, that the last sentiment they had experienced in life had been neither anger nor hatred, but terror.

"Thus," said the old doctor, "we may reasonably suppose that they must have been stupefied by some entirely unexpected, strange, and frightful spectacle. This terrified expression, written upon their faces, I have noticed more than once upon the features of a woman who suddenly died from the shock she experienced in seeing one of her neighbors enter her house to play a trick upon her, disguised as a phantom."

Lecoq drank in these explanations given by the physicians, and tried to make them conform to the vague hypotheses that were revolving in his own brain.

But who could these individuals be? Would they in death guard the secret of their identity, as the other victim had done?

The first subject examined by the physicians was over fifty years of age. His hair was very thin and quite gray; his face was closely shaven, except for a thick tuft of hair that decorated his rather prominent chin.

He was very poorly clad in pantaloons that hung in rags over boots which were trodden down at the heel, and in a much soiled woollen blouse.

The old doctor declared that this man must have been instantly killed by a bullet; the size of the circular wound, the absence of blood around its edge, and the blackened and burnt flesh demonstrated this fact with almost mathematical precision.

The great difference in the wounds made by fire-arms, according to the distance from which the death-dealing missile comes, was seen when the physicians began the autopsy of the last of the unfortunates.

The ball that had caused his death had scarcely traversed a yard of space before it reached him, and his wound was not nearly so hideous in aspect as the other.

This individual, who was at least fifteen years younger than his companion, was small and remarkably ugly.

His entirely beardless face was everywhere scarred by the smallpox.

His garb was such as is worn by the worst denizens of the *barrière*. His trousers were of gray checked material, and his blouse was turned back *en revers* at the throat. His boots had been blackened. The little glazed cap that lay on the floor beside him was in harmony with his pretentious coiffure and his gaudy cravat.

But these were all the facts that the physician's report set forth in technical terms; this was all the information that had been obtained by the most careful investigation.

Vainly the pockets of the two men had been explored and turned inside out; they contained nothing that would give the slightest clew to their personality, to their name, to their social position, or to their profession.

Not even the slightest indication—not a letter, not an address, not a fragment of paper; nothing—not even the common articles of personal use, such as a tobacco-box, a knife, a pipe which might be recognized, and thus establish the identity of its owner.

Some tobacco in a paper bag, some pocket-handkerchiefs that were unmarked, some rolls of cigarettes—these were all that had been discovered.

The elder man had sixty-seven francs about him; the younger, two louis.

Rarely had the police found themselves in the presence of so terrible an affair, without some slight clew to guide them.

With the exception of the fact itself, proved only too well by the bodies of the three victims, they were ignorant of everything connected with it, of the circumstances and of the motive, and the probabilities, instead of dissipating the uncertainty, only augmented it.

Certainly they might hope, by the aid of time, strenuous effort, and the powerful means of investigation which they have at their disposal, to finally arrive at the truth.

But, meanwhile, all was mystery—so much so that they could not even say who was to blame.

The murderer had been arrested; but if he persisted in his obstinacy, how were they to ascertain his name? He protested his innocence; how were they to furnish any proofs of his guilt?

They knew nothing in regard to the victims; and one of them had with his dying breath accused himself.

An inexplicable influence tied the tongue of the Widow Chupin.

Two women, one of whom had lost an earring valued at five thousand francs, had witnessed the struggle—then disappeared. An accomplice, after two acts of unheard-of audacity, bad made his escape.

And all these people—the women, the murderer, the keeper of the saloon, the accomplice, and the victims—were equally strange and mysterious, equally suspected of *not* being what they seemed to be.

Perhaps the commissioner thought he would spend a very unpleasant quarter of an hour at the prefecture when he reported the case. Certainly he spoke of his impressions on the subject in a very despondent tone.

"It will now be best," he said at last, "to transport these three bodies to the morgue. There they will doubtless be identified."

He reflected a moment, then added:

"And to think that one of these dead men is perhaps Lacheneur himself!"

"That is scarcely possible," said Lecoq. "The disguised soldier, being the last to die, had seen his companions fall. If he had supposed Lacheneur dead, he would not have spoken of vengeance."

Gevrol, who for the past two hours had pretended to pay no attention to the proceedings, now approached. He was not the man to yield even to the strongest evidence.

"If Monsieur le Commissaire will listen to me, he shall hear my opinion, which is a trifle more definite than Monsieur Lecoq's fancies."

The sound of wheels before the door of the cabin interrupted him, and an instant after the judge of instruction* entered the room.

CHAPTER X

THERE was not a person in the Poivrière who did not know, at least by sight, the judge who had just entered, and Gevrol, an old habitué of the Palais de Justice, murmured his name:

"Monsieur Maurice d'Escorval."

He was the son of that famous Baron d'Escorval, who, in 1815, sealed his devotion to the empire with his blood, and upon whom Napoleon, at St. Helena, pronounced this magnificent eulogium:

"Men as honest as he may, I believe, exist; but more honest, no, it is not possible."

Having entered upon his duties as magistrate early in life, and being endowed with a remarkable talent for his vocation, it had been supposed that he would rise to the most exalted rank in his profession. But he had disappointed such prognostications by resolutely refusing all the more elevated positions that men offered to him, in order to continue his modest but useful functions in the tribunal of the Seine.

To explain his refusals, he said that life in Paris had more charms for him than the most enviable advancement. But it was hard to understand this declaration on his part, for in spite of his brilliant connections and large fortune, he had, since the death of his eldest brother, led a most retired existence, concealing his life, or revealing it only by his untiring labors and the good he did to those around him.

He was now about forty-two years of age, but appeared much younger, although furrows were beginning to show themselves upon his forehead.

One would have admired his face, had it not been for the puzzling immobility that marred its beauty, the sarcastic curl of the thin lips, and the gloomy expression of his pale-blue eyes.

To say that he was cold and grave did not express the truth; it was saying too little. He was gravity and coldness personified, with a shade of hauteur added.

Impressed by the horror of the scene the instant he placed his foot upon the threshold, M. d'Escorval acknowledged the presence of the physicians and the commissioner only by an abstracted nod of the head. The others in the room had no existence so far as he was concerned.

Already his faculties were at work. He studied the ground, and carefully noted all the surroundings with the attentive sagacity of a judge who realizes the immense weight of even the slightest detail, and who understands the eloquence of circumstantial evidence.

"It is a serious affair," he said, gravely; "very serious."

The commissioner's only response was to lift his eyes to heaven. A gesture that said very plainly:

"I am quite in accord with you!"

The fact is, that for the past two hours the worthy commissioner's responsibility had weighed heavily upon him, and he secretly blessed the judge for relieving him of it.

"The government solicitor was unable to accompany me," resumed M. d'Escorval; "he has not the gift of omnipresence, and I doubt if it is possible for him to join me here. Let us, therefore, begin operations at once."

---

*In French law, the term "instruction" is applied to the investigation and preparation of a case for trial.

So the judge of instruction is the official charged with collecting proofs and testimony, and with preparing the case for presentation to the court.

The curiosity of those present was becoming unendurable; and the commissioner only expressed the general feeling when he said:

"You, sir, have undoubtedly questioned the murderer, and have learned——"

"I have learned nothing," interrupted M. d'Escorval, apparently much astonished at the interruption.

He seated himself, and while his clerk was busy in authenticating the commissioner's *procès-verbal*, he began the perusal of the report written by Lecoq.

Pale, agitated, and nervous, that young policeman, hidden in a remote corner, tried to read upon the impassive face of the magistrate the impression produced by the document.

It was his future that was at stake—that depended upon this man's approval or disapproval.

It was not with a stupid mind like that of Father Absinthe that he had to deal now, but with a superior intelligence.

"If I could only plead my own cause," he thought. "What are cold written phrases in comparison with spoken, living words, palpitating with emotion and with the convictions of the soul that utters them?"

But he was soon reassured.

The face of the judge retained its immobility, but he nodded his head in token of approval, and occasionally some point more ingenious than the others extorted from his lips the exclamation: "Not bad! very good!"

When he had finished its perusal:

"All this," he remarked to the commissioner, "is quite unlike your report of this morning, which represented this mysterious affair as a low broil between some miserable vagabonds."

This observation was only too just; and the commissioner deeply regretted that he had trusted to the representations of Gevrol, and remained warm in bed.

"This morning," he responded, evasively, "I only gave my first impressions. These have been modified by subsequent researches, so that——"

"Oh!" interrupted the judge, "I did not intend to reproach you; on the contrary, I must congratulate you. One could not have done better nor acted more promptly. All this *instruction* shows great penetration and research, and the results are given with unusual clearness and wonderful precision."

Lecoq's head whirled.

The commissioner hesitated for an instant.

He was sorely tempted to confiscate this praise to his own profit.

If he drove away the unworthy thought, it was because he was an honest man; and more than that, because it did not displease him to have an opportunity to do Gevrol a bad turn and punish him for his presumptuous folly.

"I must confess," he said, with some hesitation, "that the honor of this investigation does not belong to me."

"To whom, then, shall I attribute it, if not to the inspector?" thought M. d'Escorval, nor without surprise; for having occasionally employed Gevrol, he did not expect from him such ingenuity and sagacity as was displayed in this report.

"Is it you, then, who have conducted this investigation so ably?" he demanded.

"Upon my word, no!" responded Inspector Gevrol. "I, myself, am not so clever as all that. I content myself with telling only what I discover; and I say: 'Here it is!' May I be hung if the grounds of this report exist, except in the brain of the man who has made it."

Perhaps he really believed his assertion, being one of those persons who are blinded by vanity to such a degree that, with the most convincing evidence before their eyes, they deny it.

"Yet," insisted the judge, "these women whose footprints were left here have existed. The accomplice who left the bits of wool upon the plank is a real being. This ear-ring is a positive, palpable proof."

Gevrol had hard work to refrain from shrugging his shoulders.

"All this can be satisfactorily explained without a search of twelve or fourteen hours. That the murderer had an accomplice is possible. The presence of the women is very natural. Wherever there are men thieves, you will find women thieves. As for the diamond—what does that prove? That the scoundrels had just met with a streak of good luck, that they had come here to divide their booty, and that the quarrel arose from the division."

This was an explanation, and such a plausible one, that M. d'Escorval was silent, reflecting before he announced his decision.

"Decidedly," he declared, at last, "decidedly, I adopt the hypothesis set forth in the report. Who is the author of it?"

Anger made Gevrol's face as red as a lobster.

"The author is one of my men," he replied; "a very clever and adroit man—

Monsieur Lecoq. Come forward, Lecoq, that the judge may see you."

The young man advanced, his lips tightly compressed to conceal a smile of satisfaction.

"My report is only a summary, Monsieur," he began; "but I have certain ideas——"

"Which you will tell me when I ask for them," interrupted the judge.

And oblivious of Lecoq's chagrin, he took from the portfolio of his clerk two forms, which he filled up and handed to Gevrol, saying:

"Here are two orders; take them to the station-house, where the accused and the mistress of this cabin are confined, and have them conducted to the prefecture, where they will be privately examined."

When he had given these directions, M. d'Escorval was turning toward the physicians, when Lecoq, at the risk of a second rebuff, interposed.

"May I venture," he asked, "to beg Monsieur to confide this mission to me?"

"Impossible; I may have need of you here."

"I desired, Monsieur, to collect certain evidence, and an opportunity to do so may not present itself again."

The judge, perhaps, fathomed the young man's motive.

"So be it," he replied; "but after your task is completed you will await me at the prefecture, where I shall go as soon as I have finished here. Go."

Lecoq did not wait for him to repeat the order. He snatched up the papers and hastened away.

He did not run; he flew over the ground. He no longer experienced any fatigue from the labors of the preceding night. Never had he felt so strong and alert in body, so strong and clear in mind.

He was hopeful of success. He had confidence in himself, and he would have been perfectly happy if he could have had another judge to deal with. But M. d'Escorval overawed and froze him to such a degree that his mind seemed absolutely paralyzed in his presence. With what a disdainful glance he had surveyed him! With what an imperious tone he had imposed silence upon him—and that, too, when he had found his work deserving of commendation.

"But nonsense!" he mentally exclaimed; "does one ever taste perfect happiness here below?"

And he hurried on. *(To be continued)*

* * *

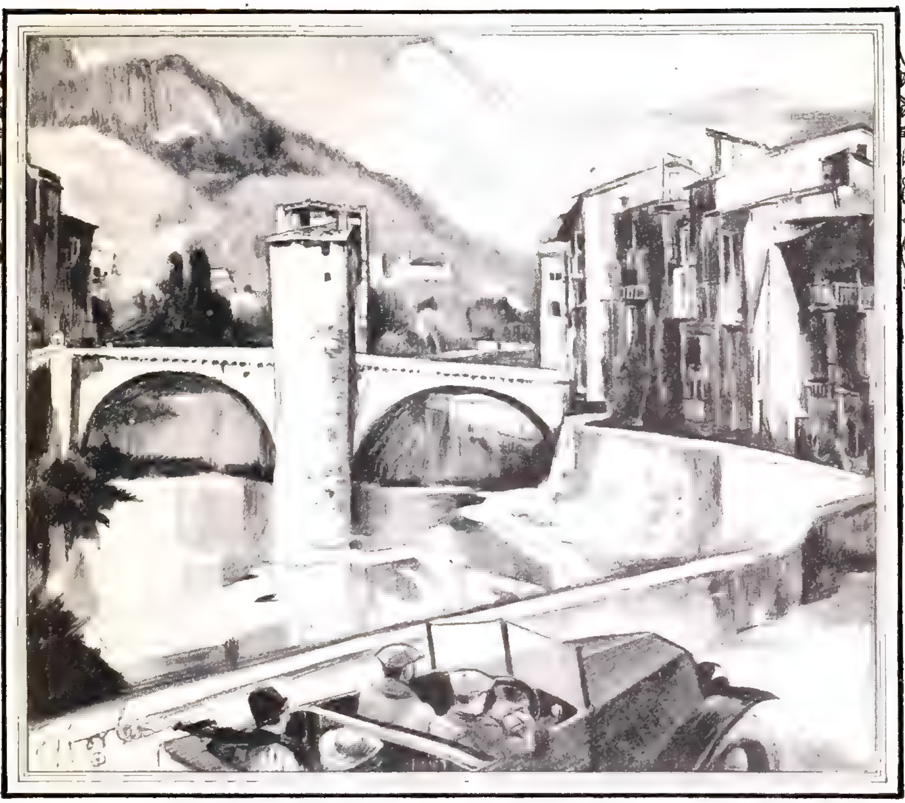
To the Terrestrial Globe

(by a miserable wretch)

By W. S. GILBERT

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on! *(It rolls on.)*



MEMORIES THAT WILL LAST FOR YEARS

DID you spend five dollars a day on your holiday last year? Probably that and a great deal more. And what did you do that was unique or thrilling? What did you find to carry away? . . . Sunburn.

Why not go to France this year and have an entire change, a mental stimulus, a new outlook, and memories forever?

You can book passage for one hundred and orty dollars on the big, one - cabin liners, French as France itself. You can even make round trip for one hundred and sixty-two ollars, family class, with individual cabins, as is done by the college boys and girls. Plenty of deck space, salons and smoking rooms.

You can tour and live well on five dollars a day—bring your own car, uncrated, or rent one reasonably. The French Alps, the Pyrenees, are like nothing you've ever seen . . . villages perched on the eaves of the world, and wild and gorgeous mountain passes.

Walk into France at the French Line gangplank in New York . . . at Havre, the port of Paris, just another gangplank . . . then the boat train—and in three hours you're in Paris—Write for booklet on France.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
19 State Street, New York

Agencies in Principal Cities
of Europe and the United States

A New and Delightful Kind of Story Magazine!

The Golden Book

Here you will find the precious metal of fiction, the stories you always meant to read and never did, the great stories you've missed, the tales that have proved themselves sterling.

THEY ARE THE MOST *READABLE*, MOST *EXCITING*, MOST *HUMAN*, *SUREST TO LIVE*, FROM THE GRADUALLY STORED-UP WORLD'S

Treasure Chest of

Golden Literature

A Galaxy of Master Story-Tellers

Owen Wister
Gaboriau
de Alarcon
Kipling
Tolstoy
Conan Doyle
de Maupassant
Stevenson
Mark Twain
Pushkin
Bret Harte
Dumas
Oscar Wilde
Poe
Anatole France
Thomas Hardy
Chekhov
H. C. Bunner
Merimée
Heinrich Heine
Fitz James O'Brien
Clark Russell
Margaret Deland
Jerome
Dickens
Balzac
Thackeray
Dostoievsky
R. H. Davis
Irving
Lagerlof
Tarkington
Gogol
Gautier
Bayard Taylor
Barrie
Calderon
Charles Reade
Daudet
George Meredith
d'Annunzio
Heidenstam
O. Henry
Ambrose Bierce

The gems of literature; the stories that most delight the human race; that no live man or woman can miss without loss.

The Best Novelettes out of	10,000
The Best Short Stories out of	100,000
The Best Gems of Verse out of	1,000,000

Five million people read current fiction as it comes from month to month on the newsstands; good, mediocre or bad.

Why not read the *Best* the great artists in each language have written for you?

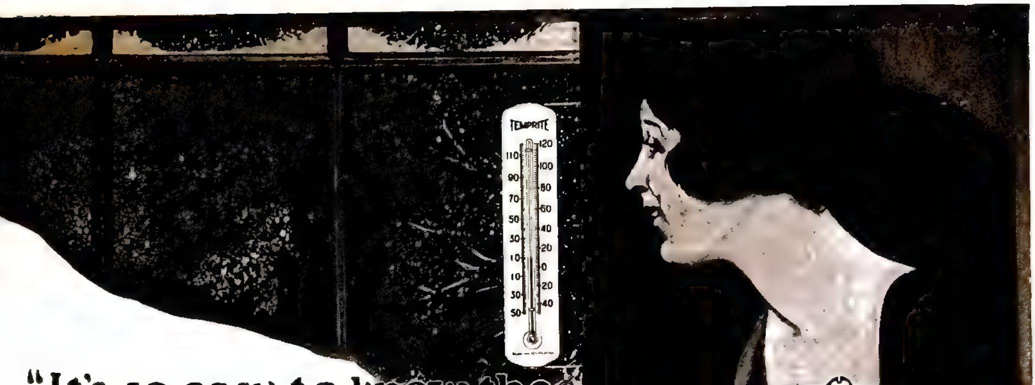
Are they not *more* cunning in getting your interest?

Are they not *better* able to bring you laughter and tears; breathless suspense in mystery and detective stories; tender sympathy with lovers; horror at the horrible in life; every man's love for real children; wild adventures on the world's frontiers; the charm of nature; graceful romances that feed your imagination; the stirring of your blood in the fierce play of men's passions; the subtle mysteries of sex; corking stories of our own great West?

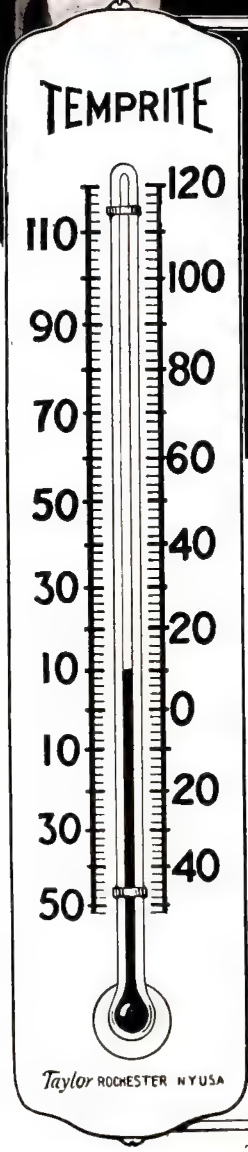
That is the trade of the "Masters of the Magic Word"

Not even the literary expert knows ALL these tales of adventure, romance, humor, passion, mystery—selected from such authors as these—*the particular stories you have most likely missed, the particular ones you can least afford to miss.*

On all Newsstands. Send $3.00 for a Year's Subscription to
THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION, 55 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY



"It's so easy to know the outdoor temperature from the cosy interior

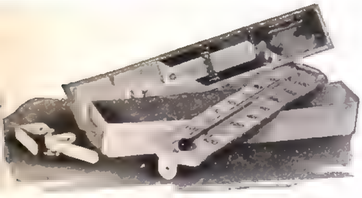


Since I Purchased this Taylor Temprite Window Thermometer

"NO draughts on Grandad or the baby crawling on the floor, caused by opening the doors, stepping out in the shivery weather to read the thermometer the old-fashioned way, suddenly lowering the room temperature—I just glance through the window at my Temprite. I keep the cold outdoors where it belongs. It means comfort and convenience. We all dress for the weather. I dress the children accordingly for school. It's a health factor, I feel, for the whole family. And it adds a cheery touch to our home."

The illustration at right shows this superior Temprite Window Thermometer. The printed page cannot convey the attractive appearance. Metal, white enameled back. Weather proof. Can be read at a distance of 15 feet. Large, clear numerals and markings, fadeless colored liquid in a magnifying glass tube. Comes with window brackets and nails for easy attaching to outside window frame. Adjustable to proper angle for reading the temperature from inside—and outside as well.

Possesses three essentials of thermometer character, ACCURACY, SERVICEABILITY AND ATTRACTIVENESS.



Comes in attractively lithographed container, as above—a gift suggestion. Insist on its being delivered to you complete as above

In it we have accomplished our desire to create a reliable Window Thermometer for the multitude to sell for $1.00. The Taylor Temprite is readily distinguished from the mediocre.

Don't deny yourself the use of this distinctive thermometer another day!

Others are enjoying the comforts and convenience it brings. WHY NOT YOU? Easy of accomplishment—stop at your dealer's on that shopping trip, or phone the "Mister" to bring one home tonight.

You can now own this reliable Thermometer for a dollar—a small purchase that adds a touch of completeness to the home.

If not obtainable through your regular dealer, **we will ship one postpaid east of the Rockies, upon receipt of $1.00. West of the Rockies, $1.10; Canada, $1.35. Safe delivery guaranteed. (Can be ordered sent parcel post collect for ten cents extra.)**

Taylor Instrument Companies
97 Ames Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.
Canadian Plant, *Tycos* Building,
Toronto

Taylor Instrument Companies
97 Ames St., Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me at once one Taylor Temprite Window Thermometer for which I enclose $..........
I understand you guarantee safe delivery.

Name..........................
Address..........................
City............ State ....
Dealer's Name ....

here's a *Tycos* or *Taylor* Temperature Instrument for Every Purpose

T 210

Are You Sensitive about Your Figure?

Does your mirror deceive you? It does! The eyes of your friends see imperfections that a mirror never shows.

Science has found a way for those who seek beauty. The graceful contour of youth need no longer disappear with age. Beauty laughs at years. The grace of slender beauty has been inspired by science as well as by fashion. Once lost, science can restore the slim, trim beauty of normal weight without unpleasant, costly treatment.

There is a weight that is *your* weight,—your ideal, regardless of your height, age or sex;—a weight that marks your public appearance. It accentuates your charms and enables you "to wear clothes well." Don't let *your* mirror deceive you! Know your ideal weight,—*don't guess!*

What Is Beauty?

One thinks of beauty as something delicate,—frail. Yet, persons of beautiful form are usually long-lived. Overweight persons invariably retire from active life early. They show up stronger on life insurance death figures. They are common prey to disease, high blood pressure, heart trouble and premature old age. Guard the delectable curves of ideal weight from the ugly angles of underweight—the sluggishness of overweight.

Scientific Weight Charts that speak plainly and truthfully cost you nothing. Your simple request is all that is necessary. With these Weight Charts before you, you can study your own imperfections, secretly and effectively. If you would enjoy ideal appearance with its reflection of fine breeding, then watch your weight. Unless you do, the handicap of unfitness, due to abnormal weight, like a disease, will gradually creep upon you, before you realize it.!

Be On Your Guard

Weigh yourself daily on the "Health-o-Meter," America's most popular bathroom scale. Costs little,—lasts a lifetime. Thousands use it. Doctors recommend it for every member of the family. The "Health-o-Meter" is your body guard. Make it your watchful, vigilant companion. It never errs,—never deceives you. Write for your Free Weight Chart today.

Address Dept. 42-B

CONTINENTAL SCALE WORKS
2124 W. Twenty-first Place Chicago, Illinois
"Health Scale Specialists"

©

The Picture Guides

The Medici Society's PICTURE GUIDES

The most beautiful series of travel books ever printed

VOLUMES NOW READY:

THE ITALIAN LAKES By Gabriel Fau
THE FRENCH RIVIERA By Pierre Devoluy and Pierre Bo
With a Preface by Arnold Bennet
GRENOBLE AND THEREABOUTS By Henri Ferran
THE LAND OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI: (Umbria)
By Gabriel Fau
MONT BLANC By Roger Tis

"Exquisitely printed, finely bound, delightfully written and bea
tifully illustrated volumes (please note the adjectives—I mea
everyone of them). That these books are published by The Medi
Society should be sufficient endorsement of their artistic qualiti
and the reputation which Medici Prints possess for all travele
and lovers of art is enhanced by these books.
"Those who have ever visited any of the places described w
renew their days of past delights. Arm-chair travelers, readi
therein, will find their mental voyages unusually realistic."—
Chicago Evening Post.

200 photogravures in each **Per volume, $2.5**

Send for prospectus

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS OR FROM

THE MEDICI SOCIETY OF AMERICA
Book and Art Publishers
(Publishers of The Medici Prints — *Illustrated Catalogue, 25 cen*
792 Boylston Street, Boston

Send coupon for free paper piano pattern

It plainly shows that a Brambach Baby Grand, with all its beauty of line and of tone, requires no more space in your home than an upright piano. We will also send collection of Brambach illustrations. Simply mail coupon to us today.

BRAMBACH

$635 *and up* **BABY GRAND** *f. o. b. N. Y.*

Sold by leading dealers everywhere

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

BRAMBACH PIANO CO.,
Mark P. Campbell, Pres. **650 W. 49th St., New York Ci**

Please send me paper pattern showing size of the Bra
bach Baby Grand.

Name ....

Address ....

Are the books of to-day passing you by?

UNDOUBTEDLY you read a number of new books last year. Think for a moment—how many of them have you forgotten completely, and how few were the real books of the season? Did you read A Passage to India, Bare Souls, Ariel, A Story Teller's Story, Plumes, Mark Twain's Autobiography, Straws and Prayer-books, The Green Hat, The Tattooed Countess, St. Joan, Black Laughter, Balisand, The White Monkey?

If you read half this list of the year's outstanding books your average is good. It is not too late to read all of them now, of course, but newer books are coming, and you will soon be left far behind.

The busy man or woman who enjoys and wants to keep up with the new literature turns from the digest, which furnishes a smattering of contents, to the magazine, which gives real criticism and comment — which points the way to an individual selection of the books that are worth reading. That guide you will find in

The New York Herald Tribune

BOOKS

A Review of Contemporary Literature

Edited by STUART P. SHERMAN.

A year's subscription costs less than one new book, and brings you reviews of a thousand.

$2.00
Year

$1.00
6 months

"Books" is an authoritative guide to the new literature, and is the best of literature itself.
If you want to see "Books" every week, mail the coupon to-day.

"BOOKS," 225 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Send "Books" to the address below for

( ) One year. I enclose ( ) $2.00
( ) 6 months. I enclose ( ) $1.00

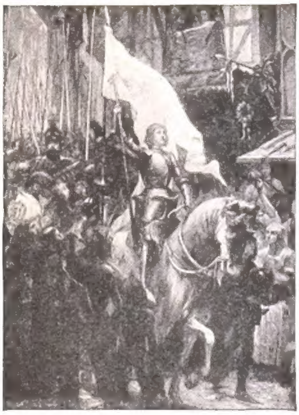
( ) Send the Sunday edition of The New York Herald Tribune, including "Books" for one year. I enclose $4.00. *(U. S. Only)*

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

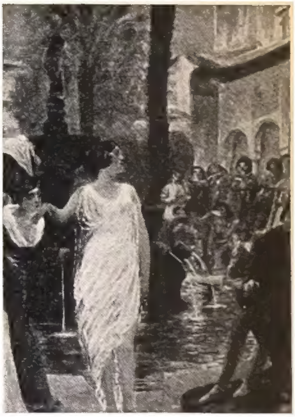
SAMPLE COPY SENT ON REQUEST G.B.2:25

Earth's noblest thing, *wrote Lowell.* **A necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill,** *wrote St. Chrysostom a thousand years ago.*



Saints or Sinners

When the Emperor Theophilus jestingly said to one of the beauties of his court, *Woman is the source of evil in the world!* she quickly replied, *Woman is also the cause of much good!* Both were right; Joan of Arc and other saintly and noble women come to mind at once as typical of "earth's noblest thing," who have been the cause of much good. In contrast we have "the deadly fascination and the painted ill" of the daughters of Aphrodite, such as the capricious Venus Victrix whose remarkable beauty enslaved a ruler of proud Castile and whose power over him was so great that sycophant courtiers who attended this favorite at her bath drank of its waters in token of adulation. The stories of these two women, remarkable as they are, are no more unusual than those of other saints and sinners who have uplifted or degraded men throughout the ages since the day of Eve. These stories are told in a series of copyrighted volumes by ten talented contemporary authors in



The Supreme Subject of Eternal Interest and Mystery

Woman

The Perpetual Enigma; Seductive, Fascinating, —and Baffling

Her Story in all Ages and all Lands on a scale never before attempted

Historical and descriptive. Tells about the women of ancient Greece and Rome, of Europe and America, of the Orient, and of the backward races in the far places, and curious social customs in times past and as they exist to-day. Shows woman as she is, noble and true or vicious and false; describes her as the helpmate or the toy of man, gives interesting accounts of her emancipation, the development of her intellectual strength, her influence on the culture and destinies of the human race; in short, presents her in all the complex relations in which she has been conspicuous, and describes the sociological changes that have taken place in her position through all the ages.

Woman dominates to-day. Her pre-eminence is undisputed. She is the *motif* of most discussions. A glance at our newspapers, magazines, and novels will show how great is the place she occupies in the thoughts of all, and how powerful is her influence for good or evil in every relationship of life. Yet this great subject has never been adequately treated. Of course we know a little about Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Messalina, Theodora, Helen of Troy, Poppæa, Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, and a few other prominent women. But little is known about these well-known characters and nothing at all about thousands of other equally important women who in the past and in all parts of the world have influenced the course of life, and these are only names and not women of flesh and blood, for few have any idea of what manner of women they really were, what they did, or what they stood for.

Many pages are necessary to make Cleopatra live before our eyes, to tell the many strange and interesting things about her. And there have been thousands of other women whose stories are just as interesting. The authors have not hesitated to tell the whole truth. If while concealing nothing, they show us the faults of woman, it is only to accentuate the virtues—if they tell us how a Russian countess in winter had water slowly poured over nude young girls in order to provide new statues for her gardens, they also tell us how Joan of Arc inspired the people of France. Love, marriage, and divorce are of course the subjects of many interesting chapters. We read about the singular customs of courtship, marriage, and divorce all over the world. We have interesting accounts of woman in the days of chivalry and romance; among the Moors, Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, Chinese, and Japanese; and of woman in the church, in politics, in war, in industry; or famous as patriots and humanitarians.

RITTENHOUSE PRESS
RITTENHOUSE SQ., Phila.

You may send for inspection, charges prepaid, the 10-vol. set of WOMAN, bound in purple cloth. I will return the set in 5 days or send you only $1 as a first payment and $2 a month for 9 months.

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________ G.B. 2-25

Made by "The Tiffanys of Publishers" is

the way *The New York Herald* characterizes the makers of these books. Quality is the dominant note. The authors are of national reputation; the illustrations are by artists of distinction and printed in tint. The type is new French design and the volumes, size 5½ x 8 x 1¼, are sumptuously bound in purple watered-silk finished cloth, full gilt. There are over 4000 fascinating pages.

Sensational Saving in Price

Originally published on Japan Vellum paper at $150.00 per set, these are now offered at less than the cost of ordinary novels. Never before have such books been offered at so low a price. Avoid disappointment by having one of these sets sent for inspection.

500,000 Satisfied Customers

In over fifty years we have satisfied half a million book-lovers. Why? Because our books are as represented. You decide only after five days' inspection and consideration. Could anything be fairer?

A wonderful two years' trip at full pay—

but only men with imagination can take it

ABOUT one man in ten will be ppealed to by this page. The ther nine will be hard workers, arnest, ambitious in their way, ut to them a coupon is a coupon; book is a book; a course is a ourse. The one man in ten has magination.

And imagination rules the world.

Let us put it this way. An auto-nobile is at your door; you are nvited to pack your bag and step n. You will travel by limited train o New York. You will go directly o the office of the president of one f the biggest banks. You will pend hours with him, and with ther bank presidents.

Each one will take you personally hru his institution. He will xplain clearly the operations of is bank; he will answer any quesion that comes to your mind. n intimate personal conversation e will tell you what he has learned rom his own experience. He will ive you at first hand the things you eed to know about the financial de of business. You will not ave these bankers until you have thoro understanding of our great nking system.

When you have finished with em the car will be waiting. It ill take you to the offices of men ho direct great selling organizaons. They will be waiting for ou; their time will be at your dissal—all the time you want until ou know all you can learn about arketing, selling and advertising.

Again you will travel. You will sit the principal industries of the untry. The men who have deted their lives to production will your guides thru these plants Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and every great industrial center.

Thru other days the heads of counting departments will guide u. On others, men who have de their mark in office managent; on others, traffic experts, d authorities in commercial law d credits. Great economists and teachers and business leaders will be your companions.

The whole journey will occupy two years. It will cost you nothing in income, for your salary will go right along. Every single day you will be in contact with men whose authority is proved by incomes of $50,000, $100,000, or even more.

Do you think that any man with imagination could spend two years like that without being bigger at the end? Is it humanly possible for a mind to come in contact with the biggest minds in business without growing more self-reliant, more active, more able?

Is it worth a few pennies a day to have such an experience? Do you wonder that the men who have had it—who have made this two years' journey—are holding positions of executive responsibility in business everywhere?

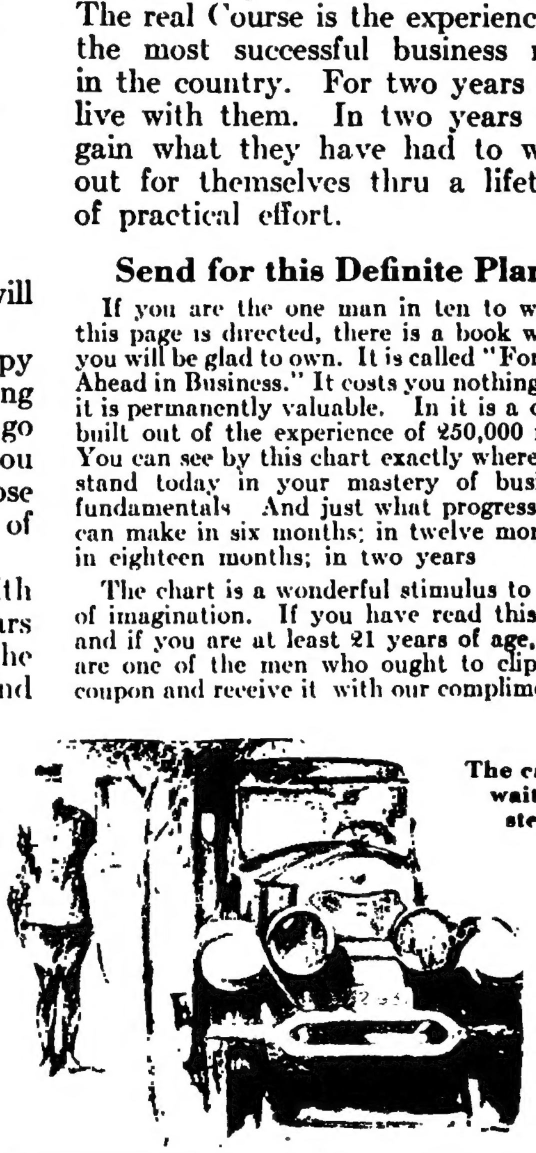
This wonderful two years' trip is what the Alexander Hamilton Institute offers you. Not merely a set of books (tho you *do* receive a business library which will be a source of guidance and inspiration thruout your business life). Not merely a set of lectures (tho the lectures parallel what is offered in the leading university schools of business). Not merely business problems which you solve, and from which you gain definite practical experience and self-confidence.

All these—books, lectures, problems, reports, bulletins—come to you, but they are not the real Course. The real Course is the experience of the most successful business men in the country. For two years you live with them. In two years you gain what they have had to work out for themselves thru a lifetime of practical effort.

Send for this Definite Plan

If you are the one man in ten to whom this page is directed, there is a book which you will be glad to own. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business." It costs you nothing, yet it is permanently valuable. In it is a chart built out of the experience of 250,000 men. You can see by this chart exactly where you stand today in your mastery of business fundamentals And just what progress you can make in six months; in twelve months; in eighteen months; in two years

The chart is a wonderful stimulus to men of imagination. If you have read this far, and if you are at least 21 years of age, you are one of the men who ought to clip the coupon and receive it with our compliments.



The car is waiting: step in

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
210 Astor Place New York City

Send me the book, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Name . . . .
Please write plainly

Business Address . . . .

. . . .

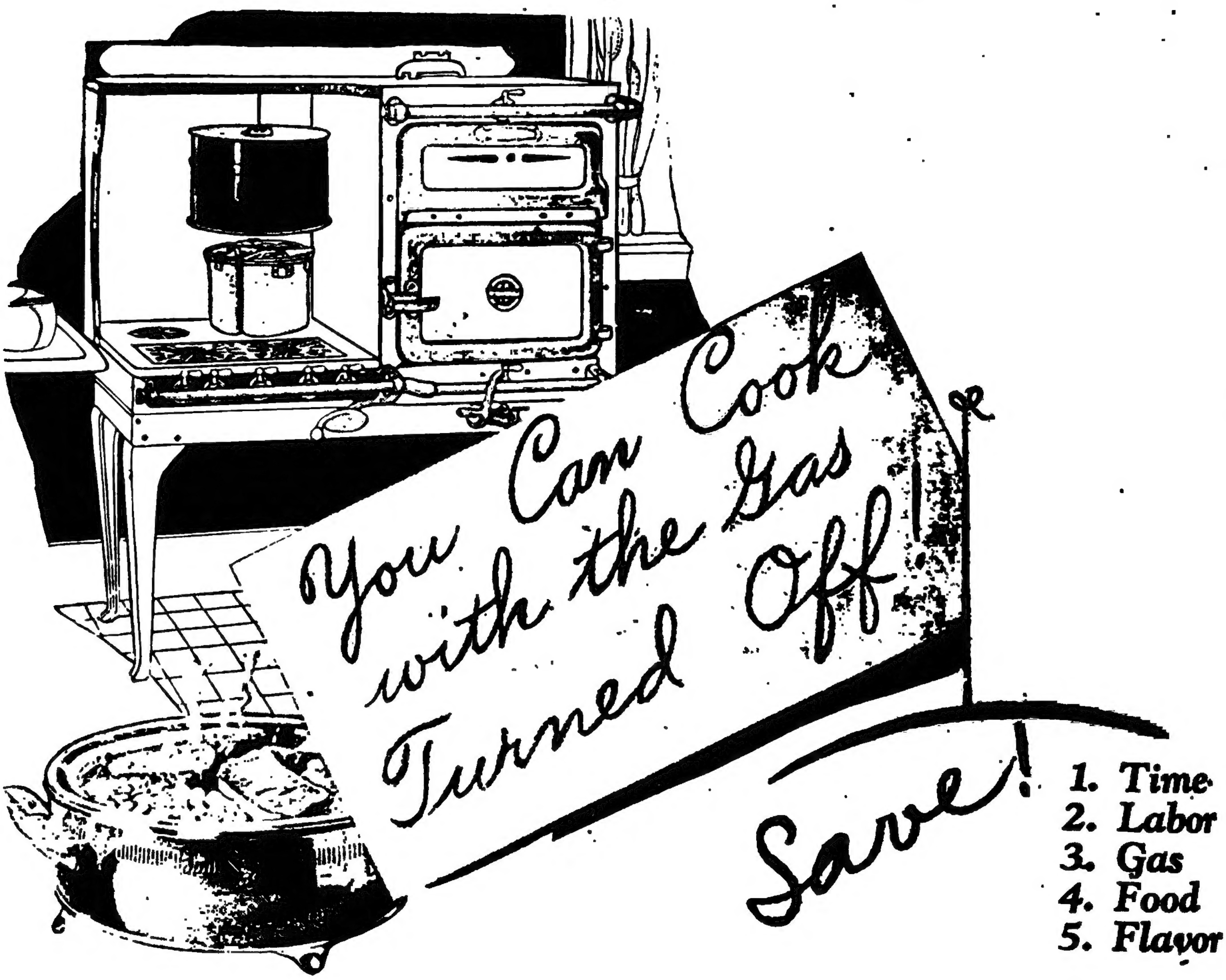
Business Position. . . . .

lexander Hamilton Institute

In Canada:
C.P.R. Building, Toronto

Modern Business

In Australia:
11c Castlereagh Street, Sydney



IN EVERY KITCHEN one of the beautiful Chambers Ranges, with patented Thermodome and Insulated Oven, establishes a new standard of efficiency in cooking.

In the Chambers equipped kitchen the gas is burned only a few minutes—and is then turned off. The patented Chambers features complete the cooking process with retained heat. Entire meals can be completed while you are free and away from the kitchen. Food never burns or dries out when cooked the Chambers way. It keeps fresh and hot for serving in spite of delays. Loss through shrinkage in cooking is reduced to a minimum, and your food is prepared most deliciously, with rich flavor and juices preserved.

Gas Bills Cut in Half

The saving on gas bills alone makes it profitable for you to replace your present equipment with one of the Chambers models. No other range can offer the advantages enjoyed through the Chambers Thermodome and Insulated Oven. No other domestic appliance can do so much to improve and lighten the tasks of the kitchen.

FREE BOOKLET: Send for the booklet "Cook with the Gas Turned Off!" It explains how you can cook Baked Beans with only 30 minutes of gas, a 5 lb. Ham with 25 minutes, and Prunes with but 10 minutes of gas.

CHAMBERS MFG. CO., Dept. F-2, SHELBYVILLE, INDIANA

Chambers **FIRELESS** *Gas Range*

COOKS *with the* GAS TURNED OFF!